

THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION, NOTES
AND GLOSSARY

"The simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspir'd, 't is Nature's pow'rs inspire,
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire."

On title-page of Kilmarnoch Edition, 1786.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



ROBERT BURNS was born January 25, 1759.

His father, William Burns, or Burness, was of the North of Scotland where, at Kincardineshire, his ancestors for many generations had been farmers. He was "thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large," says the poet in his biographical letter to Dr. Moore, and there he adds, "after many years' wanderings and sojournings, I picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son."

After several years' residence near Edinburgh, he took seven acres of land in Doonside with the intention of becoming a nurseryman, but was engaged as gardener and overseer to Mr. Fergusson of Doonholm. He retained the land, and on one spot of it built a clay "biggin" or cottage, divided into a kitchen with a recess for a bed, and a "spence" or sitting-room with a fireplace and chimney. Gilbert Burns remarked, long afterwards, that when it was altogether cast over inside and outside with lime it had "a neat and comfortable appearance." It still stands, and is used as a Burns museum. Here in December, 1757, he brought his bride, Agnes Brown, the daughter of a Carrick farmer; a red-haired, dark-eyed, hot-tempered lassie eleven years his junior.

Robert was their first-born. When he was seven years old his father became tenant of a small farm belonging to Mr. Fergusson, at Mount Oliphant, not far from the mouth of "Bonnie Doon." The land was poor; and after the death of their "generous master" they "fell into the hands of a factor," who, says Burns, sat for the picture that he drew of one in his tale of "Twa Dogs."

Still more trying was their life at Tarbolton on the Ayr, where they took a larger farm in 1777. At first they lived comfortably; but a difference as to terms arose, and "after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation," the suit was decided in favor of the landlord, and William Burness, whose health and spirit were entirely broken, died in February, 1784, "just saved from the horrors of a jail."

Robert began to go to school when he was six years old. In 1765, John Murdoch, a young man of eighteen, became his teacher. In his recollections Murdoch says that Robert and Gilbert were generally near the head of their classes, "even when ranged with boys by far their seniors." He says that they committed to memory the hymns and other poems of Masson's collection with uncommon facility; but strangely enough the two boys were behind all the others in music. "Robert's ear," says

Murdoch, "was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another;" and, in conclusion, he declares, that "certainly if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

"Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings," says Burns, "I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owe much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, death-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, enchanted towers, giants, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poesy. . . . The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a hymn of Addison's beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!'"

He says that the first books that he read in private were "The Life of Hannibal," lent to him by Mr. Murdoch, and the "History of Sir William Wallace," which he procured from a neighboring blacksmith; and declares that Hannibal gave his young ideas such a turn, that he used to strut in rapture up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish himself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured into his veins a Scottish prejudice which would boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

Salmon's and Guthrie's geographical grammars told him all that he knew of "ancient story." His ideas of "modern manners, of literature and criticism," he got from the "Spectator." Pope's works, some of Shakespeare's plays, Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding," Allan Ramsay's works, Taylor's "Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," a select collection of English songs, Hervey's "Meditation," and a few other books, formed the whole of his early reading.

The collection of songs, he says, was his *vade mecum*: "I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse: carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced," he adds, "I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

After Mr. Murdoch, who was, unfortunately, addicted to the use of ardent spirits, left Mr. Oliphant he sometimes came back to make visits, and on one occasion read Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus"; and it is said that "Robert's pure taste rose in a passionate revolt against its coarse cruelties and unspiritual horrors." Murdoch also helped him to a small knowledge of French. But when a lady once asked him if he had studied Latin, he replied:

"All I know of Latin is contained in three words, *omnia vincit Amor!*"

After the removal of the family to Lochlea in 1777, he received from his father yearly wages of seven pounds sterling. In order to give his manners a brush, as he expresses it, he at that time began to go to a country dancing-school. His father had "an unaccountable antipathy against such meetings"; and indeed he had reason to tremble for his son. On his death-bed, when Robert was present alone with him and his sister, Mrs. Begg, he confessed that there was one of his family for whose future

he feared. Robert asked: "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" and when the old man said it was, Robert turned to the window and burst into tears.

Burns had already been initiated into the delirious society of love and had "committed the sin of rhyme." When he was about sixteen his partner in the harvesting was Miss Nellie Kilpatrick, known as "Handsome Nell," a girl a year younger than himself. "Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly, and it was to her favorite reel" that he first attempted to fit words. It was the song beginning:

"O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
F'al lal de ral, etc."

His own criticism upon it in his "Common-Place Book" is interesting and curious. After taking it up stanza by stanza he adds: "I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion; and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

- The dancing-school offered further opportunities in what the Scotch call sweet-heating. Burns, who saw no way to rise above his surroundings and yet had a vast ambition, became discouraged, and simply drifted with the tide. He says of this period:

"My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart."

Al! this was a dangerous but powerful training for the profession of minnesinger.

When he was eighteen years of age, he studied mensuration, surveying, drilling, and kindred branches of practical knowledge, under the parish schoolmaster of Kirkoswald in the district of Carrick, where he spent some time, probably with his mother's relatives.

The schoolmaster, whose name was Rodger, was "skilled in mathematics," but possessed "a narrow understanding and little general knowledge." He discovered that Burns and a youth called "Willie" were in the habit of holding "disputations or arguments on speculative questions." This seemed to him absurd; and one day, when the whole school was assembled, he went up to the two young men and began very sarcastically to twit them on their debates. The other scholars who had been invited to join in these intellectual disputes, but who preferred ball or shinty, burst into uproarious laughter at the teacher's wit.

- "Willie" replied that he was sorry to find that Robert and he had given offence; that it was unintentional; indeed, they supposed he would be pleased to know of their attempt to improve their minds. Rodger asked what they disputed about, and "Willie" replied that their question that day had been whether a great general or a respectable merchant were the most valuable member of society. The master, laugh-

ing contemptuously at the "silliness" of such a question, said there could be no doubt about it, and was drawn into an argument by Burns, who easily got the better of him. Failing to regain his superiority Rodger fell into such a "pitiable state of vexation" that he had to dismiss the school.

But it was not altogether mental improvement he found at this "noted school." That wild coast was the resort of smugglers. He made good progress in his mathematics, but he says he made greater progress in the knowledge of mankind: "The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom; when a charming fillette, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the spheres of my studies."

The image of that "modest and innocent girl" effectually prevented any more attempts to measure the sun's altitude. Study was useless. But "the ebullition of that passion" was only a song, one of his most beautiful, beginning "Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns."

On his return to Tarbolton he still further indulged his love of discussion by joining with his brother Gilbert and five other young men in establishing a debating society, where the young people set for themselves such questions as this: "Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry either of two women: the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, but who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them, a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation, and behavior, but without any fortune: which of them shall he choose?"

At Tarbolton also, while still under his father's roof, Burns wrote several of his finest and sweetest songs:

"Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows
Mang moors an' mosses many, O!
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll awa' to Nanie, O."

and

"It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie: "

and more than one in praise of the Tarbolton lasses:

"There 's few sae bonie, nane sae guid
In a' King George' dominion."

While still at Tarbolton, Burns was induced by his friend, John Rankine, to join St. Mary's Lodge of Free-masons; and he became like Mozart, and about the same time, an enthusiastic member of the order.

When he was about twenty-three years old, he conceived the idea of going into the flax business; so he went to live with a flax-dresser named Peacock, a relative of his mother's, in the neighboring town of Irvine.

Among his acquaintances at Irvine, which was a small seaport town, were also smugglers, whose influence upon him was not good; and his chief friend was a young fellow named Richard Brown, whom he called "a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune." This "noble fellow," whose mind "was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue," was the only man, Burns confesses, who was a greater fool than himself "where Woman was the presiding star." "He spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief; and the consequence was that soon after I assumed the plough, I wrote the 'Poet's Welcome.'"

The illegitimate daughter thus welcomed bore a striking resemblance to Burns. She married Mr. John Bishop of Polkemmet, and died in 1817. It is proper to add that the poet was afterwards "stung by a manly sorrow" at the tone in which this poem to his shame was written.

Doubtless his recklessness was partly due to the fact that he had just been disappointed in his hopes of marrying Miss Ellison Begbie, "an amiable, intelligent, but not particularly handsome girl," in the service of a family on the banks of the Cessnock. To her he wrote the song:

"On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
 Could I describe her shape and mien!
 Our lasses a' she far excels,
 An' she has twa sparkling roguish een."

He was deeply in love with her, but her affections were given to another.

He was at this time suffering from a nervous disorder, and his constitutional hypochondria, inherited from his father, was intensified by the depressing effects of dissipation. His gloomy state of mind may be seen in certain passages of a letter written to his father two days after Christmas, 1781 or 1782:

"HONORED SIR,

"My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transposed at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it, and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it. . . . As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again

be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. . . ."

Three days later, while he and some of his friends "were giving a welcome carousal to the new year," the shop was set on fire and totally destroyed, so that he "was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence." He attributed it to "the drunken carelessness" of his partner's wife. His partner he called "a scoundrel of the first water, who made money by the mystery of thieving!"

A year or two afterwards, in March, 1784, he wrote in his "Common-Place Book":

"There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broke by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow-trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed the 'Prayer: Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish,' which begins:

"O Thou Great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below."

But at last the cloud passed, as is shown by the cheerfulness of his extempore lines which are referred to the following April:

"O, why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane—and something mair:
I'll go and be a sodger."

After his return to Lochlea, he and his brother Gilbert hired a farm of one hundred and nineteen acres at Mossgiel, near the village of Mauchline, at an annual rental of ninety pounds. Three months later their father died, leaving his affairs in utter ruin. "His all," says Burns, "went among the hell hounds that growl in the kennel of justice." As his sons and two married daughters ranked as creditors for arrears of wages, they saved a little money from the wreck, and the whole family moved to Mossgiel in March, 1784. Gilbert Burns bears witness to his brother's steadiness and industry during their joint partnership, but, after all, the drudgery of farming was too much for a poet: it was Pegasus harnessed to a plough.

He expresses his feelings in a rhymed epistle to his friend David Sillar, "a brother poet, lover, ploughman, and fiddler":

" While winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw
 And bar the doors wi' drivin snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely, westlin jingle:
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chinla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great-folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fireside;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursèd pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How best o' chields are whyles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant.

.
 It's no in titles nor in rank;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
 To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in makin muckle, *mair*:
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness hae not her seat
 An' centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest!
 Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the carte
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.

There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien';
 Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean!
 It warms me, it charms me
 To mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!"

.

The "darling Jean," celebrated in his "Epistle to Davie," and in many another poem, was Jean Armour, a "comely country lass," whom he met at a penny wedding at Mauchline. They chanced to be dancing in the same quadrille when the poet's dog sprang to his master and almost upset some of the dancers. Burns remarked that he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.

Some days afterward, Jean, seeing him pass as she was bleaching clothes on the village green, called to him and asked him if he had as yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which colored all of Burns's life.

In the spring of 1786 he learned that she was about to become a mother.

In Scotland at that time a license and a ceremony were not required in order to legalize a marriage. Burns, who was inclined to be honorable, gave Jean a written acknowledgment of marriage — a sufficient reparation in the eyes of the law.

But the master-mason, her father, compelled her to destroy the paper and to have nothing more to do with Burns, who was then in the straits of poverty owing to a succession of bad crops, and who was with some reason looked upon by the pious inhabitants of that parish as little better than a Pariah.

This was in April. It was under the gloom of this bitter trouble that Burns wrote his "Lament occasioned by the Unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour":

"O thou pale Orb that silent shines
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
 Thou seest a wretch who inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep!
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan, unwarmed beam;
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream."

The friend was of course his best friend and worst enemy — himself.

Burns was really very fond of his "Bonnie Jean," and he wrote that though he had not a hope or a wish to make her his after her conduct, yet when he was told that "the names were out" of the informal marriage contract, "his heart died within him and his veins were cut with the news."

Emerson says: Nature's darlings, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not children of our law; do not come out of the Sunday school, nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commandments.

So much the worse for them.

The destruction of the paper did not, of course, absolve Burns, but he determined to leave Scotland forever. He entered into negotiations with Dr. John Hamilton with the view of going out to Jamaica as bookkeeper on a plantation there.

While this matter was pending, and while he was still sore at the treatment which he had received from the Armours, Mary Campbell, known to fame as "Hieland Mary," "a most sprightly, blue-eyed creature of great modesty and self-respect," who had been in the service of his friend and landlord, Gavin Hamilton, showed so much sympathy with him, that Burns, considering himself free, offered to make her his wife, and she agreed to go with him to Jamaica. She left Mauchline and started on foot for Campbelltown in the Highlands, where her father was a sailor.

Burns accompanied her. It was the second Sunday in May, 1786. They reached "a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr,"—now a railway runs within a few yards of it,—and there the parting took place. According to tradition, they stood on opposite sides of a slow-running brook, and, dipping their hands into the pure water, swore solemn vows to be true and one till death.

At the Burns monument at Ayr are preserved the Bibles which they exchanged. Mary's gift to Burns is a small plain one; his to her, a dainty edition in two volumes. In one of them the poet wrote the Scripture verse:

Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord (Levit. xix. 12).

And in the other:

Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths (Matt. v. 33).

The poem "To Mary" is referred by Burns to this time when he was "thinking of going to the West Indies":

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go the Indics, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?"

Nothing more was said about Mary Campbell going to Jamaica with him. Indeed, he never saw her again. After making her visit at Campbelltown, she started for Glasgow to take the prosaic place of a servant; but stopping at Greenock to care for a sick brother, she caught the fever and died.

There is nothing in Burns's behavior or his letters to indicate that this poetic ending of a miserable story was regarded as anything but a relief. When he heard the news his face changed and he left the house; but he said nothing about it, and only his immortal poem "To Mary in Heaven," written years afterward, shows that it made an impression on him.

On the contrary, it was probably only a hasty episode conducted partly under the influence of pique; and so he continued his preparations for his journey, and wrote his rhymes, and conceived the idea of publishing them.

In the following June, 1786, he wrote to Mr. David Brice, a shoemaker of Glasgow, a full account of his trouble. He said:

"Poor, ill-advised, ungrateful Armour came home on Friday last. You have heard

all the particulars of that affair, and a black affair it is. What she thinks of her conduct now, I don't know; one thing I do know — she has made me completely miserable. Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her: and to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all, though I won't tell her so if I were to see her, which I don't want to do. My poor, dear, unfortunate Jean! how happy have I been in thy arms! It is not the losing her that makes me so unhappy, but for her sake I feel most severely: I foresee she is in the road to, I am afraid, eternal ruin.

"May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may His grace be with her and bless her in all her future life! I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt in my own breast on her account. I have tried often to forget her; I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riots, mason-meetings, drinking-matches, and other mischief, to drive her out of my head, but all in vain. And now for a grand cure: the ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica; and then, farewell dear old Scotland! and farewell dear, ungrateful Jean! for never, never will I see you more.

"You will have heard that I am going to commence poet in print; and to-morrow my works go to the press. I expect it will be a volume of about two hundred pages — it is just the last foolish action I intend to do; and then turn a wise man as fast as possible."

It was only after considerable hesitation that he had determined to venture into print with a volume of poems. Thus he expressed his doubts in a poetic epistle to his crony, Mr. James Smith, a shopkeeper in Mauchline:

"Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle 's working prime,
My fancie yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a random-shot
O' countra wit.

This while my motion 's taen a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid, black prent;
 But still the mair I 'm that way bent,
 Something cries, ' Hoolie!
 I red you, honest man, tak tent!
 Ye 'll shaw your folly:

' There 's ither poets, much your better,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought they had 'ensur'd their debtors,
 A' future ages;
 Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
 Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel boughs
 To garland my poetic brows!
 Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang;
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang."

He had material enough for a volume. For months he had been pouring forth his most beautiful poems. He had "electrified" his brother Gilbert by repeating to him "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—that sentimental apotheosis of humble piety and rural content.

Many of his songs were household words in his neighborhood. He had won unstinted applause and even more unbounded blame by his satiric verses occasioned by a quarrel which was dividing the parish at that day, and into which he entered with all the zeal of his impetuous nature.

The descendants or representatives of the old Covenanters, naturally proud of their distinction, clung to a fierce and unmodified Calvinism. Their clergy and the elders of the Kirk possessed a moral dominion which had become a veritable tyranny, extending from the weightier matters of the law even down to the merest trifles of conduct or opinion.

This party were called "The Auld Lights."

Opposed to them were the New Lights, or Moderates, who believed that Christians had no right to lay down the law upon their brethren in matters of faith and practice, and that the "Kirk Session"—that is, the Committee of the Elders—existed simply to assist the minister in knowing his congregation.

The two ministers of Ayr belonged to the New Lights, and one of them, Dr. McGill, had undergone persecution. Burns's kind landlord and friend, Gavin Hamilton, had been absent from church two or three Sundays, and it was discovered, by questioning the servants, that he was remiss in the ordinances of family worship. He had also neglected to pay a small church rate. He was selected as a special victim of the dominant party. Burns, whose father was a Moderate, naturally sympathized with that side.

The armor of the Evangelicals was not arrow-proof. The shafts of ridicule could find joints to pierce; and, worse yet, vital places were not protected. Some of the most violent persecutors of Gavin Hamilton were secretly guilty of unworthy practices, and Burns was alert to seize every chance.

Thus he picked out Mr. William Fisher, one of the Kirk elders of Mauchline, and gibbeted him in the doggerel rhymes—unfortunately not guiltless of vulgarity—entitled “Holy Willie’s Prayer”:

“Oh Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thyself,
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A’ for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They ’ve done afore Thee!”

The attack was after all not so disreputable as the elder’s own career. Burns called him a hypocrite; he was worse. He afterwards was found guilty of embezzling church funds; and he died in a ditch into which he fell while “elevated,” as they then called being tipsy.

Two Auld Licht divines had quarrelled about their parish boundaries, and Burns satirized them in his “Twa Herds”:

“O a’ ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox
Or worrying tykes?
Or wha will tent the waifs an’ crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a’ the wast,
That e’er gae gospel horn a blast
These five and twenty summers past—
O, dool to tell!—
Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themself’.

.
Sic twa—O! do I live to see ’t?—
Sic famous twa sud disagree ’t,
An’ names like ‘villain,’ ‘hypocrite,’
Ilkither gi’en,
While New-Light herds wi’ laughin’ spite
Say, ‘neither’s liein!’”

The Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper had in many places gradually degenerated into a sort of carousal, where there was much eating and drinking, much gossip and

even flirtation. This state of things Burns satirized in his poem entitled "The Holy Fair":

"Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The risin' sun, owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
• The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day."

As "lightsomely" the poet glowers abroad "to see a scene so gay," three Hizzies — Fun, Superstition, and Hypocrisy — come "skelpin up the way," bound for "Mauchline Holy Fair"; and Fun, his "crony dear," invites him to accompany them. The sights that he witnessed he then describes with more zest than propriety.

There were more satirical poems of the same sort; and though they had their legitimate effect (as was the case with "The Holy Fair") and worked a needed reform, they brought much obloquy upon Burns himself, who was perfectly reckless as long as he made a point.

It was not hypocrisy in religion alone which he satirized. The village schoolmaster set up a grocery store, and, having a liking for drugs, advertised that "advice would be given in common disorders, at the shop, gratis." He put on great airs of medical knowledge, and Burns one day repeated to his brother Gilbert the terrible lines entitled "Death and Doctor Hornbook."

Here the Deil describes the various cases in which

"Hornbook was by wi' ready art,"

to prevent poor humanity from paying its last debt, and "stop him of his lawfu' prey."

The laughter caused by this satire was so great, that it actually drove John Wilson, the apothecary and schoolmaster, out of the country.

It seemed to Burns that his local reputation as a poet justified him in risking the venture; so he collected over three hundred subscriptions, and engaged John Wilson, a printer at Kilmarnock, to publish the volume.

While he was busy correcting the proofs, Jean Armour came home. He went to call upon her, "not," so he wrote, "from the least view of reconciliation, but merely to ask for her health . . . and from a foolish, hankering fondness, very ill-placed indeed."

Her mother forbade him the house; and with anger in his heart, he resolved to gain his "certificate as a single man," promised him by the minister, provided he would comply with the rules of the church. On the seventeenth of July he wrote to Mr. David Brice:

"I have already appeared publicly in church, and was indulged in the liberty of standing in my own seat. I do this to get a certificate as a bachelor, which Mr. Auld has promised me. I am now fixed to go for the West Indies in October. Jean and

her friends insisted much that she should stand along with me in the kirk, but the minister would not allow it, which bred a great trouble, I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased, for all that, not to have had her company."

In order to drive Burns from the country, Jean's father got out a warrant to arrest him. "Some ill-advised people," he wrote Dr. Moore, "had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at his heels," and he was skulking about from Carrick to Kyle, and from Kyle to Carrick.

"The ship *Nancy*, Captain Smith, from Clyde to Jamaica, and to call at Antigua," was to sail toward the latter part of August. Here was the chance for Burns. He was saying good-by to his friends.

He had passed what he supposed was his last night at the Tarbolton Lodge, where it was afterwards remembered that he "came in a pair of buckskins, out of which he would always pull the other shilling for the other bowl till it was five o'clock in the morning."

The departure was postponed till September, and in September poor Jean "repaid him double." An understanding was reached between the two families as to the nurture of the twins; and still Burns lingered, with "tender yearnings of heart for the little angels to whom he gave existence," and with indefinite hopes that after all he might not be "exiled, abandoned, forlorn."

His poems had succeeded better than he feared. After he had settled with Wilson, he had about twenty pounds to his credit, and was trying to publish a second edition. But Wilson refused to undertake it unless the twenty-seven pounds required for paper were advanced. "This," said Burns, "is out of my power, so farewell hopes of a second edition till I grow richer! an epocha which, I think, will arrive at the payment of the British national debt." And he added in reference to his domestic troubles:

"I have for some time been pining under secret wretchedness, from causes which you pretty well know—the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, with some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the calls of society, or the vagaries of the Muse. Even in the hour of social mirth, my gayety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner. All these reasons urge me to go abroad; and to all these reasons I have only one answer,—the feelings of a father. This, in the present mood I am in, overbalances everything that can be laid in the scale against it."

The poems were becoming known outside of Ayrshire. Dr. Lawrie of Loudon, near Kilmarnock, sent a copy of the precious volume to Dr. Thomas Blacklock of Edinburgh, the well-known blind poet and preacher, who replied in a most complimentary manner, and wished, "for the sake of the young man, that a second edition, more numerous than the former, could immediately be printed."

Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh had a country residence at Catrine-on-the-Ayr, only a few miles from Mossgiel; and having come into possession of Burns's poems, he invited the young man to dine with him. On this occasion he met Basil William, Lord Daer, the son of the Earl of Selkirk, a youth of twenty-three, and shortly afterward wrote the poem beginning:

"This wot ye all whom it concerns:
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprach'd up the brae
I dinner'd wi' a Lord!"

Professor Stewart declared that "his manners were simple, manly, and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without anything that indicated forwardness, arrogance, and vanity."

About the same time the *Edinburgh Magazine* came out with a favorable review of the poems, and Burns was so much encouraged that he determined to go to Edinburgh and try his fortunes there.

He mounted his pony and reached "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," on the evening of November 28, 1786. For the first fortnight he suffered "with a miserable headache and stomach complaint," and apparently did little else than

"View that noble, stately dome
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home!"

and make himself familiar with the sights of the historic city.

He found a warm welcome among the literary celebrities of the day, — Professor Stewart, Professor Blair, Mr. Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," and others. Mr. James Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Ayr, gave him an introduction to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Glencairn, through whose influence he was brought before the Caledonian Hunt, a society of the Scottish nobility. In a letter to Gavin Hamilton, dated December 7, he wrote:

"I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events, in the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with the Black Monday, and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. H. Erskine, have taken me under their wing; and by all probability I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man of the world. Through my Lord's influence it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt, that they universally, one and all, subscribe for the second edition."

This subscription, amounting to a hundred guineas, insured the success of the volume. Private individuals, also, subscribed liberally, one taking forty-two copies, another forty, another twenty, at five shillings each.

As an enthusiastic Freemason, Burns was welcomed to the Kilwinning Lodge of Edinburgh, and was made their Poet Laureate.

There are a number of descriptions of Burns at that time. Professor Josiah Walker described him as strong and well-knit in person, "much superior to what might be expected in a plowman"; his stature rather above middle height, though "from want of setting up" it seemed to be "only of the middle size"; his "large, dark eye," the most striking index of his character; his dress simple, plain, but appropriate; his hair, unpowdered, was tied behind and spread upon his forehead;

his manner, absolutely free from affectation; nor did his conversation or behavior betray "that he had been for some months the favorite of all the fashionable circles of a metropolis."

Walter Scott, then a youth of sixteen, met him at the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson, and remembered the "dignified plainness and simplicity of his manners," the "strong expression of strength and shrewdness in all his lineaments," and above all his large and glowing eye, which alone seemed to indicate his "poetical character and temperament."

Only two instances are on record where he allowed himself any breach of etiquette, and they were not serious. Generally he was welcomed as an equal; and if he shone in conversation in the more polished circles, he scintillated in the free and easy life of the taverns and the lodges.

While he was correcting his proofs he was puzzling his head as to what the future had in store for him, and debating whether to go to farming again.

Burns recognized that he was out of place in Edinburgh. There was nothing for him to do; his rustic training had not fitted him for city life; there was no field for literary work. He was out of his element; like the fabled Antæus, he had need to be in contact with mother earth to find his strength. City pavements offer to such a bard no inspiration. He was weary of adulation; he was too independent to live, happily at the table of Patronage.

Dr. Lawrie warned him against the dangers of his new life. Burns replied:

"I thank you, Sir, with all my soul for your friendly hints, though I do not need them so much as my friends are apt to imagine. You are dazzled with newspaper accounts and distant reports; but in reality, I have no great temptation to be intoxicated with the cup of prosperity."

The Earl of Buchan advised Burns to make a pilgrimage to the chief battle-fields of Scotland. He replied that he wished for nothing more than a leisurely tour through his native land, "to fire his muse at Scottish story and Scottish scenes," but he declared that Wisdom, "a long-visaged, dry, moral-phantom," whose home was with Prudence, gave him different advice; and he added:

"I must return to my humble station, and woo my rustic muse in my wonted way at the plough-tail."

The same "Utopian thoughts" he expressed to Mrs. Dunlop. "The appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which Heaven knows I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers; and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins once the honored abodes of her heroes."

But again the idea of his true station in life comes to him; besides, he had "an aged mother to care for, and some other bosom ties perhaps equally tender."

The volume appeared toward the last of April, 1787. Twenty-eight hundred copies were taken by subscription, and Burns's share of the profits was about five hundred pounds.

This little fortune seemed to justify Burns in undertaking the pilgrimages for

which he yearned, before he should settle down to his farming again. On the fifth of May, in company with Robert Ainslie, he set forth on his "auld, ga'd gleyde o' a meere," for a long ride. They spent the next day, which was Sunday, at Berry Well, with Ainslie's family; at church Miss Ainslie tried to find the text, which was in condemnation of obstinate sinners. Burns seeing it, wrote these lines on a piece of paper and handed them to her:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
• 'T was *guilty sinners* that he meant,
Not *angels* such as you!"

At Jedburgh he was presented with the freedom of the town, an honor which he prized much less than the privilege of a walk with Miss Isabella Lindsay, whose "beautiful hazel eyes" bewitched him. They rode up the Tweed and the Ettrick, and spent a night at Selkirk, where afterwards Scott served as Sheriff. Here they found some gentlemen drinking at Veitch's Inn and proposed to join them; but when the landlord said that one spoke rather like a gentleman, but the other was "a drover-looking chap," the gentlemen declined their company, to the life-long regret of at least one of them. At Selkirk he wrote the rhymed epistle to his publisher, William Creech, beginning, "Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest."

During the trip Burns, for the first and only time, set foot on English soil. On the eighth of June, after a delightful trip, having "dander'd owre a' the Kintra frae Dumber to Selcraig, an' fore-gather'd wi' mony a guid fallow an' monie a weel far'd hizzie," he reached his home at Mauchline. He who had left them in disgrace, came back the most distinguished man in Scotland. The money and the fame placed him in a different light. Even old Armour forgot his resentment; and this made Burns angry, as is seen by a letter which he dated June 11, 1787:

"I date this from Mauchline, where I arrived on Friday even last. If anything had been wanting to disgust me completely at Armour's family, their mean, servile compliance would have done it."

In this unsettled state of mind he left Mauchline toward the last of June, and went to the West Highlands, where he apparently found little to please him: "a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which starv'ingly support as savage inhabitants." At Inveraray, where he could find no shelter, he composed these bitter lines:

"Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'T was surely in an anger."

But later he found boon companions and the sort of wild dissipation which for a time caused him to forget his errors. He tells on one occasion when they danced till three in the morning, and how "they ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six."

The next day they again "pushed the bottle," and finding themselves "not ma fou but gaylie yet," they tried to outgallop a Highlandman who had a tolerably good horse. But the race ended in a bad tumble. "His horse, which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather, zigzagged across before my old spavin'd hunter, whose name was Jenny Geddes, and down came the Highlandman, horse and all, and down came Jenny and my bardship; so I have got such a skinful of bruises and wounds, that I shall be at least four weeks before I dare venture on my journey to Edinburgh." "I came off," he says in another letter, "with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future."

Unconsciously to himself he had woven a net at Mauchline which was to entangle him. He had renewed his intimacy with Jean Armour. It was while he was at Mossgiel on his return from this escapade, that he wrote his autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore.

In August he returned to Edinburgh, and on the twenty-fifth of the month started with "a truly original but very worthy man, a Mr. Nicol, one of the masters of the high school in Edinburgh," on a twenty-two days' trip or "near six hundred miles," through the Highlands. On the twenty-sixth he wrote:

"This morning I knelt at the tomb of Sir John the Graham, the gallant friend of the immortal Wallace; and two hours ago I said a fervent prayer for Old Caledonia over the hole in a blue whinstone, where Robert de Bruce fixed his royal standard on the banks of Bannockburn; and just now, from Stirling Castle, I have seen by the setting sun the glorious prospect of the windings of Forth, through the rich carse of Stirling, and skirting the equally rich carse of Falkirk."

He described his trip not only in various letters, but also in a jotted diary, so that all his steps are known.

At Blair Athole, where he was so cordially welcomed by "honest men and bonnie lasses," he left behind him the poem entitled, "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water." The Earl carried out the idea, and "shaded the banks wi' tow'ring trees and bonnie spreading bushes."

At Stirling he inscribed on the window-pane of a tavern with a recently purchased diamond ring these lines:

"Here Stewarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordair'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre fallen to other hands;
The injured Stewart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne:
An idiot race, to honor lost—
Who knows them best despise them most."

The minister of Gladsmuir attacked him for the treason thus expressed, and Burns replied with another epigram:

"With Esop's lion, Burns says:— 'Sore I feel
Each other blow: but damn that ass's heel.'"

In October, after his return to Edinburgh, he started on another tour, this time with his friend Dr. Adair.

At Clackmannan they visited Mrs. Bruce, who had the helmet and sword of the great chieftain, from whom she inherited it. She conferred knighthood on the two travellers, remarking that she had a better right to give the honor than some people had. At Stirling, Burns, who had been told that his treasonable lines might affect his prospects, broke the pane of glass, and indulged in a still bitterer epigram. Neither was forgotten:

"Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame!
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 't is a truth, Sir, the more 't is a libel?"

At Harvieston he enjoyed a visit to "the accomplished" Miss Margaret Chalmers, whom he immortalized as Peggy in the two songs entitled "Peggy's Charms." He spent two days at Ochertyre on the Teith, surprising every one by his "flashes of intellectual brightness," and visited Ochertyre in Strathearn, where he wrote the poem, "On Scaring some Water-fowl in Loch Turit," and the song to Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrove, known as "the Flower of Strathearn":

"Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben:
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen."

At Dunfermline they visited the ruined abbey, and Abbey Church, and Burns from the pulpit delivered a mock reproof and exhortation to Dr. Adair, mounted on the "cutty stool," or stool of repentance.

Robert Bruce is buried in the churchyard, under two broad flagstones; and Burns, says Dr. Adair, "knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervor, and heartily execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes."

On his return to Edinburgh he was still undecided whether to take a farm of Mr. Miller, or enter into partnership with his brother Gilbert, who was, as he said, an excellent farmer, and, "besides, an exceedingly prudent, sober man." Creech, the publisher of his poems, was slow in making a settlement; there were rumors of his insolvency, and Burns remained in town, rooming in St. James's Square with Mr. William Cruickshank.

Early in December, at the house of Miss Nimmo, he made the acquaintance of a Mrs. M'Lehose, "of a somewhat voluptuous style of beauty." Her maiden name had been Agnes Craig; she was the daughter of a surgeon, and had been known in Glasgow society as "the pretty Miss Nancy." She was married at the early age of seventeen to James M'Lehose, a law-agent, from whom she separated four years later. Her husband was in Jamaica. She was a poet,

She invited Burns to take tea with her at her lodgings on the evening of Saturday, December 8; but a drunken coachman upset him, bruising his knees so that he could not stir out. Burns wrote a note expressing his chagrin.

Mrs. M'Lehose replied that if she were his sister she would call and see him! She also enclosed some verses.

This was the beginning of a perilous friendship which ran over the sea of passion, though the fair widow had a kedge-anchor to windward in her intensely religious nature.

The correspondence between *Sylvander* and *Clarinda* (as they sentimentally called themselves) is famous in the history of literature.

Mrs. M'Lehose long outlived Burns; for thirty or forty years she was said to be in company five-sevenths of the time. Those who saw her in later life found her a short, plain, snuff-taking little woman. But to the last she worshipped the memory of Burns, and lived in the hope that they should meet in another sphere where "love is not a crime." To her Burns wrote the poem in which he called her "the fair sun of all her sex."

Perhaps, if both of them had been free, Burns might have married "Clarinda, mistress of his soul," as he more than once wrote; but he was even less free than he supposed.

In February, 1788, Burns went for the third time to inspect Mr. Miller's farms at Dalswinton. On his way he stopped at Mossiel, and had an interview with Jean Armour, then wrote in regard to it to his sympathizing Clarinda:

"I, this morning as I came home, called for a certain woman. I am disgusted with her. I cannot endure her. I, while my heart smote me for the profanity, tried to compare her with my Clarinda: 't was setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. *Here* was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul, and mercenary fawning; *there*, polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me."

In regard to the same interview he wrote more frankly to Robert Ainslie:

"I have been through sore tribulation, and under much buffeting of the evil one, since I came to this country. Jean I found banished, like a martyr, — forlorn, destitute, and friendless, — all for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her fate; I have reconciled her to her mother; I have taken her a room; I have taken her to my arms; I have given her a mahogany bed; I have given her a guinea; and I have embraced her till she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But — as I always am on every occasion — I have been prudent and cautious to an astounding degree. I swore her privately and solemnly never to attempt any claim on me as a husband, even though anybody should persuade her she had such a claim, which she had not, neither during my life nor after my death. She did all this like a good girl."

Such conduct requires no comment. It speaks for itself. He returned to Edinburgh in March, and on the fourteenth of the month he wrote to Miss Chalmers that he had completed a bargain for the farm of Ellisland on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles above Dumfries.

The birth and death of a second pair of twins seems to have changed his opinions in regard to Jean Armour. He made up his mind that "some sacrifices" were neces-

easy for his peace of mind. On the 28th of April he wrote Mr. James Smith, "There is a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussy of your acquaintance, to whom I have lately and privately given a matrimonial title to my corpus." In this letter he first calls Jean Armour Mrs. Burns, though he adds, "'t is only her private designation."

To his uncle Samuel Brown he wrote whimsically: "It would be a vain attempt for me to enumerate the various transactions I have been engaged in since I saw you last; but this know, I engaged in a *smuggling trade*, and God knows if ever any poor man experienced better returns—two for one; but as freight and delivery have turned out so dear, I am thinking of taking out a license and beginning in fair trade. I have taken a farm on the borders of the Nith, and, in imitation of the old patriarchs, get men-servants and maid-servants, and flocks and herds, and beget sons and daughters."

In June he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop from Ellisland, telling her how busy he was building his farmhouse, digging foundations, carting stones and lime, and dwelling "a solitary inmate of an old, smoky spence; far from every object I love, or by whom I am beloved; nor any acquaintance older than yesterday, except Jenny Geddes, the old mare I ride on; while uncouth cares and novel plans hourly insult my awkward ignorance and bashful inexperience." In this letter he confirmed her suspicions that he was a husband.

Of his wife he says:

"The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure; these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay wedding."

Less than a month later Burns and his wife appeared before the Kirk Session and publicly "acknowledged their irregular marriage and their sorrow for their irregularity." The Session agreed that they should both be rebuked and "be solemnly engaged to adhere faithfully to one another as man and wife all the days of their life."

While he was building his house and qualifying for his position on the Excise, to which he had been appointed, he left his wife at Mauchline and dwelt alone at Ellisland. It was in the Honeymoon; and, as Burns says, here he wrote those beautiful songs to his Jean:

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;"

and

"O, were I on Parnassus hill."

Burns's letters during this time are filled with curious contradictions. He tells Mrs. Dunlop that he might easily fancy a more agreeable companion for his journey

of life. He writes Mr. Bengo that his choice was as random as blind-man's buff. He writes Miss Chalmers:

"Shortly after my last return to Ayrshire I married 'My Jean.' This was not in consequence of the attachment of romance, perhaps; but 'I had a long and much loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery in my determination, and I durst not trifle with so important a deposit. Nor have I any cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county."

In November he wrote to Dr. Blacklock:

"I am more and more pleased with the step I took respecting 'My Jean.' Two things, from my happy experience, I set down as apophthegms in life, — A wife's head is immaterial compared with her heart; and, 'Virtue's (for wisdom, what poet pretends to it?) ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'"

In December Jean appeared upon the scene, bringing her household belongings, including a four-post bedstead, a gift from Mrs. Dunlop, and a faithful servant-maid named Elizabeth Smith. He welcomed her with the poem beginning, "I hae a wife o' my ain."

The house was small, but Burns was on the whole content. This was the happiest period of his life. He was comparatively regular in his habits, though his poem of "The Whistle" shows that he occasionally indulged in the intoxicating bowl after the universal custom of the day. He became interested in the local library, for which he ordered the *Spectator*, the *Lounger*, *Religious Pieces*, and other works from Edinburgh; and he still took an interest in theological matters, as is proved by his satire entitled, "The Kirk's Alarm," occasioned by an heretical work by Pastor McGill.

The first year at Ellisland was fairly successful. The crops turned out well; Major Dunlop sent him a present of a heifer; Mr. John Tennant forwarded to him a cask of whiskey; he was in frequent correspondence with his friends.

In the summer of 1790 Captain Francis Grose, an English antiquary, visited Scotland and made Burns's acquaintance. To him was indirectly due the tale of "Tam o' Shanter," that famous "masterpiece of Scottish character, Scottish humor, Scottish witchlore, and Scottish imagination." This piece, Burns declared, was "his standard performance in the poetical line."

In the same year Samuel Egerton Brydges, the poet, visited Burns at Ellisland. He wrote:

"At first I was not entirely pleased with his countenance. I thought it had a sort of capricious jealousy, as if he was half inclined to treat me as an intruder. I resolved to bear it, and try if I could humor him. I let him choose his turn of conversation, but said a word about the friend whose letter I had brought to him. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon of an autumn day. While we were talking, Mrs. Burns, as if accustomed to entertain visitors in this way, brought in a bottle of Scotch whiskey, and set the table. I accepted this hospitality. I could not help observing the curious glance with which he watched me at the entrance of this sequel of homely entertainment. He was satisfied; he filled our glasses.

"'Here's a health to Auld Caledonia.' The fire sparkled in his eye, and mine sympathetically met his. He shook my hands, and we were friends at once. Then he drank 'Erin forever,' and the tear of delight burst from his eye. The fountain of his mind and his heart opened at once, and flowed with abundant force almost till midnight.

"He had amazing acuteness of intellect, as well as glow of sentiment. I do not deny that he said some absurd things and many coarse ones, and that his knowledge was very irregular, and sometimes too presumptuous; and that he did not endure contradiction with sufficient patience. His pride, and perhaps his vanity, was even morbid. I carefully avoided topics in which he could not take an active part. Of literary gossip he knew nothing, and, therefore, kept aloof from it; in the technical parts of literature, his opinions were crude and unformed; but whenever he spoke of a great writer whom he had read, his taste was generally sound. To a few minor writers he gave more credit than they deserved. His grand beauty was his manly strength and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. He had always a full mind, and all flowed from a genuine spring. I never conversed with a man who appeared to be more warmly impressed with the beauties of Nature; and visions of female beauty and tenderness seemed to transport him. He did not merely appear to be a poet at casual intervals, but at every moment a poetical enthusiasm seemed to beat in his veins; and he lived all his days the inward, if not the outward, life of a poet."

In order to enable his brother Gilbert to remain at Mossiel, Burns advanced him one hundred and eighty pounds: the rest of the small fortune made by his poems was gradually sunk in the unsuccessful conduct of the farm.

He had been appointed Exciseman; and his duties, on a salary of fifty pounds a year, "condemned" him, as he expressed it, to "galop" over ten parishes "at least two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels." These absences, and frequent attacks of illness; a lame knee and a broken arm, occasioned by a fall "not from but with" his horse; "an omnipotent toothache," were not to the advantage of farming. A deranged nervous system, resulting in incessant headache, kept him ill all the following winter.

He determined to relinquish his "cursed farm"; and as Mr. Miller was willing to free him from his lease, he gave it up. Toward the last of July, 1791, he sold his crops at an average of a guinea an acre above value. Burns writing about it to a friend, said:

"But such a scene of drunkenness was hardly ever seen in this country. After the roup was over, about thirty people engaged in a battle, every man for his own hand, and fought it out for three hours. Nor was the scene much better in the house. No fighting indeed, but the folks lying drunk on the floor, and decanting, until both my dogs got so drunk by attending on them, that they could not stand. You will easily guess how I enjoyed the scene, as I was no farther over than you used to see me."

In November he was appointed excise-officer for the district of Dumfries, at a salary of seventy pounds a year, and the hope of being promoted to be supervisor at a salary of two hundred pounds.

He sold off his stock and farming implements, and moved to a small house

in the Wee Vennel of Dumfries. The thought of Burns at the plough awakens a pleasurable picture; we remember his poem to the Mountain Daisy, and the Field Mouse. But Burns as a gauger of ardent spirits is pathetic; it connects him too directly with the indecent wit and vulgar lowness of "The Jolly Beggars"; that move was a step toward his ruin.

While Mrs. Burns was visiting in Ayrshire, Burns himself was still lingering at Ellisland, and for no good. Annie Park, the fair niece of the hostess of the Globe Tavern, had met his eye. To her he wrote the song, "The Gowden Locks of Anna," with its impudent, reckless postscript. The price of that song was a soul. When Burns tried to get his brother to take the helpless babe, who was born of his intrigue, Mrs. Burns, with characteristic magnanimity, insisted on adopting the little girl, and became very fond of her. She was the image of her father; she made an excellent marriage, and lived till within a few years ago.

Before he settled in Dumfries, Burns visited Edinburgh for the last time, and saw his beloved "Clarinda," with whom he had kept up an infrequent correspondence. She was about to sail for Jamaica to join her "repentant but worthless husband." This episode gave rise to the songs: "Aince Mair I hail thee, thou Gloomy December," "Behold the Hour, the Boat arrive," "Ae Fond Kiss and then we sever," and "My Nanie's Awa'." Burns wrote her that whenever he, was called upon to give a toast, he regularly proposed, "Mrs. Mac," or "Clarinda," though he kept them all in the dark as to whom he meant by it.

Fortunately, Mrs. Burns was not a jealous woman; for her husband's susceptible heart, not "vitrified" as he once feared it was, found constant fuel in Dumfries.

In August, 1792, he wrote Mrs. Dunlop that he was "in love, souse! over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean," with her neighbor, Miss Lesley Baillie. The young lady, on her way to England with her father and sister, called on him. Burns rode fourteen or fifteen miles with them, and on his way back composed the song:

"O, saw ye bonie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border:"

a sort of parody on the old ballad:

"My bonnie Lizie Baillie,
I'll rowe thee in my plaidie."

The very next month Mr. George Thomson, clerk to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland, who was interested in publishing a collection of Scots songs, wrote to enlist Burns in his scheme. Burns replied that he would do so on three conditions: that he should not be hurried (was not his crest a slow-worm supported by two sloths, and his motto "De'il tak' the Forgemost"?); that he need not be expected to write English verses; and that he should not be paid for them.

Mr. Thomson's work was published in 1801-2; and Burns, in the course of four years, contributed at least a hundred songs! Once five pounds was sent to him, and Burns replied, "I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary

parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes!" and he threatened that "any more traffic of that del tor and creditor kind" would break off their friendship. He so loved the work that he felt that any talk of money, wages, fee, hire, and such like would be downright "prostitution of soul"!

He seems to have made an effort to cure himself of hard drinking. In December he wrote Mrs. Dunlop:

"As to myself, I am better, though not quite free of my complaint. You must not think, as you seem to insinuate, that in my way of life I want exercise. Of that I have enough; but occasionally hard drinking is the devil to me. Against this I have again and again bent my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have totally abandoned: it is the private parties in the family way, among the hard-drinking gentlemen of this country, that do me the mischief; but even this I have more than half given over."

Dumfries was then, says Chalmers, "a great stage on the road from England to the North of Ireland." Visitors were apt to send for Burns to meet them and drink with them. He had not the will-power to resist. Early one summer morning one of his neighbors just getting to work received a visit from him as he was staggering home from some such debauch. The poet said:

"O George! you are a happy man. You have risen from refreshing sleep and left a kind wife and children, while I am returning, a self-condemned wretch, to mine!"

Yet he was not neglectful of his duties. In February, 1792, a contraband brig was discovered in Solway Frith. Burns sent for a squad of dragoons, put himself at their head, and was the first to board her. In spite of superior numbers opposed to him, he made himself master of her: the brig was next day sold with all her contents.

While his messenger, a man named Lewars, was gone for the dragoons, Burns composed the poem, "The De'il's Awa'."

"The De'il cam' fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman."

In spite of such zeal he had ruined his chances—slim though they were—of becoming a supervisor. In the preceding December the Board was ordered to inquire into his political conduct; and he wrote a pitiful appeal to Mr. Robert Graham, not so much for himself as in behalf of "the much-loved wife of his bosom and his helpless, prattling little ones," likely to be "turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced." He declared that the attack upon him arose from "the damned dark insinuations of hellish, groundless envy."

Yet there was some ground for suspicion of him. It was known that he looked with favor on the Revolutionary party in France; that he had sent to the French Convention a present of four small cannon, for which he paid three pounds. At a dinner party, when the toast to Pitt was proposed, Burns gave "the health of George Washington, a better man." In his cups he indulged in sarcasms and rampant radicalism. Epigrams of his were in circulation. For such a man promotion was out of the question. At one time the good people of Dumfries even refused to recognize him on the street.

At heart he was sound enough. He wrote to Mr. Graham: "To the British

Constitution, on revolution principles, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached; ~ and when there seemed to be some danger of a French invasion, he published in the *Dumfries Journal* (May 5, 1795) the immensely popular song "Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?" He also joined the Dumfries volunteers, and wore the uniform of kersey breeches, blue coat, and round hat.

In July, 1793, Burns, in company with Mr. Synne, stamp distributor, made an excursion into Galloway, and, during a thunder storm on the wilds of Kenmore, composed his famous song, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

At Whitsuntide of this year he had moved his family into a larger and better house in the Mill-hole Brae, afterward named Burns Street. The rent was eight pounds a year.

During all these months he was constantly inspired to compose songs for Mr. Thomson's collection.

Among the fair ladies in whose honor he wrote, was Miss Jean Lorimer, whom he celebrated in a dozen songs under the name of Chloris, because of her light flaxen hair: "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks" is one of the most popular of them. Still another was Mrs. Lucy Oswald, of Ayrshire, on whom he wrote the song beginning:

"O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the c'enin' sun upon?
The dearest maid 's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shining on."

Still another was Mrs. Maria Riddell, of Woodley Park, only eighteen, and, like Clarinda, a poet. Burns called her "the most amiable of her sex." She and her husband made Burns welcome at their table. On one occasion, when all the men had been drinking (as usual) heavily, Burns went with the rest to the drawing-room, and, entirely forgetting himself, marched up to his hostess and kissed her on the lips. The scene may be imagined! The next morning he wrote to her a most abject letter of apology, in which he says:

"If I could in any measure be reinstated in the good opinion of the fair circle whom my conduct last night so much injured, I think it would be an alleviation to my torments. For this reason I trouble you with this letter. To the men of the company I will make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt. But to you, Madam, I have much to apologize. Your good opinion I valued as one of the greatest acquisitions I had made on earth, and I was truly a beast to forfeit it."

Captain Riddell never forgave Burns. He died a few months later. Unfortunately, Burns, exasperated at what he considered unfair treatment, wrote several cruel epigrams upon Mrs. Riddell, which he afterward deeply regretted.

Even such a severe warning had no lasting effect upon him, nor the fact that he saw his health was failing. On December 29, 1795, he wrote Mrs. Dunlop: "Very lately I was a boy; but t' other day I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast over my frame." Other letters presage his early death.

In the following January he stayed late at the tavern with boon companions, per-

haps trying to drown his sorrow at the recent loss of his daughter, his "sweet little girl." On his way home he was overcome with drowsiness, sat down in the snow, and fell asleep. The exposure brought on an attack of rheumatic fever, which kept him in bed all the rest of the winter, and ended in what he dreaded—in "flying gout,—a sad business."

Even in June he wrote Mrs. Riddell, who had gradually restored to him her favor:

"Racked as I am with rheumatisms, I meet every face with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam: 'Come, curse me Jacob; and come, defy Israel!' So say I: Come, curse me that east wind; and come, defy me the north! Would you have me in such circumstances copy you out a love-song?"

On the fourth of July he was taken to Brow on the Solway, where Mrs. Riddell was staying. She called upon him and saw that "the stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity."

His first greeting was, "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" She wrote these details to a friend of hers, and told how anxious Burns seemed about his family, and how concerned about the care of his literary fame. He wished that such letters and verses as had been written with unguarded and "improper freedom might be burned in oblivion.

"He lamented," she wrote, "that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world."

On the seventh of July he wrote to Mr. Cunningham urging him to use his influence that his full salary might be paid him while he was on the sick-list,—his salary as Exciseman being reduced, while off duty, to £35 instead of £50.

Less than a week later he wrote his cousin, Mr. James Burness, appealing for assistance. His cousin immediately sent him ten pounds, and afterward offered to bring up and educate his son Robert.

Then he put his pride into his pocket, and "implored" Mr. G. Thomson for five pounds, promising, if he recovered, to furnish him with "five pounds' worth of the neatest song genius" he had seen. That morning he wrote his last song:

"Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?"

On the eighteenth he returned to Dumfries in a small spring cart. When he alighted, he could not stand. He immediately wrote his father-in-law—it was his last letter:—

"Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better; but I think and feel that my strength is so gone that the disorder will prove fatal to me."

His children were sent to the house of Mr. Lewars. Miss Jessie Lewars, of whom he had written some of his sweetest songs, was sleepless in her attendance upon him.

On the twenty-first he became delirious. His children were allowed to see him for the last time. He died (July 21, 1796), with an execration upon the legal agent whose threats had troubled him.

On the evening of July 25 his remains were taken to the Town Hall, and the funeral was conducted on the following day. Several regiments of infantry and cavalry assisted in the obsequies, which were solemn and impressive. A long procession marched between rows of military to the sound of the Dead March in Saul. Three volleys were fired over the grave.

During the service Burns's posthumous son, Maxwell, was born — a pathetic incident.

Burns himself predicted that he should be better understood a hundred years later. He had not to wait a hundred years.

Henry MacKenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," in an article in the *Lounger*, early compared him to Shakspeare; not in range of genius, but in magnanimity and unaffected character, in vigor and power. Hazlitt, who uses almost precisely the same words, says in addition: "He was as much of a man, not the twentieth part of a poet, as Shakspeare. . . . He had an eye to see, a heart to feel — no more. His strength is not greater than his weakness; his virtues were greater than his vices; his virtues belonged to his genius; his vices to his situation, which did not correspond to his genius."

Lord Jeffrey predicted that the name of Burns would endure long after the circumstances that contributed to its notoriety were forgotten.

A writer in the *Universal Magazine* in 1809 said: "He dipt his pencil in the living tints of Nature. . . . Like Shakspeare, the current of his inspiration was unchecked by the cold niceties of critical perfection; it flowed impetuously onward, sometimes spreading into magnificence and beauty; sometimes meandering in peaceful murmurs, and sometimes rushing with sublime energy over precipices and rocks, forming the thundering cataracts or the eddying whirlpool."

Mrs. Oliphant declares: "Not even for a second Shakspeare could we let go our Burns;" and she adds: "If ever man was anointed and consecrated to a special work in this world, for which all his antecedents, all his training, all his surrounding circumstances, combined to fit him, Robert Burns was that man."

Carlyle called him "a rugged Saxon brother, one of the strongest, noblest men — a Scottish Thor, a true Peasant-Thunder-God."

Almost all men have given equally high tribute to Burns. He is the idol of the Scotch; his poems, next to the Bible, are their consolation and delight.*

In the splendor of their richness, Burns's faults are almost forgotten, or are taken as a lesson. They were the faults of his age. Burns left in his own writings the ideal to which he would fain have reached. Let us judge him by that.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.

KILMARNOCK 1786.

THE TWA DOGS.

A Tale

[According to Gilbert Burns, the tale of "The Twa Dogs" was "composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken." During the night before the death of William Burness, Robert's favorite dog, Luath, was killed by some person unknown. Cæsar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination. It was Luath's successor, whose appearance at the "penny dance" at Mauchline led Burns to remark that "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did."]

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name of auld King
Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at
hame,
Forgathered ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him
Cæsar,
Was keepit for 'his Honor's' pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's
dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman an'
scholar;

But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin;
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi'
him.

The tither was a ploughman's coilie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had
him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd
him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows
how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his tousie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o'
ither,
And unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an'
snowkit;
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they
howkit;

Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
Till tir'd at last wi' monie a farce.
They sat them down upon their arse,
An' there began a lang digression
About the 'lords o' the creation.'

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you
have ;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents :
He rises when he likes himsel ;
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the
steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but
toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trash-
trie,
That's little short o' downright was-
trie :
Our whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than onie tenant-man
His Honor has in a' the lan' ;
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch
in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't
enough :
A cotter howkin in a sheugh.
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like ;
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A amytie o' wee cuddie weans,

An' nought but his han' darg to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an'
rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disas-
ters,
Like loss o' health or want o' mas-
ters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch
langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and
hunger :
But how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
An' buirdly chieels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespec-
kit !
Lord man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our laird's court-
day,
(An' monie a time my heart's been
wae),
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash :
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an'
swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their
gear ;
While they maun staun', wi' aspect
humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane
wad think :
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o' t' gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae
guided,

They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their
pride,

That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpenne worth o'
nappy

Can mak the bodies unco happy:
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
• Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social
Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are landed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes ranting thro' the
house —

My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit w' them.

Still it's ower true that ye hae said
Sic game is now ower aften play'd;
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some gentle master,

Wha, aiblins thrang a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indent-
in' —

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt
it.

Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him:
An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerad-
ing:

Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myr-
tles

Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

For Britain's guid! for her destruc-
tion!
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the
gate
They waste sae monie a brow estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear ta gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
Fort hae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows:
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,

Or shootin of a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master Cæsar :
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer
them,
The vera thought o't need na fear
them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles
whare I am,
The gentles, ye wad ne'er envý 'em !

It's true, they need na starve or
sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's
heat ;

They've nae sair wark to craze their
banes,

An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex
them ;

An' ay the less they hae to sturt
them,

In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A countra fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough ;
A countra girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel ;
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst :
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy ;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy :
Their days insipid, dull an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls
an' races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;

Ae night they're mad wi' drink an'
whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o'
ither,

They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an'
platie,

They sip the scandal-potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stack-
yard,

An' cheat like onie unhang'd black-
guard.

There's some exceptions, man an'
woman ;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the
night ;

The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy,
drone ;

The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
When up they gat, an' shook their
lugs,

Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs* ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief in care :
There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.*

—SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

[Composed some time between the be-
ginning of November, 1785, and Feb. 17,
1786. The metre is that of Fergusson's

"Cauler Water," of which "Scotch Drink" is a kind of parody.]

I.

LET other poets raise a frâcas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken
Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack
us,
An' grate our lug:
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak
us,
In glass or jug.

II.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch
drink!
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou
jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

III.

*Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease an' beans; at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain:
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

IV.

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong
heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

V.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an'
grievin';
But oil'd by thee,

The wheels o' life gae down-hill,
scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

VI.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear,
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping
Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour
sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

VII.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet, humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine:
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

VIII.

Thou art the life o' public haunts:
But thee, what were our fairs and
rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When, gaping, they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

IX.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn
in!
Or reekin on a New-Year mornin'
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

X.

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

XI.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel :
 The brawnie, painie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring an' reel,
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

XII.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumbling cuifs their dearies
 slight;

 Wae worth the name !
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

XIII.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the barley-brie
 Cement the quarrel !
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

XIV.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason,
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
 But monie daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter season,
 E'er spier her price.

XV.

Wae worth that brandy, burnin trash !
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken
 hash,
 O' half his days ;
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's
 cash
 To her warst faes.

XVI.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland
 well !
 Ye chieft, to you my tale I tell,

Poor, plackless devils like mysel !
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

XVII.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' whisky-punch
 Wi' honest men !

XVIII.

O Whisky ! soul o' plays an' pranks !
 Accept a Hardie's gratefu' thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless
 cranks
 Are my poor verses !
 Thou comes — they rattle i' their
 ranks
 At ither's arses !

XIX.

Thee, Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbés' chartered boast
 Is taen awa !

XX.

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the whisky stells their
 prize !
 Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice,
 thrice !
 There, seize the blinkers !
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor damn'd drinkers.

XXI.

Fortune ! if thou 'll but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
 An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
 An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER.

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*Dearest of distillation ! last and best —
—How art thou lost !—*

—PARODY ON MILTON.

[In the 1787 edition Burns added a footnote, "This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch distilleries, of session 1786, for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks."]

I.

YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

II.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is haerse !
Your Honors' hearts wi' grief 'twad
pierce,
To see her sitting on her arse
Low i' the dust,
And scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

III.

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua-vitæ ;
An' rouse the' up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

IV.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier
youth
The honest, open, naked truth :

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's
drouth,

His servants humble :
The muckle deevil blaw you south,
If ye dissemble !

V.

Does onie great man glunch an'
gloom ?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb !
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em :
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

VI.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack :
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your
back,
An' hum an' haw ;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

VII.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her
thrissle ;
Her mutchkin, stowp as toom's a
whissle ;
An' damn'd excisement in a bustle,
Seizin a stelli,
Triumphant, crushin' t' like a mussel,
Or lampit shell !

VIII.

Then, on the tither hand, present
her —
A blackguard smuggler right behint
her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner
Colleguing join,
Pickin her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

IX.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,

To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,
By gallows knaves?

X.

Ajas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw
tight,
An' tie some hose well.

XI.

God bless your Honors! can ye see 't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it?

XII.

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues:
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

XIII.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warra; n;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilker-
ran;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The Laird o' Graham;
An' ane, a chap that's damn'd auld-
farran,
Dundas his name:

XIV.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick and Ilay;
An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

XV.

Thee sodger Hugh, my watchman,
stented,
If Bardies c'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend your hand;
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.

XVI.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-
pettle,
Ye'll see 't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

XVII.

This while she's been in crankous
mood,
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her whisky.

XVIII.

An' Lord! if ance they pit her till 't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets!

XIX.

For God-sake, sirs! then speak her
fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the Muckle House repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear,
To get remead.

XX.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;

But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cowe the cadie '
 An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sportin lady.

XXI.

Tell yon guid bluid of auld Bocon-
 nock's,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse
 Tinnock's
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' win-
 nocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

XXII.

Could he some commutation broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid
 •• Scotch,
 He needna fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-
 potch,
 The Coalition.

XXIII.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be
 strung,
 She'll no desert.

XXIV.

And now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
 May still your mither's heart support
 ye;
 Then, tho' a minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an'
 hearty,
 Before his face.

XXV.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claes,

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt St. Jamie's !
 Your humble Bardie sings an' prays,
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

XXVI.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But, blythe and frisky.
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
 Tak aff their whisky.

XXVII.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and Beauty
 charms.
 When wretches range, in famish'd
 swarms,
 The scented groves;
 Or, hounded forth, dishonor arms
 In hungry droves !

XXVIII.

Their gun's a burden on their
 shoulther;
 They downa bide the stink o' pow-
 ther;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring
 swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a'
 throw'ther,
 To save their skin.

XXIX.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal George's will,
 An' there's the foe !
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

XXX.

Nae could, faint-hearted doubtings
 tease him ;

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees
him;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es
him

In faint huzzas.

XXXI.

Sages their solemn cen may steek
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek
In clime an' season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek:
I'll tell the reason.

XXXII.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit on craps o' heather
Ye tine your dam.
Freedom and whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of defamation
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*

—HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

["'Holy Fair' is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion." (R. B. in Edinburgh editions.) The satire is chiefly concerned with the tent-preaching outside the church while the Communion service went on within. Andrew Lang says, "As Lockhart justly observes, Burns in another mood could have given a solemn picture of a very solemn occasion."]

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.

The rising sun, owre Galston Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, carly at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had manteels o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as onie slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as onie lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the han's,
'Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
Of a' the Ten Comman's
A screed some day.

V.

'My name is Fun — your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye'll go there, yon gunkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day.'

VI.

Quoth I, 'Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't;
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 An' meet you on the holy spot;
 Faith, we've hae fine remarkin'!
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An' soon I made me ready;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
 There swankies young, in braw braid-
 claithe.
 Are springin owre the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter;
 *Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a
 whang,
 An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

*When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heap'd up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show:
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin;
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an'
 stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the
 show'rs,
 An' screen our countra gentry;
 There Racer Jess, an' twa-three
 whores,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' tittlin jads,
 Wi' heavin breasts an' bare neck;
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguardin frae Kilmarnock,
 For fun this day.

X.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays:
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
 On that a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him!
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him:
 Which, by degrees, slips round her
 neck,
 An' s loof upon her bosom,
 Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For Moodie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation:
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' God present him;
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin and thumpin!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up
 snout,
 His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout—
 Like cantharidian plaisters
 On sic a day.

XIV.

But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer;
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger:
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of moral pow'rs an' reason?
 His English style, an' gesture fine
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common-sense has taen the
 road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate
 Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee Miller niest, the guard relieves,
 An' orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
 But faith! the birkie wants a manse:
 So, cannillie he hums them;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like haffins-wise o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben the change-house
 fills,
 Wi' yill-caup commentators;
 Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an'
 lang,
 Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college;
 It kindles wit, it waukens lear,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge:
 Be't whisky-gill or penny wheep,
 Or onie stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion,
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy:
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're makin observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are raivin,
 And echoes back return the shouts;
 Black Russell is na spairin:
 His piercin words, like Highlan'
 swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our verra 'sauls does harrow'
 Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Whase ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin;
 When presently it does appear,
 'T was but some neebor snorin
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'T wad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How monie stories past;
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss;
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an'
 caups,
 * Among the furms an' benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's
 laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gawsie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
 The lasses they are shy:
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother;
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gies them 't, like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses thae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!
 O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted;
 An' dinna for a kebbuck-heel
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon;
 Some swagger hame the best they
 dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are
 gane
 As saft as onie flesh is:
 There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou o' brandy;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs!
 That led th' embattl'd seraphim to war.*

—MILTON.

[Gilbert Burns states that his brother first repeated the "Address to the Deil" in the winter following the summer of 1784, "while they were going together with carts of coal to the family fire." But it is clear from Burns's letter to Richmond, Feb. 12, 1786, that Gilbert misdates the poem by a year. The "Address" is in part a good-natured burlesque on Milton's Satan.]

I.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee—
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie—
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

II.

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
 An' let poor damn'd bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a deil,
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me
 An' hear us squeel.

III.

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
 Far kend an' noted is thy name;
 An' tho' yon lowin heugh 's thy hame,
 Thou travels far;
 An' faith! thou 's neither lag, nor lame,
 Nor blate, nor scaur.

IV.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners trying;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest
 flyin,
 Tirlin the kirks;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou luiks.

V.

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;
 Or, where auld ruin'd castles grey
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon.

VI.

When twilight did my graunie sum-
 mon,
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest
 woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you
 bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

VII.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' skintin
 light,

Wi' you mysel, I gat a fright:
 Ayont the lough,
 Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

VIII.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake;
 When wi' an e'dritch, stoor 'quaick,
 quaick,
 Among the scrings,
 Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

IX.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

X.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in
 vain;
 For O! the yellow treasure 's taen
 By witching skill;
 An' dawtit, twal-pint, hawkie 's gaen
 As yell 's the bill.

XI.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young guidmen, fond, keen an'
 croose;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantraip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

XII.

When thowes dissolve the snawy
 hoord,
 An' float the jinglin icy boord,
 Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
 An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

XIII.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezin, curst, mischievous
monkies

Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

XIV.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

XV.

*Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

XVI.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa'!),
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

XVII.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz
We' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk;
An' sklentend on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

XVIII.

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw;

An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wicked
scaul—
Was warst ava?

XIX.

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

XX.

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're
thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him lin-
kin,
To your black Pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

XXI.

But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
O, wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE DEATH AND DYING
WORDS OF POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE: AN
UNCO, MOURNFU' TALE.

["'Poor Mailie,' says Lockhart, follow-
ing Gilbert Burns, 'was a real personage,
though she did not actually die until some
time after her last words were written. She
had been purchased by Burns in a frolic,
and became exceedingly attached to his
person,' as the pig loved Sir Walter Scott.
Like Scott, Burns was much loved by ani-
mals, whom he has made immortal."—
ANDREW LANG.]

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibblin on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,

An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch :
There, groanin, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ;
He saw her days were near-hand
ended,
But, wae's my heart! he could na
mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak.
At length poor Mailie silence brak :—

'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep—
O, bid him never tie them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will :
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'.

'Tell him, he was a Master kin'
An' ay was guid to me an' mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi'
him.

'O, bid him save their harmless
lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers'
knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel ;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rippis o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets—
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an'
steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail!
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the
sheers :

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're
dead.

'My poor toop-lamb, my son an'
heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him—~~What~~ I winna name—
To stay content wi' yowes at hame—
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like other menseless, graceless brutes.

'An' niest, my yowie, silly thing ;
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastit, moorland toop ;
But ay keep mind to mooop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last
breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith :
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

'Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale ;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'se get my
blether.'

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her
head,
An' clos'd her een among the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

I.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears tricklin down your
nose ;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead⁹.
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes ;
Poor Mailie's dead!

II.

It's no the loss of warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

III.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy
him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh
him,
Than Mailie dead.

IV.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

V.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her livin image in her yowe
Comes bleatin till him, owre the
knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

VI.

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in
ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed:
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

VII.

Wae worth the man wha first did
shape

c

That vile, wanchancie thing — a rape!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

VIII.

O a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His Mailie's dead!

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.

*Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and soldier of Society!
I owe thee much —*

— BLAIR.

[The recipient of this epistle was the son of Robert Smith, merchant, Mauchline. He was six years younger than the poet. He removed to Jamaica about 1788, where he died. His sister's "wir" is celebrated in "The Belles of Mauchline." The "Epistle" was probably written early in 1786.]

I.

DEAR SMITH, the slee'st, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief!
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

II.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

III.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,

She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
 On her first plan;
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature
 She's wrote the Man.

IV.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle 's working prime.
 My fancy yerkit up sublime.

Wi' hasty summon:
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what 's comin'?

V.

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for need-
 fu' cash;

Some rhyme to court the countra
 clash,

An' raise a din;
 For me, an aim I never fash;
 I rhyme for fun.

VI.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
 But, in requit,
 Has blest me with a random-shot
 O' countra wit.

VII.

This while my motion 's taen a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid, black prent;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, 'Hoolie!
 I red you, honest man, tak tent!
 Ye'll shaw your folly:

VIII.

'There's ither poets, much your
 better,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought they had ensur'd their
 debtors,
 A' future ages;

Now moths deform, in shapeless
 tatters,
 Their unknown pages.'

IX.

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs
 To garland my poetic brows!
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy
 ploughs

Are whistling thrang;
 An'teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

X.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till Fate shall snap the brittle thread;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone!

XI.

But why o' death begin a tale?
 Just now we're living sound an' hale;
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave Care o'er-side!
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

XII.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where Pleasure is the magic-wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in
 hand,
 Dauce by fu' light.

XIII.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace.

XIV.

When ance life's day draws near the
gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel cheartin' tankards foamin,
An' social noise:
An' fareweel dear, deluding Woman,
The joy of joys!

XV.

O Life! how pleasant, in thy morn-
ing,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorn-
ing!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorn-
ing,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected
warning,
To joy an' play.

XVI.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

XVII.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And haply eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

XVIII.

With steady aim, some Fortune
chase;
Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the
race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

XIX.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads
observin,
To right or left eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till, curst with age, obscur an' starvin,
They aften groan.

XX.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor com-
plaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remain-
ing,
Let's sing our sang.

XXI.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, ye Pow'rs! and warm im-
plore,
'Tho I should wander *Terra* o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes.

XXII.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards
And maids of honor;
And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Until they sconner.

XXIII.

'A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But give me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content

XXIV.

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal.

Be't water-brose or muslin kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace.'

XXV.

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

XXVI.

O ye douce folk that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm an' cool,
Compar'd wi' you — O fool! fool!
fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke!

XXVII.

Nae hair-brained, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray;
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

XXVIII.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're
wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes —
Ye ken the road!

XXIX.

Whilst I — but I shall haud me there,
Wi' you I'll scarce gang onie where —
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute
blames with reason;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted
Treason.*

[The leaning to Jacobitism in this address displeased some of his loyal patrons, who objected to its retention in the 1787 edition, unless modified. But Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop that he was "not very amenable to counsel" in such a matter; and his sentiments once published, he scorned either to withdraw them or to dilute his expression.]

On reading in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode with the other parade of June 4th, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee: and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address: —

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
A humble Poet wishes!
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By monie a lord an' lady;
God Save the King's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay:
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:

So, nae reflection on your Grace,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

IV.

'T is very true my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chieft that winna ding,
And downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be 't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire
To rule this mighty nation:
But faith! I muckle doubt, my sire
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps wha in a barn or byre
Wad better fill'd their station,
Than courts you day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld Britain
peace,
Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester:
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearin faster,
Or faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;

But, God sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, wi' due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment,
A simple Bardie gies ye?
Thae bonie bairntime Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling
sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day you may gnaw your
nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known,
To mak a noble aiver;
So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;

And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog,
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then Swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or trowth, ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day!

XIII.

Young, roval Tary-brecks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her —
A glorious galley, stem an' stern
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter:
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
An', large upon her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as
braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty!
But sneer na British boys awa!
For king are unco scant ay,
An' German gentles are but sma':
They're better just than want ay
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

[The division into "Duans" was borrowed from Ossian, — "Duan," a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. Fourteen stanzas of this poem as originally composed were withheld by Burns from publication, and were first printed (1852) in Chambers's edition from the Star MS., then in the possession of Mr. Dick of Irvine. In all likelihood the published stanzas were revised for the Killmarnock volume, the others remaining untouched.]

DUAN FIRST.

I.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd maikin taen her way,
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

II.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree,
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

III.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

IV.

Al' in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time:
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done naething,
But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

V.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
 My cash-aecount:
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-
 sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

VI.

I started, mutt'ring 'Blockhead! coof!'
 An' heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I henceforth would be rhyme-
 proof
 Till my last breath—

VII.

When click! the string the snick did
 draw;
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 'A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
 Come full in sight.

VIII.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
 The infant aith, half-förm'd, was
 crusht;
 I glow'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
 In some wild glen;
 When sweet, like modest Worth, she
 blusht,
 And stepped ben.

IX.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her
 brows;
 I took her for some Scottish Muse,
 By that same token;
 And come to stop those reckless
 vows,
 Would soon been broken.

X.

A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace'
 Was strongly mark'd in her face;
 A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her;
 Hér eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with honor.

XI.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
 And such a leg! my bonie Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight an' clean
 Nane else came near it.

XII.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-min-
 gling, threw
 A lustre grand;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known land.

XIII.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
 There, mountains to the skies were
 toss't;
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the
 coast
 With surging foam;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

XIV.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-
 fetch'd floods;
 There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
 Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 Or to the shore;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds
 With seeming roar.

XV.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough rear'd her head;

Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

xvi.

By stately tow'r. or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd
 to dare,
 With feature stern.

xvii.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dyed
 steel

 In sturdy blows ;
 While, back-recoiling, seem'd to reel,
 Their suthron foes.

xviii.

His Country's Saviour, mark him well !
 Bold Richardton's heroic swell ;
 The chief, on Sark who glorious fell
 In high command ;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

xix.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong :
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
 They strode along.

xx.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love
 In musing mood),
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

xxi.

With deep-struck, reverential awe,
 The learned Sire and Son I saw :
 To Nature's God, and Nature's law,
 They gave their lore ;
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

xxii.

Brydon's brave ward I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

I.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair ;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

II.

All hail ! my own inspirèd Bard !
 In me thy native Muse regard !
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low !
 I come to give thee such reward,
 As we bestow.

III.

'Know, the great genius of this land
 Has many a light aerial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labors ply.

IV.

'They Scotia's race among them
 share :
 Some fire the soldier on to dare ;

Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart;
 Some teach the bard—a darling
 care —
 The tuneful art.

V.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking
 gore,
 They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
 Or, 'mid the venal Senate's roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest patriot-lore,
 And grace the hand.

VI.

'And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy;
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

VII.

'Hence, Fullarton, the brave and
 young;
 Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired
 tongue;
 Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie
 sung
 His *Minstrel* lays,
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The sceptic's байs.

VIII.

'To lower orders are assign'd
 The humbler ranks of human-kind,
 The rustic hard, the laboring hind,
 The artisan;
 All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
 The various man.

IX.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat'ning storm some strongly
 rein,

Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 With tillage-skill;
 And some instruct the shepherd-train,
 Blythe o'er the hill.

X.

'Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
 Some grace the maiden's artless
 smile;
 Some soothe the laborer's weary toil
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

XI.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic bard;
 And careful note each opening grace,
 A guide and guard.

XII.

'Of these am I — Coila my name:
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells, chiefs of
 fame,
 Held ruling pow'r:
 I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

XIII.

'With future hope I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways:
 Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase
 In uncouth rhymes;
 Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

XIV.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;
 Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove thro' the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

xv.

'Or when the deep green-mantled
earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove;
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

xvi.

'When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
In pensive walk.

xvii.

'When youthful Love, warm-blushing,
strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd *Name*,
I taught thee how to pour in song
To soothe thy flame.

xviii.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious
way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

[The following are the suppressed stanzas.
After the 18th of Duan I.:—]

'With secret throes I marked that
earth,
That cottage, witness of my birth;
And near I saw, bold issuing forth
In youthful pride,
A Lindsay race of noble worth,
Famed far and wide.

Where, hid behind a spreading wood,
An ancient Pict-built mansion stood,

I spied, among an angel brood,
A female fair;
Sweet shone their high maternal blood
And fathers' air.

'An ancient tower to memory brought
How Dettingen's bold hero fought;
Still, far from sinking into nought,
It owns a lord
Who far in western climates fought,
With trusty sword.

'Among the rest I well could spy
One gallant, graceful, martial boy,
The *soldier* sparkled in his eye,
A diamond water;
I blest that noble badge with joy
That owned me *frater*.

xix.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

xx.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape
glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

[After the 20th stanza of the text:—]

'Near by arose a mansion fine,
The seat of many a muse divine;
Not rustic muses such as mine,
With holly crown'd,
But th' ancient, tuneful, laurel'd Nine,
From classic ground.

I mourn'd the card that Fortune dealt,
To see where bonie Whitefoords
dwelt;

But other prospects made me melt :
That village near ;
There Nature, Friendship, Love, I felt,
Fond-mingling dear!

'Hail! Nature's pang, more strong
than death!
Warm Friendship's glow, like kindling
wrath!
Love, dearer than the parting breath
Of dying friend!
Not ev'n with life's wild devious path,
Your force shall end!

'The Pow'r that gave the soft alarms
In blooming Whiteford's rosy charms,
Still threats the tiny, feather'd arms,
The barb'd dart,
While lovely Wilhelminia warms
The coldest heart.'

XXI.

'Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army-shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

[After the 21st stanza of the text :—]

'Where Lugar leaves his moorland
plaid,
Where lately Want was idly laid,
I marked busy, bustling Trade,
In fervid flame,
Beneath a Patroness's aid,
Of noble name.

'Wild, countless hills I could survey,
And countless flocks as wild as they ;
But other scenes bid charms display,
That better please.
Where polish'd manners dwell with
Gray,
In rural ease.

'Where Cessnock pours with gurgling
sound ;

And Irwine, marking out the bound,
Enamour'd of the scenes around,
Slow runs his race,
A name I doubly honor'd found,
With knightly grace.

'Brydone's brave ward, I saw him
stand,
Fame humbly offering her hand,
And near, his kinsman's rustic band,
With one accord,
Lamenting their late blessed land
Must change its lord.

'The owner of a pleasant spot,
Near sandy wilds, I last did note ;
A heart too warm, a pulse too hot
At times, o'erran ;
But large in ev'ry feature wrote,
Appear'd the Man.'

XXII.

'Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.

XXIII.

'To give my counsels all in one :
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect ;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

XXIV.

'And wear thou *this*'—She solemn
said,
And bound the holly round my head :
The polish'd leaves and berries red
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

HALLOWEEN.¹

*Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

—GOLDSMITH.

[“The following Poem will by many readers be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the pea-antry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind if any such should honor the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own” (R. B.). See NOTES.]

I.

UPON that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downians² dance,
Or owe the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove,³ to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night:

II.

Among the bonie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear;
Where Bruce⁴ ance ruled the martial
ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear;
Some merry, friendly, country-folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their
stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;

Their faces blythe fu' sweetly kythe
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sac trig, wi' wooer-babs
Weel-knotted on their garten;
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks⁵ maun a' be sought
ance;
They steek their ecn, an' grape an'
wile
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wandered thro' the bow-kail,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A runt, was like a sow-tail,
Sac bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or
nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin
Wi' stocks out-owe their shouter:
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' jocklegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd
them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn;⁶
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
Whan kiutlin in the fause-house⁷
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld guid-wife's weel-hoorder
aits⁸

Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly :
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 't was, she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to herself :
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
 And Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see 't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was burnt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit, it burnt it ;
 While Willie lap, an' swoor by jing,
 'T was just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :
 Nell's heart was dancing at the view ;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for 't :
 Rob, stownlins, pried her bonie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,
 Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es, them gashing at their
 cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel :

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue ' throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat
 I wat she made nae jaukin ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid Lord ! but she was quakin !
 But whether 't was the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 't was a hauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her graunie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, graunie ?
 I'll eat the apple¹⁰ at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnie :
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sac vap'rin,
 She notic't na an aize brunt
 Her braw, new, worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

XIV.

' Ye little skelpie-limmer's-face !
 I daur ye try sic sportin.
 As seek the Foul Thief onie place,
 For him to spae your fortune :
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' liv'd an' died deleeret,
 On sic a night.

XV.

' Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
 I mind 't as weel's yestreen —
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 I was na past fyfteen :
 The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 An' stuff was unco green ;
 An' ay a rantin kirk we gat,
 An' just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

XVI.

'Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow;
 His sip gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That lived in Achmachalla:
 He gat hemp-seed.¹¹ I mind it weel,
 An' he made unco light o't;
 But monie a day was by himsel,
 He was sae sairly frighted
 That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
 For it was a' but nonsense:
 The auld guidman raught down the
 pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae anc see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin;
 The graip he for a harrow taks,
 And hauls at his curpin;
 And ev'ry now and then, he says,
 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass
 Come after me, an' draw thee
 As fast this night.'

XIX.

He whistl'd up *Lord Lenox' March*,
 To keep his courage cheery;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie;
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle;
 He by his shouter gae a keck,
 An' tumbld wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!

An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
 An' hear the sad narration:
 He swoor 't was hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie—
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'
 An' wha was it but grumphie
 Asteer that night?

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen,
 To winn three wechts o' naeth-
 ing;¹²
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red-checkit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets.
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly, in she enters:
 A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
 They hecht him some fine braw
 ane;
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't
 thrice,¹³
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak
 For some black gruesome carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blyps cam haulrin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlin;
 But och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!

She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin;
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a
 burn,¹⁴
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the
 hool;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit
 Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three¹⁶ are ranged;
 And ev'ry time great care is taen
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin Mar's-year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes —
 Thier sports were cheap an' cheery:

Till butter'd sow'ns,¹⁸ wi' fragrant
 lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE.

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

[This poem was probably composed about the beginning of the year 1786. It illustrates Burns's warm love for animals.]

I.

A GUID NEW-YEAR I wish thee, Mag-
 gie!
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld bag-
 gie:
 Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an'
 knaggie,
 I've seen the day
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie,
 Out-owre the lay.

II.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an'
 crazy,
 An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an'
 glaizie,
 A bonie gray:
 He should hae been tight that daur't to
 raise thee,
 Ance in a day.

III.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank;
 An' set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird;

An' could hae flown out-owre a stank
Like onie bird.

IV.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho, it was sma', 't was weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

V.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

VI.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie bride:
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

VII.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hob-
ble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'!

VIII.

When thou an' I were young and
skiegh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an'
skiegh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

IX.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mel-
low,
We took the road ay like a swallow;
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

X.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their
mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle.

XI.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours' gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han'
For days thegither.

XII.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an'
fliskit;
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd
brisket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r;
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't, an'
riskit,
An' slypet owre.

XIII.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were
deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the tinfinner:
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

XIV.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
 The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it;
 Thou never lap, an' sten't. an' breastit,
 Then stood to blaw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

XV.

My pleugh is now thy bairntime a',
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst:
 They drew me thretteen pund an'
 twa,
 The vera warst.

XVI.

Monie a sair darg we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
 An' monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

XVII.

An' think na, my auld trusty ser-
 van',
 That now perhaps thou's less de-
 servin'.
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin';
 For my last fow,
 A heapet stimpert, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

XVIII.

We've worn to crazy years the-
 gither;
 We'll loyte about wi' ane anither;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

D

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.*
 — GRAY.

[“The poem is as manifestly based on Ferguson's ‘Farmer's Ingie,’ as is ‘Halloween’ on his ‘Hallow Fair.’ But Ferguson is practically obsolete and forgotten, eclipsed among his own people by the most generous of his admirers. Burns's verse is original in its vein of piety, and Family Prayers are unrecorded by the earlier poet, who spares, moreover, the lordling, scathed, as usual, by Burns.” — ANDREW LANG, See NOTES.]

I.

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected
 friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage
 pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each self-
 ish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem
 and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish
 lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd
 scene;
 The native feelings strong, the
 guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have
 been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far
 happier there I ween!

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry
 sigh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near
 a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the
 plough;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to
 their repose:

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor
goes —
This night his weekly toil is at an
end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks,
and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course
does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in
view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged
tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,
stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'
noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty
wife's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his
knee,
Does a' his weary kinaug and care
beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor
and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drap-
ping in,
At service out, amang the farmers
roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny,
woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in
her e'e,
Comes hame; perhaps, to shew a
braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in
hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sis-
ters meet.
And each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, un-
notic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or
hears.
The parents' partial eye their hope-
ful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle and
her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's
the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition
due.

VI.

Their master's and their mistress's
command
The younkers a're warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent
hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jaul
or play:
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord
alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and
night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang
astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting
might:
They never sought in vain that sought
the Lord aright.'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the
door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o'
the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the
moor,
To do some errands, and convoy
her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious
flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck anxious care, en-
 quires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to
 speak;
 Weel-pleas'd the mother hears, it's
 nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings
 him ben;
 A strappin' youth, he takes the
 mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill
 taen;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs,
 and kye.
 * The youngster's artless heart o'er-
 flows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel
 behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles,
 can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu'
 and sae grave;
 Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's
 respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is
 found:
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond
 compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal
 round,
 And sage experience bids me this
 declare:—
 * If Heaven a draught of heavenly
 pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, mod-
 est pair,
 In other's arms, breathe out the tender
 tale.
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that
 scents the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a
 heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love
 and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring
 art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
 youth?
 Curse on his perjurd arts! dissem-
 bling, smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all
 exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er
 their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and
 their distraction wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their
 simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o'
 Scotia's food;
 The soupe their only hawkie does
 afford,
 That, 'yont the hallan snugly chows
 her cood;
 The dame brings forth, in compli-
 mental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd
 kebbuck, fell;
 And aft' he's prest, and aft' he ca's
 it guid;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 't was a townmond auld, sin' lint
 was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearf' supper done, wi' serious
 face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle
 wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal
 grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's
 pride.

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside.
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet
 in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious
 care,
 And 'Let us worship God !' he says,
 with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in
 simple guise,
 They tune their hearts, by far the
 noblest aim;
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling meas-
 ures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of
 the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-
 ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy
 lays;
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills
 are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
 raise;
 Nae unison hae they, with our Crea-
 tor's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
 page.
 How Abram was the friend of God
 on high;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious prog-
 eny;
 Or, how the royal Bard did groan-
 ing lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's
 avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wail-
 ing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy Seers that tune the
 sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
 theme:
 How guiltless blood for guilty man
 was shed;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the
 second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay
 His head;
 How His first followers and ser-
 vants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many
 a land:
 How he, who lone in Patmos ban-
 ish'd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
 nounc'd by Heaven's command.

XVI.

..

Then kneeling down to Heaven's
 Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the hus-
 band prays:
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant
 wing,
 That thus they all shall meet in
 future days,
 There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter
 tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's
 praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling Time moves round in
 an eternal sphere

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Reli-
 gion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of
 art;
 When men display to congregations
 wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the
 heart
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant,
 will desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole :

But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language
of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates
poor enroll.

XVIII.*

Then homeward all take off their
sev'ral way ;

The youngling cottagers retire to
rest :

The parent-pair their secret homage
pay.

And proffer up to Heaven the warm
request,

That He who stills the raven's
•• clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry
pride,

Would, in the way His wisdom sees
the best,

For them and for their little ones
provide ;

But, chiefly, in their hearts with Grace
Divine preside.

XX.

From scenes 'like these, old Scotia's
grandeur springs,

That makes her lov'd at home,
rever'd abroad :

Princes and lords are but the breath
of kings,

'An honest man 's the noblest work
of God ' ;

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly
road,

The cottage leaves the palace far be-
hind ; •

What is a lordling's pomp ? a cum-
brous load,

Disguising off the wretch of human
kind, •

Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness
refin'd !

XX.

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to
Heaven is sent !

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic
toil

Be blest with health, and peace,
and sweet content !

And O ! may Heaven their simple
lives prevent

From Luxury's contagion, weak and
vile !

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets
be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the
while,

And stand a wall of fire around their
much-lov'd Isle.

XXI.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic
tide,

That stream'd thro' Wallace's un-
daunted heart,

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem: tyrannic
pride,

Or nobly die, the second glorious
part :

(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou
art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
reward !)

O never, never Scotia's realm de-
sert ;

But still the patriot, and the patriot-
bard

In bright succession raise, her orna-
ment and guard !

TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST
WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER
1785.

[Gilbert Burns testifies that the verses to
the "Mouse" were suggested by the inci-

dent in the heading of the poem, and composed while the author was holding the plough.]

I.

WEE, sleekit, cawrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

II.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow mortal!

III.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may
thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun
live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't!

IV.

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

V.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'
waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

VI.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy
trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

VII.

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an'
men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

VIII.

Still thou are blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A
BROTHER POET.

JANUARY.

[The "Davie" of the "Epistle" was David Sillar, who published in 1789 a volume of Poems in imitation of Burns, who helped him to get subscribers. He died May 2, 1830.]

•I.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond
blaw,
And bar the doors wi' drivin snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle:

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great-folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II. •

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How best o' chieils are whyles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands
 rant,
 And ken na how to ware 't;
 But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear;
 • We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang 's we're hale and fier:
 'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is
 thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a
 taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that 's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile;
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 'Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander 'out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal'?

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and
 woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming
 floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will
 bound,
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till 't we 'll time till 't,
 An' sing 't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank:
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
 To purchase peace and rest.
 It's no in makin muckle, mair;
 It's no in books. it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness hae not her seat
 An' centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest!
 Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart ay 's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and
 dry,
 Wi' never ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how oft, in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either Heaven or Hell;
 Esteeming and deeming
 It a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less
 By pining at our state :
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
 An' s' thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill :
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe.
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the
 cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien' :
 Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean !
 It warms me, it charms me
 To mention but her name :
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

IX.

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above !
 O Thou whose very self art love !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming thro' my
 heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being All-seeing,
 O, hear my fervent pray'r !
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

X.

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !

XI.

O, how that Name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin rank air'
 fle,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, an' stilt, an'
 jimp,
 And rin an unco fit ;
 But least then, the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE
 ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
 And sweet Affection prove the spring of
 Woe !*

— HOME,

[“The unfortunate issue,” not of a
 “friend’s,” but of his own “amour”—
 (when Jean Armour, overborne by paternal
 authority, agreed to discard him)—was,

Burns declares, the "unfortunate story alluded to" in the "Lament."]

I.

O THOU pale Orb that silent shines
While care-untroubled mortals
sleep!
Thou seest a wretch who inly pines.
And wanders here to wail and
weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-mark'd, distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance,
cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning Peace?

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures quaint and
tame.
The plighted faith, the mutual
flame,
The oft-attested Pow'rs above,
The promis'd father's tender name,
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her claspings arms,
How have the raptur'd moments
flown!
How have I wished for Fortune's
charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And, must I think it! is she gone,

My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my
groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

O! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her
youth?
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains
will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them
less?

VI.

Ye wing'd Hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptur'd more the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast
My fondly treasur'd thoughts em-
ploy'd:
That breast, how dreary now, and
void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn, that warns th' approach-
ing day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe;
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering slow:
Full many a pang, and many a
throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus,
low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and
grief,

My toil-beat nerves and tear-worn eye
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:

Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright :
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O thou bright Queen, who, o'er th'
expanse
Now highest reign'st, with bound-
less sway !

Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray !
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat
high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

O scenes in strong remembrance set !
Scenes, never, never to return !
Scenes if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn !
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I wander thro' ;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll
mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow !

DESPONDENCY.

An Ode.

[Composed, no doubt, a little after the
"Lament." "Jean, it seems, had gone to
Paisley. Highland Mary now occupied the
empty heart."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with
care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh ;
O Life ! thou art a galling load.

Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim-backward, as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb !

II.

Happy ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wish'd end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight, ..
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell —
The cavern, wild with tangling roots —
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream ;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high.
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,

And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and
 joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise —
 Can want and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not
 Or human love or hate ;
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

V.

O enviable early days.
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's
 maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchang'd for riper time
 To feel the follies or the crimes
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses
 That active man engage ;
 The fears all, the tears all
 Of dim declining Age !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A Dirge.

[In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Aug. 10, 1788, Burns tells of an old grand-uncle who had gone blind. "His most voluptuous enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'"]

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wand'ring forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care,
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

'Young stranger, whither wand'rest
 thou ?
 Began the rev'rend Sage ;
 'Docs thirst of wealth thy step con-
 strain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me to mourn
 The miseries of Man.

III.

'The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride :
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

'O Man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway,
 Licentious passions burn :
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's
 law,
 That Man was made to mourn.

V.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right ;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn ;
 Then Age and Want — O ill-match'd
 pair ! —
 Shew Man was made to mourn.

VI.

'A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest ;

Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest :
But oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

'Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn, —
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile.
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn

IX.

'If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn ?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

X.

'Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppress'd, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recom-
pense
To comfort those that mourn !

XI.

'O Death ! the poor man's dearest
friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !'

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

[The poet, in 1787, notes this as being the oldest of his printed poems. In April, 1784, he had inserted it in his "Common-Place Book," prefaced with some eloquent remarks. Gilbert Burns affirms it to be a juvenile production.]

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or the stormy north sends driving
forth
The blinding sleet and snow :
Wild-tumbling brown, the burn comes
down,
And roars frae bank to brae :
While bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,'
The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest's howl, it soothes my
soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

III.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty
scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,

Here, firm I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are Thy will !
 Then all I want (O, do Thou grant
 This one request of mine !) :
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

[The poet entered these verses in his early "Common-Place Book" under this title: "A prayer when fainting-fits, and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threaten me, first put nature on the alarm." It has been assigned by some authorities to the year 1781; by others, to the year 1784.]

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear !
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun —
 As something, loudly, in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done —

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd
 me
 With passions wild and strong ;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come
 short,
 Or frailty steeped aside,
 Do Thou, All-good — for such Thou
 art —
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But, Thou art good ; and Goodness
 still
 Delighteth to forgive.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE
 PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

[On the 20th of April, 1786, the poet transcribed these verses, under the title of "The Gowan," to his friend John Kennedy, with these words: "I have here enclosed a small piece, the *very latest* of my productions," etc.]

I.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

II.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckl'd breast !
 When upward-springing, blythe, to
 greet
 The purpling east.

III.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

IV.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens
 yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's
 maun shield ;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

V.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

VI.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust;
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

VII.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless
 starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow
 hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

VIII.

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink;
 Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but
 Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

IX.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's
 fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives
 elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's
 weight
 Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN.

[It would appear that this piece dates from the close of Burns's residence at Irvine, in 1782, when, to crown his misfortunes, he was, as he relates in his Autobiographical Letter, jilted, "with peculiar circumstances of mortification," by one "who had pledged her soul to marry him."]

I.

ALL hail, inexorable lord!
 At whose destruction - breathing
 word,
 The mightiest empires fall!
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all!
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aim'd dart;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning and black-
 ning
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life ab-
 hor'd
 While Life a pleasure can afford,
 O! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign Life's joyless day?
 My weary heart its throbbings
 cease,
 Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasp'd and grasp'd
 Within thy cold embrace!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG
FRIEND.*May — 1786.*

[The "young friend" of this "Epistle" was Andrew Hunter Aiken, son of Robert Aiken of Ayr.]

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu'
friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento:
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine:
Perhaps it may turn out a sang;
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye 'll try the world soon, my lad;
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end 's attain'd;
And a' your views may come to
nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strain'd.

III.

I 'll no say, men are villains a':
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrick'd;
But, och! mankind are unco weak
An' little to be trust'd;
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjust'd!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure;
For still, th' important end of life
They equally may answer:

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom cronie;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to onie:
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection:
But keek thro' ev'ry other man
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden
smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that ay be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist-laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on Life we're tempest-
driv'n —
A conscience but a canker —
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor!

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you
speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

ON A SCOTCH BARD.

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

[Probably among the the latest poems written for the Kilmarnock edition. While it was in progress Burns was maturing his plans for emigration.]

I.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea!

II.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea!

III.

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless
him
Wi' tearfu' e'e,
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

IV.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy
bumble,
Wha can do nought but fyke an'
fumble,
'T wad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the sea!

V.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:
'T will mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her Laureat monie a year,
That's owre the sea!

VI.

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor-weat
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast:
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

VII.

To tremble under Fortune's cuss-
mock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,

Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.

VIII.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding,
 He dealt it free:
 The Muse was a' that he took
 pride in,
 That 's owre the sea.

IX.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel:
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee:
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That 's owre the sea.

X.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonilie!
 I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea!

A DEDICATION.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

[This Dedication did not open the volume published at Kilmarnock, as might have been expected, but found a place in the body of the work.]

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnam'd like His
 Grace,
 Perhaps related to the race:
 Then, when I'm tired — and sae are ye,
 Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie —

Set up a face how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do — maun do, Sir, wi'
 them wha
 Maun please the great-folk for a
 wamefou';
 For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
 Sae I shall say, an' that 's nae flatt'rin,
 It's just sic poet an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help
 him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him!
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgie
 me;
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just — nae better than he should
 be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it;
 What ance he says, he winna break it;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang;
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a'
 that;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos, and pagan
 Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.

That he's the poor man's friend in
need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation :
It's just a carnal inclination,
And och! that 's nae regeneration.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast
slain!
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust
is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a
plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' the winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that takes the door;
Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
And haud their noses to the grun-
stone;
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs an' half-
mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry
faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Cal-
vin,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking
terror,
When vengeance draws the sword in
wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping
besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission
gies him;
While o'er the harp pale Misery
moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,

Still louder shrieks, and heavier
groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digres-
sion:
I maist forgat my Dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft
vapour;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to you:
Because (ye need na tak' it ill),
I thought them something like your-
sel.

Then patronize them wi' your
favor,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had anaist said, ever pray,
But that 's a word I need na say;
For prayin, I hae little skill o't
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched
ill o't;
But I'll repeat each poor man's
pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir:—

'May ne'er Misfortune's gowling
bark
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk!
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honor'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen:
Five bonie lasses round their table,
And sev'n 'braw fellows, stout an'
able,
To serve their kith an' country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May Health and Peace, with mutual
rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's jer-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion;
But, whilst your wishes and endeav-
ours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and
favour's,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'r's above pre-
vent)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mis-
chances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures
fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your 'humble servant' then no
more;
For who would humbly serve the
poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
If thro' the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear;
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand — my FRIEND
and BROTHER!

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

["The success of the last verse redeems
a rather painful performance. The insect
was *not* treasured as a relic, like the 'flea
that loup't on Prince Charlie.'"] — ANDREW
LANG.]

I.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin fer-
lie?
Your impudence protects you sairly,
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace,

Tho' faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

II.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an'
sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her —
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your
dinn'r
On some poor body.

III.

Swith! in some beggar's hauffet
squattle:
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and
sprattle,
Wi'ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur un-
settle
Your thick plantations.

IV.

Now haud you there! ye're out o'
sight,
Below the fatt'rills, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it —
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

V.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your
nose out,
As plump an' grey as onie grozet:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie ye sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum.

VI.

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;

But Miss's fine Lunardi ! fye !
How daur ye do 't?

VII.

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad !
Ye little ken what curs'd speed
The blastie's makin !
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin !

VIII.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e
us,
An' ev'n devotion !

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD, APRIL 1,
1785.

[“The song, admired by Burns, was pilfered by Lapraik from (or contributed by him to) ‘The Weekly Magazine,’ October 14, 1773 (Chambers). The poem here is Burns’s ‘Ars Poetica’: possibly his rhymes had been censured by some collegian. Otherwise it is not easy to account for his attack on Greek, a language of which he had no more than Scott, and perhaps less than Shakespeare. Lapraik published his verses in 1788; they are collected by Burnsians.” — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

WHILE briars an' woodbines budding
green,
And pairicks sraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom, in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

II.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our
stockin ;

And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt ;
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At 'sang about.'

III.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife :
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the
breast,
A' to the life.

IV.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae
weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope or
Steele,
Or Beattie's work?'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

V.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear 't,
An' sae about him there I spier 't ;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
He had ingine ;
That nane excell'd it, few cam near 't,
It was sae fine :

VI.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made him-
sel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness an' Tcviotdale,
'He had few matches.

*VII.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an'
graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

VIII.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle fell;
 Tho' rude an' rough —
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel enough.

IX.

I am nae poet, in a sense;
 But just a rhymer like by chance.
 An' hae to learning nae pretence;
 Yet what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me
 glance,
 I jingle at her.

X.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?'
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang.

XI.

What's a' your jargon o' your
 Schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an'
 stools?
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and
 shools,
 Or knappin-hammers.

XII.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
 Confuse their brains in college-classes,
 They gang in stirks, and come out
 asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Par-
 nassus
 By dint o' Greek!

XIII.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an'
 mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

XIV.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lea' eneugh for me,
 If I could get it.

XV.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few;
 Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
 I'se no insist:
 But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

XVI.

I winna blaw about mysel,
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends, an' folks that wish me
 well,
 They sometimes roose me;
 Tho', I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

XVII.

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay
 to me,
 I like the lasses — Gude forgie me!
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae
 me
 At dance or fair;
 Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

XVIII.

But Mauchline Race or Mauchline
 Fair,

I should be proud to meet you there :
We 'se gie ae night's discharge to
care,

If we forgather ;
And hae a swap o' rhymen-ware
Wi' ane anither.

XIX.

The four-gill chap, we 'se gar him
clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
Syne we 'll sit down an' tak out whitter,
To cheer our heart ;
An' faith, we 'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

XX.

Awa ye selfish, warly race.
Wha think that havins, sense, an'
grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give
place
To Catch-the-Plack !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

XXI.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness
warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers !

XXII.

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen 's worn to the grissle,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
Who am most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

SECOND EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.

APRIL 21, 1785.

[Entered in the "First Common-Place Book" under "The First Epistle," with this explanation: "On receiving an answer to the above, Burns wrote the following:—"]

I.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the
stake
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I 'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

II.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' among the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite.
My awkart Musc sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

III.

The tapetless, ramfeez'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, an' something
lazy :
Quo' she : 'Ye ken we've been sae
busy
This month an' mair,
That trowth, my head is grown right
dizzie,
An' something sair.'

IV.

Her dowff excuses pat me mad :
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad !
I 'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night ;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

v.

'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o'
 hearts,
 Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes.
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly;
 Yet ye 'll neglect to shaw your parts
 An' thank him kindly?'

vi.

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An' down gaed stumple in the ink:
 Quoth I: 'Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it:
 An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove, I'll prose it!'

vii.

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly
 neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

viii.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an'
 carp,
 Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 Wi' gleesome touch!
 Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an'
 warp;
 She's but a bitch.

ix.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the Lord, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

x.

Now comes the sax-an-twentieth sim-
 mer

I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Fiae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

xi.

Do ye envý the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie an' sklent;
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 An' muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name?

xii.

Or is't the paughty feudal thane,
 Wi' ruff'd sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank
 bane,
 But lordly stalks;
 While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

xiii.

'O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!'

xiv.

Were this the charter of our state,
 'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to heaven, that's no the
 gate
 We learn our creed.

xv.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began:
 'The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'T is he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 And none but he.'

XVI.

O mandate glorious and divine!
 The followers o' the ragged Nine—
 Poor, thoughtless devils!—yet may
 shine
 In glorious light;
 While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
 Are dark as night!

XVII.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze,
 an' growl,
 Their worthless neivefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

XVIII.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes an'
 joys,
 In some mild sphere;
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
 Each passing year!

 TO WILLIAM SIMPSON OF
 OCHILTREE.

MAY 1785.

[William Simpson was the schoolmaster
 of Ochiltree. He was born Aug. 23, 1758;
 died July 4, 1815.]

I.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you
 brawlie;
 Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly
 And unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

II.

But I 's believe ye kindly meant it:
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelin sklentied,
 On my poor Musie;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've
 penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

III.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' fame;
 Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

IV.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry!)

V.

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed—
 As whyles they 're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease!)
 I kittle up my rustic reed;
 It gie me ease.

VI.

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
 She 's gotten bardies o' her ain;
 Chiels wha' their chanter's winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' r'sound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

VII.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style;
 She lay like some unken'd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,

Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

VIII.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
Naebody sings.

IX.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line:
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest!
We'll gar our streams and burnies
shine
Up wi' the best.

X.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather
bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an'
dells,
Whare glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies.

XI.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish
blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dy'd!

XII.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the
buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy;
While thro' the braes the cushat
croods
With wailfu' cry!

XIII.

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked
tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

XIV.

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light;
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

XV.

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang:
O, sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

XVI.

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an'
strive:
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

XVII.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing
brither!
We've been owre lang unkend to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither
In love fraternal:
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

XVIII.

While Highlandmen hate tolls an'
taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid, fat
braxies;

While Terra Firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns;
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

XIX.

My memory's no worth a preen:
 I had amaisht forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New-Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

XX.

In days when mankind were but callans;
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie;
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

XXI.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewin;
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new ane.

XXII.

This past for certain, undisputed;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefls gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

XXIII.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the
 Beuk,

Wad threap auld folk the thing mis-
 teuk;
 For 't was the auld moon turn'd a neuk
 An' out o' sight.
 An' backlins-comin to the leuk.
 She grew mair bright.

XXIV.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
 The herds and hissels were alarm'd,
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an'
 storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should thiuk they better were in-
 form'd
 Than their auld daddies.

XXV.

Frae less to mair, it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words an' aiths, to clours an'
 nicks;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 An' some, to learn them for their
 tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

XXVI.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' Auld-Light caddies bure sic
 hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the
 sands
 Wi' nimble shanks
 Till lairds forbade, by strict com-
 mands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

XXVII.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-
 stowe;
 Till now, amaisht on ev'ry knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 An' some, their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

XXVIII.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are
bleatin;
Their zealous herds are vex'd and
sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them grectin
Wi' girmin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

XXIX.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
Some Auld-Light herds in neebor
touns
Are mind't, in things they ca' bal-
loons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the moons
An' see them right.

XXX.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to
lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it
wi' them,
Just i' their pouch;
An' when the New-Light billies see
them,
I think they'll crouch!

XXXI.

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine mat-
ter';
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE.

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

{Rankine was farmer at Adamhill, in the
parish of Craigie, near Lochlie. His wit,

his dreams, and his practical jokes were the
talk of the countryside.]

I.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Ran-
kine,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin
Straught to Auld Nick's.

II.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou';
And then their failings, flaws, an'
wants
Are a' seen thro'.

III.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O, dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes, wha aften
wear it —
The lads in black;
But your curst wit, when it comes
near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

IV.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're
skaithing:
It's just the Blue-gown badge an'
claithing
O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them
naething
To ken them by
Frae onie unregenerate heathen,
Like you or I.

V.

I've sent you here some rhyming
ware
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,

Yon sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

VI.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing :
My Muse dow scarcely spread her
wing!
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill!
I'd better gaen an' sair't the King
At Bunker's Hill.

VII.

'T was ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
An' brought a pairtrick to the grun' —
A bonie hen ;
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

VIII

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
I straitit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me
for't ;

But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the Peacher-Court
The hale affair.

IX.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a
note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

X.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouthen an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay owre moor an'
dale,
For this, niest year!

XI.

As soon 's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
Lord, I 'se hae sportin by an' by
For my gowd guinea ;
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For't, in Virginia !

XII.

Trowth, they had muckle for to
blame !
'T was neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three chaps about the wame,
Scarce thro' the feathers ;
An' baith a yellow George to claim
An' thole their blethers !

XIII.

It pits me ay as mad 's a hare ;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time 's expedient :
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

SONG.

TUNE: *Corn Rigs.*

[In his Autobiographical Letter to Dr. Moore, Burns includes this admirable lyric among the "rhymes" of his "early days," composed before his twenty-third year. But the early version was probably a mere fragmentary suggestion of the later. The "Annie" of this song is unknown. Several "Annies" claimed the distinction, among them a Mrs. Merry.]

I.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie ;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed ;
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy
night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly—
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy
night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG: COMPOSED IN
AUGUST.

[Burns states, in his "Autobiographical Letter," that this song was the ebullition of his passion for a "charming *fillee*," Peggy

Thomson, who "overset his trigonometry" at Kirkoswald when he was in his seventeenth year.]

I.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring
guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The gorsecock springs on whirring
wings
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the
plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
The moon shines bright, as I rove by
night
To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The pairrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells,
The plover lo'es the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path o' man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away, the cruel sway!
Tyrannic man's dominion!
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring
cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow,
The sky is blue, the fields in view
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;

The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ilka happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
While the silent moon shines
clearly;
I'll clasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

SONG: FROM THEE ELIZA.

TUNE: *Gilderoy*.

["Eliza" was Elizabeth Miller, afterwards Mrs. Templeton, celebrated in "The Mauchline Belles" as the "Miss Betty" "who's braw."]

I.

FROM thee Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my
heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S
LODGE, TARBOLTON.

TUNE: *Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

[At this time the author intended going to Jamaica. Burns was admitted an apprentice of the St. David's Lodge, July 6, 1781. He was elected depute-master of St. James's Lodge (which separated from St. David's) July 22, 1784.]

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu;
Dear Brothers of the *Mystic Tie*!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba';
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive
night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *Sons of Light*;
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall
write
Those happy scenes, when far awa.

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *Grand Design*,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above:
The glorious *Architect* Divine—
That you may keep th' *Unerring*
Line,
Still rising by the *Plumbet's Law*,
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r, when far awa.

IV.

And You farewell ! whose merits claim
Justly that *Highest Badge* to wear :
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble
Name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard, that's far awa.

EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED
SQUIRE.

[The subject of this epitaph was Mr. Campbell of Netherplace, a mansion a little to the west of Mauchline, on the road to Mossiel. The epitaph was not reprinted by Burns, nor was the following one.]

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd :
The Devil ruled the woman.

ÉPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, had'st thou but spar'd his
life,
Whom we this day lament !
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
An' a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do 't ;
Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou 'se get the saul o' boot.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisa, as old stories
tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she
lovèd so well,
In respect for the love and affection
he'd show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank
up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent
complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral
direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a
slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but — to save
the expense !

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING
ELDER.

[Souter Hood was a ruling elder in Tarbolton, named William Hood.]

HERE Souter Hood in death does
sleep :
In hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep ;
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

[James Humphry, a mason in Mauchline with no doubt of his ability to debate with Burns. He died in 1844. He was wont to introduce himself to strangers as "Burns's blethering bitch."]

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion.

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

[Said to be the poet's Kilmarnock printer. There is another claimant, a bookseller in Mauchline, of diminutive stature, named John Wilson.]

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murdered Johnnie,
An' here his *body* lies fu' low —
For *saul* he ne'er had onie.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

[William Burness died at Lochlie, Feb. 13, 1784, and this "Epitaph on my Ever Honoured Father" was inserted in the "First Common-Place Book," under the date April of that year. The epitaph is engraved on the tombstone in Alloway Churchyard.]

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity
stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and
attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear
remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous
friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human
woe,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no
human pride,
The friend of man — to vice alone a
foe;
For 'ev'n his failings lean'd to vir-
tue's side.'

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

[The gentleman to whom "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was dedicated.]

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd
name!
(For none that knew him need be
told).
A warmer heart Death ne'er made
cold.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

[These lines allude to the persecution which Hamilton endured for riding on Sunday, etc.]

THE poor man weeps — here Gavin
sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd;

But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or damn'd.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

["Burns's most sincere and touching self-criticism." — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for
rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to
snool! —
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

II.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds
among,
That weekly this arca throng? —
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

III.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the coast to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave? —
Here pause — and, thro' the starting
tear,
Survey this grave.

IV.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flaps;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

V.

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,

Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-contradictory,
Is wisdom's root.

ADDED, EDINBURGH, 1787.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORN-
BOOK.*A True Story.*

[John Wilson, the hero of this poem, was, at the time of its composition, school-ster in Tarbolton. He was, it is said, a fair scholar, and a very worthy man, but vain of his knowledge of medicine. It was his misfortune to encounter Burns at a Masonic meeting, who, provoked by a long and pedantic speech from the Dominie, exclaimed, the future lampoon dawning upon him, "Sit down, Dr. Hornbook."]

I.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never
penn'd:

Ev'n ministers, they hae been kend,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

II.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true 's the Deil 's in hell
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity!

III.

The clachan yill hae made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty:
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took
tent ay

To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes,
kend ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

F

IV.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock Hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a my pow'r
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

V.

I was come round about the hill,
And tollin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

VI.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out owre ae shouter,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on the iither
Lay, large an' lang.

VII.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells
twa;
The quicrest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

VIII.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend, hae ye
been mawin,
When iither folk are busy sawin?'
It seem'd to make a kind o' stan',
But naething spak.

At length, says I: 'Friend, whare ye gaun?

Will ye go back?'

IX.

It spak right howe: 'My name is Death,

But be na' fley'd.' Quoth I: 'Guid faith,

Ye're may be come to stap my breath;

But tent me, billie;

I red ye weel, take care o' skaith,

See, there's a gully!'

X.

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,

I'm no design'd to try its mettle;

But if I did, I wad be kittle

To be mislear'd:

I wad na mind it, no that spittle

Out-owre my beard.'

XI.

'Weel, weel!' says I, a bargain be';

Come, gie's your hand, an' say we're gree't;

We'll ease our shanks, an' tak a seat:

Come, gie's your news:

This while ye hae been monie a gate,

At monie a house.'

XII.

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,

'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed

Sin' I began to nick the thread

An' choke the breath:

Folk maun do something for their bread,

An' sae maun Death.

XIII.

'Sax thousand' years are near-hand fled

I was to the butching bred,

An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid

To stap or scar me;

Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,

And faith! he'll waur me.

XIV.

'Ye ken Joak Hornbook i' the clachan?

Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!—

He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan

And ither chaps,

The weans haud out their fingers laughin,

An' pouk my hips.

XV.

'See, here's a scythe, an' there's a dart,

They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart;

But Doctor Hornbook wi' his art

An' curs'd skill,

Has made them baith no worth a fart,

Damn'd haet they'll kill!

XVI.

'T was but yestreen, nae farther gane

I threw a noble throw at ane;

Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;

But Deil-ma-care!

It just played dirl on the bane,

But did nae mair.

XVII.

'Hornbook was by wi' ready art,

An' had sae fortify'd the part,

That when I looked to my dart,

It was sae blunt,

Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart

Of a kail-runt.

XVIII.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock : •
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

XIX.

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just shit in a kail-blade an' send it,
As soon 's he smells 't,
Baith their disease and what will
mend it,
At once he tells 't.

XX.

'And then a' doctor's saws and
whittles
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
He's sure to hae ;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

XXI.

'Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees ;
True *sal-marinum* o' the seas ;
The *farina* of beans an' pease,
He has 't in plenty ;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

XXII.

'Forbye some new, uncommon
weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons ;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrap-
ings,
Distill'd *per se* ;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail-clippings,
And monie mae.'

XXIII.

'Waes me for Johnie Ged's Hole now,
Quoth I 'if that thae news be true!

His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the plew :
They 'll ruin Johnie!

XXIV.

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says : 'ye nedna yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd enugh,
Tak ye nae fear :
They 'll a' be trench'd wi monie a
sheugh
In twa-three year.

XXV.

'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae death
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I 'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claithe
By drap an' pill.

XXVI.

'An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce
weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

XXVII.

'A countra laird had taen the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well :
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was laird himsel.

XXVIII.

'A bonie lass — ye kend her name —
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her
wame ;
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care ;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame
To hide it there.

XXIX.

'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's
way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An' s weel paid for 't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his damn'd dirt:

XXX.

But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speakin' o't:
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin;
Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!

XXXI.

'ut just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal.
Which raised us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did Death.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A Poem.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTINE,
ESQ., AYR.

[Probably composed in September-October, 1786; a new bridge was being built at Ayr when Mr. Ballantine, a local banker, was dean of guild. The boast of the "Auld Brig" that it would "be a brig" when its neighbor was a "shapeless cairn" was justified in 1877, when the New Bridge was so injured by floods that it had to be practically rebuilt.]

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic
plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry
bough
(The chanting linnet, or the mellow
thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the
green thorn bush;

The soaring lark, the perching red
breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers grey, wild-
whistling o'er the hill):
Shall he—nurst in the peasant's
lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
An' train'd to arms in stern misfor-
tune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling
crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of
rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating
prose?
No! though his artless strains he
rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er
the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the
bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear
reward.
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care
he trace,
Skill'd in the secret to bestow with
grace;
When Ballantine befriends his humble
name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to
fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful
bosom swells:
The godlike bliss, to give, alone
excels.

'T was when the stacks get on their
winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-
won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snuggèd up frae
skaith
O' coming winter's biting, frosty
breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer
toils—
Unnumber'd buds' an' flowers' deli-
cious spoils,

Seal'd up with frugal care in massive
waxen piles —
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er
the weak,
The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brim-
stone reek :
The thundering guns are heard on
ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter
wide ;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by
Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children in one car-
nage lie :
(What warm, poetic heart but inly
bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless
deeds !)
Nae mair the flower in field or meadow
springs ;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert
rings,
Except perhaps the robin's whistling
glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-
lang tree ;
The hoary morns precede the sunny
days ;
Mild, calm, serene, widespreads the
noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves
wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a
simple Bard,
Unknown and poor — simplicity's re-
ward ! —
Ae night, within the ancient brugh
of Ayr,
By whin inspir'd or haply prest wi'
care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward
route,
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the
left about
(Whether impell'd by all-directing
Fate,
To witness what I after shall nar-
rate ;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,

He wander'd forth, he knew not
where nor why) :
The drowsy Dungeon-Clock had
number'd two,
And Wallace Tower had sworn the
fact was true ;
The tide-swoll Firth, with sullen-
sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse
along the shore ;
All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd
e'e ;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower
and tree ;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver
beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glitter-
ing stream.

When, lo ! on either hand the lis-
t'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings
is heard ;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the mid-
night air,
Swift as the gos drives on the wheel-
ing hare ;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape
uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
Our warlock rhymers instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brig's of
Ayr preside.
(That bards are second-sighted is nae
joke,
And ken the lingo of the spritual
folk ;
Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can
explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly
ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish
race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face ;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had war-
stl'd lang,
Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco
bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new
coat,

That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams
 got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth 's
 a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the
 head.
 The Goth was stalking round with
 anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry
 arch.
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took
 his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart
 had he!
 Wi' thiefless sneer to see his mod-
 ish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this
 guid-een:—

AULD BRIG.

'I doubt na, frien', ye 'll think ye're
 nae sheep shank,
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank
 to bank!
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye 'll
 never see—
 There 'll be, if that day come, I 'll wad
 a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmelceries in your
 noddle.'

NEW BRIG.

'Auld Vandal! ye but show your
 little mense.
 Just much about it wi' your scanty
 sense:
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a
 street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble
 when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane
 an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonie brigs o' modern
 time?
 There's men of taste would tak the
 Ducat stream,
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark
 and swim,

E'er they would grate their feelings
 wi' the view
 O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.'

AULD BRIG.

'Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi'
 windy pride!
 This monie a year I've stood the
 flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair for-
 tairn,
 I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless
 cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the mat-
 ter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye
 better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day
 rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the
 plains;
 When from the hills where springs
 the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains
 boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his
 moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble
 source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spot-
 ting thowes,
 In monie a torrent down the snaw-
 broo rows;
 While crashing ice, borne on the
 roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a'
 to the gate;
 And from Glenbuck down to the
 Ratton-Key
 Auld Ayr 'is just one lengthen'd,
 tumbling sea—
 Then down ye 'll hurl (deil nor ye
 never rise!),
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the
 pouring skies!
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your
 cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is
 lost!'

NEW BRIG.

'Fine architecture, trowth, I needs
 must say 't o't,
 The Lord be thankit that we've tint
 the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edi-
 fices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like
 precipices;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring
 coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic—stony
 groves;
 Windows and doors in nameless
 sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste un-
 blest;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's
 dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided
 whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the
 bended knee,
 And still the second dread Command
 be free:
 Their likeness is not found on earth,
 in air, or sea!
 Mansions that would disgrace the
 building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast,
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear
 embrace,
 Or cuifs of later times, wha held the
 notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling true
 devotion:
 Fancies that our guid brugh denies
 protection,
 And soon may they exptre, unblest
 with resurrection!'

AULD BRIG.

'O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient
 yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded
 feelings!
 Ye worthy proveses, an' monie a ballie,

Wha in the paths o' righteousness did
 toil ay;
 Ye dainty deacons, an' ye douce con-
 veeeners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-
 cleaners;
 Ye godly councils, wha hae blest this
 town;
 Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the
 smiters;
 And (what would now be strange),
 ye godly Writers;
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the
 broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say
 or do!
 How would your spirits groan in deep
 vexation
 To see each melancholy alteration;
 And, agonising, curse the time and
 place
 When ye begat the base degen'rate
 race!
 Nae langer rev'rend men, their coun-
 try's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain,
 braid story;
 Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint or in the council-
 house:
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless
 gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the coun-
 try;
 Men three-parts made by tailors and
 by barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on
 damnd New Brigs and harbours!'

NEW BRIG.

'Now haud you there! for faith
 ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than you can mak
 to through.
 As for your priesthood, I shall say
 but little,
 Corbies and clergy are a shot right
 kittle:

But, under favour o' your langer
beard,
Abuse o' magistrates might weel be
spar'd;
To liken them to your auld-world
squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are
odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a
handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o'
scandal;
Nae mair the council waddles down
the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise prigg'in owre hops
an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and
seisins;
If haply Knowledge, on a random
tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of
his lamp,
And would to common-sense for once
betray'd them,
Plain, dull stupidity stept kindly in to
aid them.

What farther clish-ma-claver might
been said,
What bloody wars if Sprites had
blood to shed,
No man can tell; but, all before their
sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they
featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various
dresses glanc'd;
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so
neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath
their feet;
While arts of minstrelsy among them
rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic
ditties sung.

O, had M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspir-
ing sage,

Been there to hear this heavenly band
engage.
When thro' his dear strathspeys they
bore with Highland rage:
Or when they struck old Scotia's
melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding
cares;
How would his Highland lug been
nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with
finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument
appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was
heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every
part,
While simple melody pour'd moving
on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front
appears,
A venerable chief advanc'd in
years;
His hoary head with water-lilies
crown'd,
His manly leg with garter-tangle
bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the
ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand
with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came
Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming
eye;
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing
horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with
noddin' corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks
did hoary show,
By Hospitality, with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage, with his mar-
tial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody
coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant
air,

A female form, came from the towers
 of Stair;
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd
 abode;
 Last, white-roh'd Peace, crown'd with
 a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of
 death:
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot
 their kindling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

*For sense, they little owe to fugal Heaven:
 To please the mob they hide the little giv'n.*

["Written very early in 1786, but not included in the Kilmarnock edition. A paper bullet in the war of Auld and New Lights, — Calvinism and 'Common Sense,' — which, by the way, is no theological criterion." — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations;
 Swith! to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations;
 Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder:
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 An' Russell sair misca'd her:
 This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her!
 He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the *Bangor*:
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure:
 Nae mair the knaves shall wiang
 her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a nigger;
 Or Phineas drove the murdering blade
 Wi' whore-aborring rigour;
 Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the Creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution, —
 That stipend is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion —
 And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin:
 Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
 An' toss thy horns fu' canty;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the
 dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace, the pick an' wale,
 No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep
 To think upon our Zion;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin.
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu'
 cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin;
 O, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin;
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin:
 Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
 He saw mischlef was brewin;
 An' like a godly, elect bairn,
 He's waled us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

IX.

Now Robertson harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever;
 Or fry the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver;
 Or to the Netherton repair,
 An' turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

X.

Mu'trie and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones:
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk
 watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons,
 And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons;
 But now his Honor maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingcin thro' the city!
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she
 plays!
 I vow it's unco pretty:
 There, Learning, with his Greekish
 face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;
 And Common-Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell
 Between his twa companions!
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions!
 Now there, they're packèd aff to hell,
 An' banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys
 That Heresy can torture;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoysie,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's — for a conclusion —
 To ev'ry New Light mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion!
 If mair they deave us wi' their din
 Or patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin
 We'll run them aff in fusion,
 Like oil some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. JAMES STEVEN, ON HIS
TEXT, *Malachi iv. 2*:—

"And ye shall go forth, and grow up as
calves of the stall."

["The laugh which this little poem raised
against Steven was a loud one. Burns com-
posed it during the sermon to which it re-
lates, and repeated it to Gavin Hamilton,
with whom he happened on that day to
dine."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

I.

RIGHT, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco calf.

II.

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find
You're still as great a *stirk*.

III.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a *stot*!

IV.

Tho', when some kind connubial dear
Your but-an'-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

V.

And, in your lug, most reverend
James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your
claims.
To rank among the *nowts*.

VI.

And when ye're number'd wi' the
dead
Below a grassy hillock,
With justice they may mark your
head:—
'Here lies a famous *bullock*!'

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO
GUID.

OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My Son, these maxims make a rule,
An' lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither;
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ye'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON (*Eccles. vii. 16*).

["It is not easy to determine the pre-
cise period when this master-performance
was conceived and executed. Had it been
written before midsummer of 1786 it surely
would not have been excluded from his
Kilmarnock volume. There is much of
stern, humiliating truth in the train of
thought pursued in the poem, which was a
favorite one with the author."—WILLIAM
SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

O YE, wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' fauts and folly;
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water;
The heaped happier's ebbing still,
An' still the clap plays clatter!

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's
door
For glaikit Folly's portals:

I for their thoughtless, careless sakes
 Would here propone defences —
 Their donsie tricks, their black mis-
 takes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
 And shudder at the niffer;
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What makes the mighty differ?
 Discount what scant occasion gave;
 That purity ye pride in;
 And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hidin.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop!
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It maks an unco lee-way.

V.

See Social-life and Glee sit down
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrify'd they're
 grown
 Debauchery and Drinking:
 O, would they stay to calculate,
 Th' eternal consequences,
 Or—your more dreaded hell to
 state —
 Damnation of expenses !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases:
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treach'rous inclination —
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone
 Decidedly can try us:
 He knows each chord, its various tone,
 Each spring, its various bias:
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 POPE.

[“When this worthy old sportsman went
 out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it
 was to be, in Ossian's phrase, ‘the last of
 his fields,’ and expressed an ardent wish to
 die and be buried in the muirs. On this
 hint the author composed his Elegy and
 Epitaph.” (R. B.)]

I.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
 Or great Mackinlay thrawn his heel?
 Or Robertson again grown weel
 To preach an' read?
 ‘Na, waur than a’!’ cries ilka chiel,
 ‘Tam Samson's dead!’

II.

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' cleed her bairns — man, wife an'
 wean —
 In mourning weed;

To Death she 's dearly pay'd the kain :
 'Tam Samson 's dead !

III.

The Brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will
 revel,

Like onie head ;

Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel :
 'Tam Samson 's dead !

IV.

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the cock? —
 'Tam Samson 's dead !

V.

He was the king of a' the core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time o' need ;
 But now he lags on Death's hog-
 score :

'Tam Samson 's dead !

VI.

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson
 hail,
 And eels, weel-kend for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since, dark in Death's fish-creel, we
 wail

'Tam Samson dead !

VII.

Rejoice, ye hurring pairtricks a' ;
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw ;
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa :
 'Tam Samson 's dead !

VIII.

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient
 burn'd,

Frae couples free'd ;

But och! he gaed and ne'er return'd :
 'Tam Samson 's dead.

IX.

In vain auld-age his body batters,
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters,
 In vain the burns cam down like
 waters,

An acre braid !

Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters :
 'Tam Samson 's dead !'

X.

Owre monie a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit
 Wi' deadly feidie ;
 Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet :
 'Tam Samson 's dead !'

XI.

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 'Lord, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did
 stagger —
 'Tam Samson 's dead !

XII.

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a
 father ;
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the
 heather,
 Marks out his head ;
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming
 blether :
 'Tam Samson 's dead !'

XIII.

There low he lies in lasting rest;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' moorfowl higs her nest,
 To hatch an' breed:
 Alas! nae mair he'll them molest:
 Tam Samson 's dead!

XIV.

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his memory crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
 Till Echo answers frae her cave:
 'Tam Samson 's dead!'

XV.

'Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be!'
 Is th' wish o' monic mae than me:
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead?
 Ae social, honest man want we:
 Tam Samson 's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here
 lies:
 Ye canting zealots, spare him!
 If honest worth in Heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie;
 Tell ev'ry social honest billie
 To cease his grievin';
 For yet unskaith'd by Death's gleg
 gullie,
 Tam Samson's leevin!

A WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed
 sides,*

*Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
 you
 From seasons such as these?*

—SHAKESPEARE.

[“‘This poem,’ says my friend Thomas
 Carlyle, ‘is worth several homilies on mercy,
 for it is the voice of Mercy herself.’” —
 ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

I.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and dour,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd
 glow'r,
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r
 Or whirling drift:

II.

Ae night the storm the steeples
 rocked;
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was
 locked;
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-
 choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or, thro' the mining outlet blocked,
 Down headlong hurl:

III.

List'ning the doors an' winnocks
 rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro the drift, deep-lairing,
 sprattle
 Beneath a scour.

IV.

Ilk happing bird — wee, helpless,
 thing! —
 That in the merry months o' spring
 Delighted me to hear thee sing;
 What comes o' thee?
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chattering
 wing,
 An' close thy e'e?

V.

Ev'n you, on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost and sheep-
 cote spoil'd

My heart forgets,
 While pityless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats!

VI.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive
 train,

Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow-solemn, stole: —

VII.

'Blow. blow, ye winds, with heavier
 gust!

And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
 Not all your rage, as now united,
 shows

More hard unkindness unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother
 Man bestows!

See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from
 the slip,

Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a
 land!

Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful
 tale:

How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by
 her side,

The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the
 rear,

Looks o'er proud Property, extended
 wide;

And eyes the simple, rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring
 show —

A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd—
 Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus
 vile, below!

Where, where is Love's fond, ten-
 der throe,

With lordly Honor's lofty brow.

The pow'rs you proudly own?

Is there, beneath Love's noble
 name,

Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone?

Mark Maiden-Innocence a prey

To love-pretending snares:

This boasted Honor turns away,

Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,

Regardless of the tears and unavail-
 ing pray'rs!

Perhaps this hour, in Misery's
 squalid nest,

She strains your infant to her joy-
 less breast,

And with a mother's fears shrinks at
 the rocking blast!

VIII.

'O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what your-
 selves create,

Think, for a moment, on his
 wretched fate,

Whom friends and fortune quite
 disown!

Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'-
 rous call,

Stretch'd on his straw, he lays him-
 self to sleep;

While through the ragged roof and
 chinky wall,

Chill, o'er his slumbers piles the
 drift' heap!

Think on the dungeon's grim
 confine,

Where Guilt and poor Misfortune
 pine!

Guilt, erring man, relenting view!

But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crush'd low

By cruel Fortune's undeserv'd blow?

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite
the bliss!

IX.

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my
mind:
Thro' all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

[These verses the poet, in his "Common-Place Book," calls "Misgivings in the Hour of Despondency and Prospect of Death."]

I.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly
scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing
charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill
between;
Some gleams of sunshine mid re-
newing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark
abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in
arms:
I tremble to approach an angry
God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-
avenging rod.

II.

Fain would I say: 'Forgive my foul
offence,'
Fain promise never more to dis-
obey.

But should my Author health again
dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's
way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the
man:
Then how should I for heavenly
mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly
mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd yet to
temptation ran?

III.

O Thou great Governor of all be-
low! —
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee. —
Thy nod can make the tempest cease
to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging
sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n
me
Those headlong furious passions to
confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in th' allowed
line:
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipot-
tence Divine!

PRAYER: O THOU DREAD POWER.

*Lying at a reverend friend's house one night
the author left the following verses in the
room where he slept.*

[The "reverend friend" was Dr. Laurie,
then minister of Loudoun, at whose house
Burns first heard the spinnet played.]

I.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st
above.
I know Thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire — the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare :
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears —
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling
youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and
truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band —
With earnest tears I pray —
Thou know'st the snares on every
hand,
Guide Thou their steps away.

VI.

When, soon or late, they reach that
coast,
O'er Life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven!

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST
PSALM.

[This is of the Irvine period, when, as
Burns wrote to his father, "My only pleas-
urable enjoyment is looking backwards
and forwards in a moral and religious
way."]

I.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way
Nor learns their guilty lore;

II.

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God!

III.

That man shall flourish like the trees,
Which by the streamlets grow :
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

IV.

But he, whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

V.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

PRAYER UNDER THE PRESS-
URE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

[Of this poem Burns says: "There was
a certain period of life that my spirit was
broke by repeated losses and disasters. In
this wretched state I hung my harp on the
willow-trees except in some lucid intervals,
in one of which I composed the following."]

I.

O THOU Great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

II.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

III.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

IV.

But, if I must afflicted be
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE NINETIETH PSALM
VERSIFIED.

[This piece is of the same period as the preceding.]

I.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever
been
Their stay and dwelling place!

II.

Before the mountains heav'd their
heads
Beneath Thy forming hand.
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command:

III.

That Power, which rais'd and still
upholds
This universal frame.
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

IV.

Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

V.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature,
man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st: 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

VI.

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

VII.

They flourish like the morning flower
In beauty's pride array'd,
But long ere night, cut down, it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO MISS LOGAN.

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW
YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

[The sister of Major Logan, whom
Burns had already celebrated.]

I.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

II.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale.

III.

Our sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd — perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you.

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS.

["It has been stated that, being present at a party where a haggis was on the table, and being asked to say something appropriate on the occasion, Burns produced the following stanza by way of grace. Being well received he was induced to expand it into his address 'To a Haggis,' retaining the verse in an altered form as a peroration."—WALLACE CHAMBERS.

Ye Poweis wha gie us a' that's guid,
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood
Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's bluid
In stoups or luggies;
And on our board the king o' food,
A glorious haggis!

"It is usual to have this Scotch dish at the anniversary celebrations of the poet's birth, and a very savory viand it is, although unsafe to eat much of."

I.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

II.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

III.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

IV.

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an'
strive:
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit!' hums.

V.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

VI.

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

VII.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallee nieve a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sued
Like taps o' thrissle.

VIII.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your
care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking
ware,
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

[Burns enclosed this poem, with another piece unnamed, to Mr. William Chalmers, writer, Ayr, as early as 27th December, 1786]

thus showing the rapidity with which he had composed it.]

I.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs :
From marking wildly-scatt' red
flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd
And singing, lone, the ling'ring
hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wea'th still swells the golden
tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise :
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral
mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale ;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim :
And never may their sources fail!
And never Envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky.
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th'adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine :
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams
afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy
scar ;
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought and pitying
tears.
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal
home :
Alas, how chang'd the times to
come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring
room!
Tho' rigid Law cries out : " 'T was just."

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your
steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
Ev'n I, who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest
roar.
Bold-following where your fathers led

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs ;
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet.
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs .
From marking wildly-scatt' red
flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd
And singing, lone, the ling'ring
hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

SONGS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A Ballad.

[Composed on the play of an old song, of which David Laing has given an authentic version in his very curious volume of "Metrical 'Tales.'"]

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him
down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly
on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong:
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed
spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon long and
sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore.
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heav'd in John Barleycorn —
There, let him sink or swim!

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two
stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's
blood,
And drank it round and round;

And still the more and more they
drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

XIV.

'T will make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy:
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT: WHEN GUILFORD GOOD.

TUNE: *Gillicrankie*.

[First published in the Edinburgh edition of 1787, after consulting the Earl of Glencairn and Henry Erskine.]

I.

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man;
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery
takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's Burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:

But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New-York wi' knife an' fork
Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the
stoure
The German chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek* held up his
cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man;
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's
cartes
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew :
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'

VIII.

Behind the throne then Granville's
gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly
graith
(Inspired bardies saw, man),
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd : 'Willie,
rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?'

IX.

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and
Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man :
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' bluid,
To mak it guid in law, man.

MY NANIE, O.

[According to Gilbert Burns the heroine
was Agnes Fleming. O: the other hand,
Mrs. Begg asserts that it was written in
honor of Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald.]

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an'
young ;
Nae artu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O!

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true ;
As spotless as she's bonie, O,
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' — my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his
pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by ;
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O :
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

[This little masterpiece of wit and gayety and movement was suggested either by the fragment "Green grow the Rashes, O" in Herd's "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," or by the coarse old song itself.]

Chorus.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

I.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry
han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't were na for the lasses, O.

II.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

III.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

IV.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the war' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

V.

And Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Chorus.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

COMPOSED IN SPRING

TUNE: *Johnny's Grey Brecks.*

[“Menie is the common abbreviation of Marianne. The chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.”—R. B.]

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues;
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

Chorus.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that 's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet-black, an' it's like a
hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the v'lets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding
slap,
And o'er the moorlands whistles
shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and
dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering
wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward
glide.

VII.

Come winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging, bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless
soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

Chorus.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet-black, an' it's like a
hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS
GATHERING FAST.

TUNE: *Roslin Castle.*

["I composed this song as I conveyed
my chest so far on my road to Greenock,
where I was to embark in a few days for
Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell to my
native land."— R. B.]

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is filled with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;

The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave:
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

III.

'T is not the surging billows' roar,
'T is not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a
wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy
roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends! farewell my
foes!
My peace with these, my love with
those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, my bonie banks of Ayr.

NO CHURCHMAN AM I.

TUNE: *Prepare, my dear Brethren.*

[This is not a happy production, al-
though, doubtless, it would pass very well
among his youthful companions at Tarbol-

ton, when the table was in a roar, after a lodge meeting." — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle 's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother — his horse,
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse,
But see you *The Crown*, how it waves in the air?
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;

For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursey old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

'Life's cares they are comforts' — a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him? that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair:
For a big-belly'd bottle 's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours Masonic prepare for to throw:
May ev'ry true Brother of the Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle, when harass'd with care!

ADDED, EDINBURGH, 1793.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE
HERMITAGE, ON NITHSIDE.

[This is the second version of a piece originally inscribed on a window pane of Friars Carse Hermitage, in June, 1788.]

THOU whom chance may hither lead
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night,—in darkness lost :
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly
dance
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair :
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sit and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou
scale?

Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold ;
While cheerful Peace with linnets song
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease :
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and
wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngers
round,
Sons of experience, sage and sound :

Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n ;
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise—
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep :
Sleep, whence thou shall ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break ;
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

ODE, SACRED TO THE MEM-
ORY OF MRS. OSWALD OF
AUCHENCROVE.

[The subject of this ode was the widow of Richard Oswald, Esq., of Auchencroive.]

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse.
Baited with many a dead'ly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face :
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet, melting
grace?
Note that eye, 't is rheum o'erflows—

Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to
 save,
 Hands that took, but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and
 unblest,
 She goes, but not to realms of ever-
 lasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies! lift thine eyes
 (A while forbear, ye torturing
 fiends),
 Seest thou whose step, unwilling,
 hither bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper
 skies!
 'T is thy trusty, quondam Mate,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate:
 She, tardy, heil-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glittering pounds
 a-year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O bitter mockery of the pompous bier!
 While down the wretched vital part
 is driven,
 The cave lodg'd beggar, with a con-
 science clear.
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes
 to Heaven.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PAT-
 ENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDI-
 ATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

*But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright:
 His soul was like the glorious sun
 A matchless, Heavenly light.*

[The name of this gentleman is found in
 the list of subscribers to the poet's Edin-

burgh edition of April, 1787. In sending a
 copy of it to Dr. Moore, he says, "The elegy
 on Capt. Henderson is a tribute to the mem-
 ory of a man I loved much."]

I.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and
 bloody!
 The meikle Devil wi' a woodie
 Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie
 O'er hurchion hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his
 studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

II.

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us
 torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall
 mourn,
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frac nian exil'd.

III.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting
 cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
 Where Echo slumbers!
 Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest
 bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

IV.

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens
 Wi' toddlin din,
 Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frac lin to lip!

V.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
 Ye woodbines, hanging bonilie
 In scented bowers;

Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers !

VI.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head ;
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance
shed

I' th' rustling gale ;
Ye maukins, whiddin through the
glade ;
Come join my wail !

VII.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews, calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring pairtrick
brood :

He 's gane for ever !

VIII.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled
teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake !

IX.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o'
day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay !
And when you wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

X.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

XI.

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

XII.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the
year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
Thou, Simmer, while each corny
spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that 's dead !

XIII.

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost !

XIV.

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source
of light !
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he 's taen his
flight,
Ne'er to return.

XV.

O Henderson ! the man ! the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for
ever ?
And hast thou crost that unknown
river,
Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around ?

XVI.

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth !

THE EPITAPH.

I.

Stop, passenger ! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man :
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

II.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door,
man ;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

III.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man ;
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

IV.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man ;
Here lies wha weel had won thy
praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

V.

If thou, at Friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign, man ;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

VI.

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

VII.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

VIII.

If onie whiggish, whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot !
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN
OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING. .

[“The poets have ever sided with the victim of Elizabeth, of John Knox, and of her own brother. Burns had been reading the ‘Percy Reliques,’ which accounts for the form of the piece.” — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green,
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies
white
Out o'er the grassy lea ;
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal
streams,
And glads the azure skies :
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

II.

Now laverock's wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis wild wi' monie a note
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

III.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae:
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland
 Maun lie in prison strang.

IV.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
 Where happy I hae been;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en:
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
 And monie a traitor there;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands
 And never-ending care.

V.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a
 sword
 That thro' thy soul shall gae!
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of
 woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

VI.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy
 reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on'mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee;
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's
 friend,
 Remember him for me!

VII.

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!

Nae mair to me the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And, in the narrow house of death,
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next flow'rs that deck the
 spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM OF
FINTRY, ESQ.

[Robert Graham of Fintry was one of the commissioners of excise. "Of all Burns's friends," writes Wilson, "he was the most efficient." When Burns was accused of disloyalty he defended him boldly and well.]

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now
 a' leg;
 About to beg a pass for leave to
 beg;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and de-
 prest
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's
 rest);
 Will generous Graham list to his
 Poet's wail
 (It soothes poor Misery, hearkening
 to her tale),
 And hear him curse the light he first
 survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhym-
 ing trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I
 arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain:
 The lion and the bull thy care have
 found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns
 the ground;
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail
 his shell;
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious,
 guards his cell;
 Thy minions kings defend, control,
 devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and
 power.

Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles
 ensure;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are
 secure;
 Toads with their poison, doctors with
 their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their
 robes, are snug;
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike
 arts,
 Her tongue and eyes — her dreaded
 spear and darts.

But O thou bitter step-mother and
 hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child —
 the Bard!
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless
 still:
 No heels to bear him from the op'n-
 ing dun,
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to
 shun;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hy-
 men worn,
 And those, alas! not, Amalthea's
 horn;
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty
 cur,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable
 fur;
 In naked feeling, and in aching
 pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry
 side:
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the
 heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom
 dart.

Critics — appall'd, I venture on the
 name;
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths
 of fame;
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten
 Monroes:
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to
 expose.

His heart by causeless wanton mal-
 ice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness
 stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself
 more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one
 sprig must wear;
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' un-
 equal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on thro'
 life:
 Till, fled each hope that once his
 bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious
 once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected
 age,
 Dead even resentment for his injur'd
 page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruth-
 less critic's rage!
 So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed
 deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty
 feast,
 By toil and famine wore to skin and
 bone,
 Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's
 son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly
 blest!
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal
 rest!
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce
 extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid
 beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden
 cup,
 With sober, selfish ease they sip
 it up:
 Conscious the bounteous meed they
 well deserve,
 They only wonder 'some folks' do
 not starve.
 The grave, sage hern thus easy picks
 his frog,

And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
 When Disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude 'that fools are fortune's care.'
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train;
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain:
 In equanimity they never dwell;
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost:
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears).
 O, hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
 Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
 Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

[This nobleman, for whom the poet had a deep respect, died at Falmouth, in his forty-second year.]

I.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills;
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods,
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream.
 Beneath a craigy steep a Bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom Death had all untimely taen.

II.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down
 with years;
 His locks were bleach'd white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes along:—

III.

'Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire!
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the ag'd year!
 A few short months, and, glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

IV.

'I am a bending aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold of earth is gane;

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

v.

'I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown:
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 I bear alane my lade o' care;
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

vi.

'And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flow'r amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's
 stay:
 In weary being now I pine.
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

vii.

'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair!
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from Fortune's mirk-
 est gloom

viii.

'In Poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists obscure involv'd me
 round:
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found;
 Thou found'st me, like the morning
 sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air:

The friendless Bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

ix.

'O, why has Worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen grey with time!
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
 Why did I live to see that day,
 A day to me so full of woe?
 O, had I met the mortal shatt
 Which laid my benefactor low!

x.

'The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yes-
 teen;
 The monarch may forget the crown*
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!'

 LINES TO SIR JOHN WHITE-
 FOORD, BART.

SENT WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

[Sir John Whitefoord was, like Glencairn,
 the warm friend of Burns.]

THOU, who thy honour as thy God
 rever'st,
 Who, save thy mind's reproach,
 nought earthly fear'st,
 To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The Friend thou valued'st, I the Patron
 lov'd;
 His worth, his honour, all the world
 approv'd:
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has
 gone,
 And tread the shadowy path to that
 dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogill's full is this Buik.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

["This immortal poem was composed in 1789-90. It is much to be regretted that Burns, with such a gift of narrative, did not continue to write tales which would have won for him the place of a Scott, and, in humor, not an inferior Chaucer."—ANDREW LANG. See NOTES.]

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots milcs,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering
storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o'
Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town sur-
passes,
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam, had'st thou but been sae
wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skel-
lum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blle-
lum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on:
That at the Lord's house, even on
Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till
Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd
in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames, it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd, sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-
night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank di-
vinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie:
Tam lo'd him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks the-
gither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and
clatter:
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready
chorus:
The storm without might rair and
rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi'
pleasure:
Kings may be blest but Tam was
glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies
spread:
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is
shed:
Or like the snow falls in the river,

A moment white — then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man e'en tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
 That hour, o' night's black arch the
 key-stane,
 That dreary hour Tam mounts his
 beast in;
 And sic a night he takes the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its
 last;
 The rattling showers rose on the
 blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness
 swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder
 bellow'd:
 That night, a child might under-
 stand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare
 Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue
 bonnet.
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
 sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent
 cares,
 Lest hoggles catch him unawares:
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly
 cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman
 smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-
 bane;

And thro' the whins, and by the
 cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd
 bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the
 woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to
 pole;
 Near and more near the thunders
 roll:
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning
 trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glanc-
 ing,
 And loud resounded mirth and danc-
 ing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
 What dangers thou caust make us
 scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's
 noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood, right sair aston-
 ish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admon-
 ish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light;
 And, vow! 'Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
 Nae cotillion, brent new frae France.
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
 reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat Auld Nick, in shape o'
 beast;
 A tounsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them
 skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,

That shaw'd the dead in their last
dresses;

And, by some devilish cantraip sleight,
Each in its cawld hand held a light :
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd
bairns :

A thief new-cutted frae^a rape —
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted ;
Five scymitars wi' murder crusted ;
A garter which a babe had strangled ;
A knife a father's throat had man-
gled —

Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and
curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and
furious ;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd,
they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been
queans,
A' plump and strapping in their
teens !
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flan-
nen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder
linen ! —
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue
hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and
droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,

Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach !

But Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie :
There was ae winsome wench and
wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after kend on Carrick shore
(For monie a beast to dead she shot,
An' perish'd monie a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and
bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was
vauntie. . . .

Ah ! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nan-
nie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her
riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun
cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power :
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jad she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane be-
witch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu'
fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and
main ;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out : 'Weel done, Cutty-
sark !'
And in an instant all was dark ;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their
byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,

When, pop! she starts before their
nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds
aloud:

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and
hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get
thy fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may
toss,

A running stream they dare na cross!
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious cttle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master
hale,

But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED
HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH
A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT
AT.

[Of this poem Burns says, April 21, 1789:
"Two mornings ago, as I was at a very
early hour sowing in the fields, I heard a
shot, and presently a poor little hare limped
before me apparently very much hurt. You will

easily guess this set my humanity in tears
and my indignation in arms."]

I.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous
art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming
eye;
May never pity sooth thee with a
sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel
heart!

II.

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood
and field,
The bitter little that of life remains!
No more the thickening brakes and
verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastinfe
yield.

III.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of
wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying
bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er
thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom
prest.

IV.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its
woe;
The playful pair crowd fondly by
thy side:
Ah, helpless nurslings, who will now
provide
That life a-mother only can bestow?

V.

Oft as by winding Nith I'musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful
dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy
lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn
thy hapless fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF
THOMSON,ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM,
ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH A WREATH
OF BAYS.

[An imitation of Collins. The poem was written for Lord Buchan, on the occasion of crowning the bust of Thomson with a wreath of bays.]

I.

WHILE virgin Spring by Eden's flood
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

II.

While Summer with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling
shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spikey blade :

III.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

IV.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow
flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

V.

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well
has won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her
son.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN
GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THRO' SCOTLAND,COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF
THAT KINGDOM.

[Captain Grose was the son of Francis Grose, a Swiss, who had settled in England. He was born about 1731, and was educated as an artist. Cunningham says this "fine, fat, fodgey wight" was a clever man, a skilful antiquary, and fond of wit and wine. Burns first met him at the social board of Glenriddell.]

I.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither
Scots
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnie Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it :
A chield's amang you takin notes,
And faith he'll prent it :

II.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgey wight,
O' stature short but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel :
And wow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

III.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to aye ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, Lord safe's! col-
leaguin
At some black art.

IV.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or
chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you, deep-read in hell's black
grammar,
Warlocks and witches :

Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches!

V.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And aye wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the — Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

VI.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets
Wad haud the Lothians three in
tackets
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats and auld saut-
buckets
Before the Flood.

VII.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fen-
der;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

VIII.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicked Abel's craig
He 'll prove you fully,
It was a fauldin jockteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.

IX.

But wad ye see him in his glee —
For meikle glee and fun has he —
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him!

X.

Now, by the Pow'r's o' verse and
prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! —
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, 'Shame fa' thee.'

TO MISS CRUICKSHANK.

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, pre-
sented to her by the Author.*

[Miss Jane Cruickshank was a daughter
of Mr. William Cruickshank, a master of
the High School, Edinburgh, and was then
about twelve years old.]

BEAUTEOUS Rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely dower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson
gem,

Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews and breathing balm;
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings,
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent Earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG: ANNA, THY CHARMS.

[This song referred to a sweetheart of Alexander Cunningham, and was a "vicious allusion."]

I.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire
When fated to despair!

II.

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven:
For sure 't were impious to despair
So much in sight of Heaven.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER
THE DEATH OF JOHN
M'LEOD, ESQ.,

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A
PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE
AUTHOR'S.

[Mr. M'Leod was of the Raasay family.
He died July 20, 1787.]

I.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

II.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

III.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

IV.

Fate oft tears the bosom-chords
That Nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

V.

Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave—
Can point the brimful, grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

VI.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF
BRUAR WATER

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

["Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs."—R. B.]

I.

My lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride;
Dry-withering, waste my foamy
streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

II.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes
amang
In gasping death to wallow.

III.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That, to a Bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry;
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween.
 Ev'n as I was, he shor'd me;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

IV.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say 't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

V.

Would, then, my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring
 trees
 And bonie spreading bushes.
 Delighted doubly then, my lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen monie a grateful bird
 Return you tune'ful thanks.

VI.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir;
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite
 clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow,
 The robin, pensive Autumn cheer
 In all her locks of yellow.

VII.

This, too, a covert shall ensure
 To shield them from the storm;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form:

Here shall the shepherd make his
 seat
 To weave his crown of flow'rs;
 Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat
 From prone-descending show'rs.

VIII.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth,
 As empty idle care:
 The flow'rs shall vie, in all their
 charms,
 The hou' of heav'n to grace;
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

IX.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing Bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn
 And misty mountain grey;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

X.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
 Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn,
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn!

XI.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land!
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be: 'Athole's honest men
 And Athole's bonie lasses!'

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

["This was the production of a solitary forenoon's walk from Oughtertyre House. I lived there, the guest of Sir William Murray, for two or three weeks [October, 1787], and was much flattered by my hospitable reception."—R. B.]

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain!

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays
Far from human haunts and ways,
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if Man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes, and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

VERSES WRITTEN WITH
A PENCILOVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE
PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KEN-
MORE, TAYMOUTH.

[Burns visited Taymouth Aug. 29, 1787. In regard to the poem, he says: "I wrote this with a pencil over the chimney-piece in the parlor of the inn at Kenmore, at the outlet of Loch Tay."]

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet
I trace;

O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,

Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides:

The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;

Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement fills:

The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,

The palace rising on his verdant side,
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,

The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,

The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,

The village glittering in the noontide
beam —

.

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy
cell;
'The sweeping theatre of hanging
woods,
Th' incessant roar of headlong tum-
bling floods —

.

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-
taught lyre,
And look through Nature with crea-
tive fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half
reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might
wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely
bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rank-
ling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-
ward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon
man.

.

LINES ON THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH NESS.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE
SPOT.

["I composed these lines standing on the
brink of the hideous caldron below the
waterfall." — (R. B.) He visited the Fall
of Fyers on Sept. 5, 1787.]

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged
woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy
floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky
mounds,

Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his
stream resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents
flow,

As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening
sheet descends,

And viewless Echo's car, astonish'd,
rends.

Dim-seen through rising mists and
ceaseless show'rs.

The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding,
lours:

Still thro' the gap the struggling river
toils,

And still, below, the horrid caldron
boils —

.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POST- HUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES
OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

[Composed in November, 1790, on re-
ceiving a letter from Mrs. Dunlop announc-
ing that her daughter, Mrs. Henri, whose
husband had died about five months pre-
viously, had borne a son.]

I.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,

And ward o' monie a prayer,

What heart o' stane wad thou na
move,

Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

II.

November hirkles o'er the lea,

Chill, on thy lovely form;

And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,

Should shield thee frae the storm.

III.

Mav He who gives the rain to pour,

And wings the blast to blaw,

Protect thee frae the driving show'r,

The bitter frost and snaw!

IV.

May He, the friend of Woe and Want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds !

V.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn,
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

VI.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land !

THE WHISTLE.

A Ballad.

[Professor Wilson says of "The Whistle"—"It is perhaps an improper poem in priggish eyes, but, in the eyes of Bacchus, the best of triumphal odes." Regarding the poet's share in the transaction, Professor Wilson says, "Burns, that evening, was sitting with his eldest child on his knee, teaching him to say 'Dad !'—that night he was lying in his own bed, with bonie Jean by his side, and 'yon bright god of day' saluted him next morning at the *scaur* above the glittering Nith." For the prose history of "The Whistle," see NOTES.]

I.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of
worth.
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the
North,
Was brought to the court of our good
Scottish King,
And long with this Whistle all Scot-
land shall ring.

II.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fin-
gal,
The God of the Bottle sends down
from his hall.

'This Whistle's your challenge, to
Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to Hell, Sir ! or ne'er
see me more !'

III.

Old poets have sung, and old chroni-
cles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what
champions fell :
The son of great Loda was conqueror
still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem
shrill.

IV.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and
the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd
in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep
as the sea ;
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker
than he.

V.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy
has gain'd ;
Which now in his house has for ages
remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of
his blood,
The jovial contest again have re-
new'd.

VI.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts
clear of flaw ;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth,
and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in
old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in
old wines.

VII.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue
smooth as oil,

Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the
 spoil;
 Or else he would muster the heads of
 the clan,
 And once more, in claret, try which
 was the man.

VIII.

'By the gods of the ancients!' Glen-
 riddel replies,
 'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
 I'll conjure the ghost of the great
 Roric More,
 And bumper his horn with him
 twenty times o'er.'

IX.

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech
 would pretend,
 But he ne'er turn'd his back on his
 foe, or his friend;
 Said:—'Toss down the Whistle, the
 prize of the field,'
 And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die
 ere he'd yield.

X.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes
 repair,
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and
 care;
 But for wine and for welcome not
 more known to fame
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a
 sweet lovely dame.

XI.

A Bard was selected to witness the
 fray
 And tell future ages the feats of the
 day;
 A Bard who detested all madness and
 spleen
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard
 had been.

XII.

The dinner being over, the claret they
 ply,
 And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of
 joy;
 In the bands of old friendship and
 kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the
 more they were wet.

XIII.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran
 o'er;
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joy-
 ous a core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was
 quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next
 morn.

XIV.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out
 the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the
 fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of
 red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their
 ancestor did.

XV.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious
 and sage,
 No longer the warfare ungodly would
 wage:
 A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
 He left the foul business to folks less
 divine.

XVI.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to
 the end;
 But who can with Fate and quart
 bumpers contend?
 Though Fate said, a hero should per-
 ish in light;
 So uprose bright Phœbus and down
 fell the knight.

XVII.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet
in drink:—

‘Craigdarroch, thou’lt soar when crea-
tion shall sink!

But if thou would flourish immortal in
rhyme,

Come—one bottle more—and have
at the sublime!

XVIII.

‘Thy line, that have struggled for
freedom with Bruce,

Shall heroes and patriots ever pro-
duce:

So thin: be the laurel, and mine be
the bay;

The field thou hast won, by yon bright
God of Day!’

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

[This poem was suggested to Burns by a chance visit, in company with Richmond and Smith, to the “doss-house” of Pooisie Nansie, as Agnes Gibson was nicknamed, in the Cowgate, Mauchline. The jollity of the vagrants amused the poet, and he composed the “Jolly Beggars” a few days afterwards. Matthew Arnold calls it a “puissant and splendid production.” See NOTES.]

RECITATIVO.

I.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird,

Bedim could Boreas’ blast;

When hailstones drive wi’ bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to hite,

In hoary cranreuch drest;

Ae night at e’en a merry core

O’ randie, gangrel bodies

In Pooisie-Nansie’s held the splore,

To drink their orra duddies:

Wi’ quaffing and laughing.

They ranted an’ they sang,

Wi’ jumping an’ thumping
The vera girdle rang.

II.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags
Ane sat, weel brac’d wi’ mealy bags

And knapsack a’ in order;

His doxy lay within his arm;

Wi’ usquebae an’ blankets warm,

She blinket on her sodger.

An’ ay he gies the tozie drab

The tither skelpin kiss,

While she held up her greedy gab

Just like an aumous dish:

Ilk smack still did crack still

Like onie cadger’s whup;

Then, swaggering an’ staggering,

He roard this ditty up:—

AIR.

TUNE: *Soldier’s Joy.*

I.

I am a son of Mars, who have been
in many wars.

And show my cuts and scars wher-
ever I come:

This here was for a wench, and that
other in a trench

When welcoming the French at the
sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, *etc.*

II.

My prenticeship I past, where my
leader breath’d his last,

When the bloody die was cast on
the heights of Abram;

And I serv’d out my trade when the
gallant game was play’d,

And the Moro low was laid at the
sound of the drum.

III.

I lastly was with Curtis among the
floating batt’ries,

And there I left for witness an arm
and a limb;

Yet let my country need me, with
Eliott to head me
I'd clatter on my stumps at the
sound of the drum.

IV.

And now, tho' I must beg with a
wooden arm and leg
And many a tatter'd rag hanging
over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my
bottle, and my callet
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow
a drum.

V.

What tho' with hoary locks I must
stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks often-
times for a home?
When the tother bag I sell, and the
totther bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of Hell at the
sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, *etc.*

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk.
An' seek the benmost bore:
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out *Encore!*
But up arose the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar:—

AIR.

TUNE: *Sodger Laddie.*

I.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell
when,
And still my delight is in proper
young men.
Some one of a troop of dragoons was
my daddie:

No wonder I'm fond of a sodger
laddie!

Sing, lal de dal, *etc.*

II.

The first of my loves was a swagger-
ing blade:
To rattle the thundering drum was
his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek
was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger
laddie.

III.

But the godly old chaplain left him
in the lurch;
The sword I forsook for the sake of
the church;
He risked the soul, and I ventur'd
the body:
'Twas then I prov'd false to my
sodger laddie.

IV.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified
sot;
The regiment at large for a husband
I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife
I was ready:
I ask'd no more but a sodger laddie.

V.

But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in
despair,
Till I met my old boy in a Cunning-
ham Fair;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so
gaudy:
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger
laddie.

VI.

And now I have liv'd—I know not
how long!
But still I can join in a cup and a
song;

And whilst with both hands I can
hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger
laddie!

Sing, *lal de dal, etc.*

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry-Andrew in the neuk
Sat guzzling wi' a tankler-bizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae
busy.

At length, wi' drink an' courting
dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face;
Then turn'd an' laid a smack on
Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grim-
ace:—

AIR.

TUNE: *Auld Sir Symon.*

I.

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;
Sir Knave is a fool in a session:
He's there but a prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

II.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
An' I held awa to the school:
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool?

III.

For drink I wad venture my neck;
A bizzie's the half of my craft:
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

IV.

I ance was tyed up like a stirk
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk
For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

V.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
Let naeboddy name wi' a jeer:
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

VI.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob?
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It's rivalryship just i' the job!

VII.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith! I'm confoundedly dry:
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid Lord! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a rauce carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleeck the sterlin,
For monie a pursie she had hookèd,
An' had in monie a well been doukèd.
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the wacfu' woodie!
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highland-
man:—

AIR.

TUNE: *O, An' Ye Were Dead, Guidman.*

I.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The lalland laws he held in scorn,
But he still, was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Chorus.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

II.

With his philibeg, an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

III.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay,
For a lalland face he fear'd none.
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

IV.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

V.

But, Och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast.
My curse upon them every one —
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!

VI.

And now a widow I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman.

Chorus.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

RECITATIVO.

I.

A pigmy scraper on a fiddle,
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb an' gawsie middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn 't ou fire.

II.

Wi' hand on hainch and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an *arioso* key
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga* solo: —

AIR.

TUNE: *Whistle Ower the Lave O't.*

I.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear;
An' go wi' me an' be my dear,
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid
Was *Whistle Ower the Lave O't.*

II.

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
An' O, sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing *Whistle Ower the Lave O't.*

III.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursels about the dyke;
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll — whistle owre the lave o't!

IV.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid
Was *Whistle Ower the Lave O't.*

RECITATIVO.

I.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird
 As weel as poor gut-scraper;
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,
 An' draws a roosty rapier;
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he would from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

II.

Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedle-Dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 An' sae the quarrel ended.
 But tho' his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinkler prest her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve
 When thus the caird address'd
 her:—

AIR.

TUNE: *Clout the Cauldron.*

I.

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station;
 I've travell'd round all Christian
 ground
 In this my occupation;
 I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they search'd when off I
 march'd
 To go an' clout the cauldron.

II.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd
 imp,
 With a' his noise an' cap'rin,
 An' take a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron!
 And by that stowp, my faith an'
 houp!
 And by that dear Kilbaigie!
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie!

RECITATIVO.

I.

The caird prevail'd: th' unblushing
 fair
 In his embraces sunk.
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

II.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie:
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft
 Behint the chicken cawie;
 Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
 Tho' limpin' wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,
 An' shor'd them 'Dainty Davie'
 O' boot that night.

III.*

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed!
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart, she ever miss'd it.
 He had no wish but -- to be glad,
 Nor want but -- when he thirsted,
 He hated nought but -- to be sad;
 An' thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE: *For A' That An' A' That.*

I.

I am a Bard, of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks an' a' that,
 But Homer-like the glowrin byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

Chorus.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle 's a' that,
 I've lost but ane, I've twa beliin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

II.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams, an' richly reams —
My Helicon I ca' that.

III.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to throw that.

IV.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the fie may stang,
Let inclination law that!

V.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, an' here's the
Sex!
I like the jads for a' that.

Chorus.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that,
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that!

RECITATIVO.

So sung the Bard, and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth!
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd
their duds,
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,
To quench their lowin drouth.
Then owre again the jovial thrang
The Poet did request
To lowse his pack, an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best:
He rising, rejoicing
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus: —

AIR.

TUNE: *Jolly Mortals, Fill Your Glasses.*

I.

See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

Chorus.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

II.

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'T is no matter how or where!

III.

With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable
Hug our doxies on the hay.

IV.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

V.

Life is all a variorum.
We regard not how it goes;
Let them prate about decorum,
Who have character to lose.

VI.

Here's to-budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all, cry out, Amen!

Chorus.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

SATIRES AND VERSES.

THE TWA HERDS: OR, THE
HOLY TULYIE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

*Blockheads with reason verded with abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.*

—LOPE.

["This is one of the earliest of Burns's 'priest-skelpling turns.' The ferment of popular hatred of John Knox (sometimes expressed orally in his lifetime) at last informs a Scotch poem. Burns says, 'With a certain description of the clergy as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause.' He did not publish it. The 'herds' were Mr. Moodie (of Riccarton) and Mr. John Russell (of Kulmanock). The quarrel was about parish boundaries. 'The right of the brutes to choose their herds' ought to have commended itself to a democrat; but Burns's politics were never consistent, and the 'New Lights' were his personal friends." —ANDREW LANG.]

I.

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox
Or worrying tykes?
Or wha will tent the waifs an' crocks
About the dykes?

II.

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast
These five an' twenty simmers past —
O, dool to tell! —
Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel.

III.

O Moodie, man, an' wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle?

Ye'll see how New Light herds will
whistle,

An' think it fine!

The Lord's cause gat na sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

IV.

O Sirs! whae'er wad hae expectit
Your duty ye wad sac neglectit?
Ye wha were no by lairds respectit
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves electit
To be their guide!

V.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could
rank,
Sae hale an' hearty every shank?
Nae poison'd, soor Arminian stank
He let them taste;
But Calvin's fountainhead they
drank —
O, sic a feast!

VI.

The thummart, wilcat, brock, an' tod
Weel ken his voice thro' a' the wood;
He smell'd their ilka hole an' road,
Baith out and in;
An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid
An' sell their skin.

VII.

What herd like Russell tell'd his
tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and
dale;
He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height:
An' tell'd gin they were sick or hale
At the first sight.

VIII.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub;
Or nobly swing the gospel club;
Or New-Light herds could nicely
drub

And pay their skin;
Or hing them o'er the burning dub
Or heave them in.

IX.

Sic twa — O, do I live to see 't? —
Sic famous twa sud disagree 't.
An' names like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gie'n,
While New-Light herds wi' laughin
spite

Say neither 's liein!

X.

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
Thee Duncan deep, an' Peebles shaul',
But chiefly great apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them hot an'
cauld

Till they agree!

XI.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset:
There's scarce a new herd that we
get
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name:
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame!

XII.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
An' baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black an' blae
Wi' vengefu' paws.

XIII.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mis-
chief:
We thought ay death wad bring re-
lief,
But he has gotten to our grief
Ane to succeed him,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our
beef —
I meikle dread him.

XIV.

An' monie nae that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang oursel:
There's Smith for aye —
I doubt he's but a greyneck still,
An' that ye'll fin'!

XV.

O a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, an' fells,
Come, join your counsel and your
skills
To cove the lairds,
An' get the brutes the power themsels
To chuse their herds!

XVI.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
An' Learning in a woody dance,
An' that fell cur ca'd Common-sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France —
Let him bark there!

XVII.

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's elo-
quence,
M'Gill's close, nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic, manly sense,
An' guid M'Math
Wha thro' the heart can brawly glance,
May a' pack aff!

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

And send the godly in a pet to pray.

— POPE.

["This attack on Calvinism dates between August, 1784, when Hamilton was threatened with a form of excommunication, and July, 1785, when the case ended (Scott Douglas). The Presbytery of Ayr freed him from ecclesiastical censure for the time. Later he was accused of having potatoes dug on Sunday. His own servants were brought as witnesses against him! Burns, naturally, never included the poem among his works. Willie was William Fisher, an Elder in Mauchline. M. Angellier discovered that he was employed as a Presbyterian Inquisitor on Jean Armour's case. If he died in a ditch, after a debauch, as was said, Burns, too, is said, shortly before his death, 'to have fallen asleep on the snow, on his way home' from 'a tavern dinner' (Lockhart). There is a similar story in the Legend of Shakespeare.

"The MSS. and printed copies differ in many places from each other. The common text is that of Stewart's editions. The sixth verse first appears in that of 1802." — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

O THOU that in the heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to Heaven an' ten to Hell
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done before Thee!

II.

I bless and praise Thy matchless
might,
When thousands Thou hast left in
night,
That I am here before Thy sight,
For gitts an' grace
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

III.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause!

IV.

When from my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me deep in
hell
To gnash my gooms, and weep, and
wail
In burning lakes,
Whare damn'd devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to their stakes.

V.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and
ample:
I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example
To a' Thy flock!

VI.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must:
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
An' sometimes, too, in worldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled wi' sin.

VII.

O Lord! yestreen, Thou kens, wi'
Meg —
Thy pardon I sincerely beg —
O, may't ne'er be a living plague
To my dishonour!
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

VIII.

Besides, I farther maun avow —
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times, I trow —

But, Lord, that Friday I was fou,
 When I cam near her.
 Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
 Wad never steer her.

IX.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Buffet thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre proud and high should
 turn

That he's sae gifted:
 If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne
 Until Thou lift it.

X.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
 For here Thou has a chosen race!
 But God confound their stulborn face
 An' blast their name,
 Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
 An' open shame!

XI.

Lord, mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts:
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at
 cartes,
 Yet has sae monie takin arts
 Wi' great and sma',
 Frae God's ain Priest the people's
 hearts
 He steals awa.

XII.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 And set the world in a roar
 O' laughin at us:
 Curse Thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes!

XIII.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r
 Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr!
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it
 bare
 Upo' their heads!
 Lord, visit them, an' dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds!

XIV.

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd
 Aiken,
 My vera heart and flesh are quakin
 To think how we stood sweatin,
 shakin,
 An' pish'd wi' dread,
 While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
 Held up his head.

XV.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him!
 Lord, visi' him wha did employ him!
 And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
 Nor hear their pray'r,
 But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
 An' dinna spare!

XVI.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
 That I for grace an' gear may shine
 Excell'd by nane;
 And a' the glory shall be Thine —
 Amen, Amen!

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

[The occasion of this satire was the publication of an essay on "The Death of Jesus Christ," by Dr. William M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr. A complaint against the essay, as being heterodox, was presented on April 15 to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. The synod referred the case to the Presbytery of Ayr. The matter was finally compromised by M'Gill's offering an explanation and apology, which the synod accepted. M'Gill died March 30, 1807.]

I.

ORTHODOX! orthodox! —
 Wha believe in John Knox —
 Let me sound an alarm to your con-
 science:
 A heretic blast
 Has been blawn i' the Wast,

That what is not sense must be non-sense —

Orthodox!

That what is not sense must be non-sense.

II.

Dr. Mac! Dr. Mac!

You should stretch on a rack,
To strike wicked Writers wi' terror:
To join faith and sense,
Upon onie pretence.

Was heretic, damnable error —

Dr. Mac!

'Twas heretic, damnable error.

III.

Town of Ayr! Town of Ayr!

It was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing:
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And Orator Bob is its ruin —
Town of Ayr!
And Orator Bob is its ruin.

IV.

D'rymple mild! D'rymple mild!
Tho' your heart's like a child,
An' your life like the new-driven
snaw,
Yet that winna save ye:
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and
twa —
D'rymple mild!
For preaching that three's ane and
twa.

V.

Calvin's sons! Calvin's sons!
Seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need:
Your hearts are the stuff
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are store-houses o'
lead —
Calvin's sons!
Your skulls are store-houses o' lead.

VI.

Rumble John! Rumble John!
Mount the steps with a groan,
Cry: — 'The book is wi' heresy
cramm'd';
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note o' the damn'd —
Rumble John!
And roar every note o' the damn'd.

VII.

Simper James! Simper James!
Leave the fair Killie dames —
There's a holier chase in your view:
I'll lay on your head
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but
few —
Simper James!
For puppies like you there's but
few.

VIII.

Singet Sawnie! Singet Sawnie!
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl
Alarm every soul.
For the Foul Thief is just at your
gate —
Singet Sawnie!
The Foul Thief is just at your gate.

IX.

Daddie Auld! Daddie Auld!
There's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk:
Tho' ye can do little skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark —
Daddie Auld!
For gif ye canna bite ye may bark.

X.

Davie Rant! Davie Rant!
In a face like a saunt

And a heart that would poison a hog,
 Raise an impudent roar,
 Like a breaker lee-shore,
 Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog
 Davie Rant !
 Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog.

XI.

Jamie Goose ! Jamie Goose !
 Ye hae made but toom roose
 In hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
 But the Doctor's your mark,
 For the Lord's haly ark,
 He has cooper'd, and ca'd a wrang
 pin in 't —
 Jamie Goose !
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang
 pin in 't.

XII.

Poet Willie ! Poet Willie !
 Gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your 'Liberty's chain' and your
 wit :
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where
 he shit —
 Poet Willie !
 Ye smelt but the place where he
 shit.

XIII.

Andro' Gowk ! Andro Gowk !
 Ye may slander the Book,
 And the Book not the waur, let me
 tell ye :
 Ye are rich, and look big,
 But lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma'
 value —
 Andro Gowk !
 Ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

XIV.

Barr Steenie ! Barr Steenie !
 What mean ye ? what mean ye ?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the
 matter,

Ye may hae some pretence
 To havins and sense
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better —
 Barr Steenie !
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

XV.

Irvine-side ! Irvine-side !
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 Of manhood but sma' is your share :
 Ye've the figure, 't is true,
 Even your faes will allow,
 And your friends daurna say ye hae
 mair —
 Irvine-side !
 Your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

XVI.

Muirland Jock ! Muirland Jock !
 Whom the Lord gave a stock
 Wad set up a tinkler in brass,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To prove the poor Doctor an ass —
 Muirland Jock !
 To prove the poor Doctor an ass.

XVII.

Holy Will ! Holy Will !
 There was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the
 poor :
 The timmer is scant,
 When ye're taen for a saunt
 Wha should swing in a rape for an
 hour —
 Holy Will !
 Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

XVIII.

Poet Burns ! Poet Burns !
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire ?
 Your Muse is a gipsy,
 Yet were she ev'n tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we
 are —
 Poet Burns !
 Ye could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPTS

I.

AFTON'S Laird ! Afton's Laird !
 When your pen can be spared,
 A copy of this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 As I mention'd before,
 To that trusty auld worthy, Clack-
 leith —
 Afton's Laird !
 To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

II.

FACTOR JOHN ! Factor John !
 Whom the Lord made alone,
 And ne'er made another thy peer,
 Thy poor servant, the Bard,
 In respectful regard
 He presents thee this token sincere —
 Factor John !
 He presents thee this token sincere.

A POET'S WELCOME TO HIS
 LOVE-BEGOTTEN DAUGHTER.

THE FIRST INSTANCE THAT ENTITLED
 HIM TO THE VENERABLE APPELLA-
 TION OF FATHER.

[The "wean" of this generous and delightful Address was the poet's daughter Elizabeth, by Elizabeth Paton, for some time a servant at Lochlie. The child was born in November, 1784. She was brought by her father to Mossiel. She married John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, and died 8th January, 1817, leaving several children.]

I.

THOU'S welcome, wean! Mishanter
 fa' me,
 If thoughts o' thee or yet thy mammie
 Shall ever daunt me or awe me,
 My sweet, wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tyta or daddie !

II.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name in kintra clatter?
 The mair they talk, I'm kend the
 better;
 E'en let them clash!
 An' auld wife's tongue's a feckless
 matter
 To gie ane fash.

III.

Welcome, my bonie, sweet, wee doch-
 ter !
 Tho' ye come here a wee unsought
 for,
 And tho' your comin I hae fought for
 Baith kirk and queir;
 Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought
 for —
 That I shall swear !

IV.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
 My funny toil is no a' tint:
 Tho' thou cam to the warl' asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at,
 In my last plack thy part's be in't
 The better half o't.

V.

Tho' I should be the waur bestead,
 Thou's be as braw and bienly clad,
 And thy young years as nicely bred
 Wi' education,
 As onie brat o' wedlock's bed
 In a' thy station.

VI.

Wee image o' my bonie Betty,
 As fatherly I kiss and daut thee,
 As dear and near my heart I set
 thee,
 Wi' as guid will,
 As a' the priests had seen me get
 thee
 That's out o' Hell.

VII.

Guid grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's looks an' gracefu' merit,
An' thy poor, worthless daddie's spirit
Without his failins!

'T will please me mair to see thee
heir it

Than stocket mailins.

VIII.

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
I'll never rue my trouble wi' thee —

The cost nor shame o't —
But be a loving father to thee,
And brag the name o't.

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE
SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

[The "Inventory" was addressed to Mr.
Robert Aiken, of Ayr, surveyor of taxes for
the district.]

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list
O' guids and gear an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cat-
tle: —

I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle
As ever drew before a pettle:
My lan'-afore's a guid auld 'has
been.'

An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days
been.

My lan'-ahin's a weel-gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae
Killie,

An' your auld borough monie a time
In days when riding was nae crime.
(But ance, when in my wooing pride
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to —

Lord, pardon a' my sins, an' that
too! —

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.)
My fur-ahin's a wordy beast
As e'er in tug or tow was traced.
The fourth's a Highland Donald
hastie,

A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
Foreby, a cowie, o' cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail:
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few:
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow — mair for
token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are
broken:
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous
boys,

Run-deils for fechtin an' for noise:
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other,
Wee Davoc hands the nowte in
fother.

I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely;
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the *Questions* tainge them
tightly:

Till, faich! wee Davoc's grown sae
gleg,

Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
He'll screed you aff 'Effectual Call-
ing'

As fast as onie in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servan' station
(Lord keep me ay frae a' tempta-
tion!):

I hae nae wife — and that my bliss
is —

An' ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the deevils darena touch me.

Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented:
Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted!

My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,

She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace:
But her, my bonie, sweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already;
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
By the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither!

But pray, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin':
Frae this time forth, I do declare
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit,
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
The Kirk and you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat:
Sae dinna put me in your beuk,
Nor for my ten white shillings leuk.

This list, wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under notit;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

A MAUCHLINE WEDDING.

[This good-natured squib was enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Aug. 21, 1788, and was published for the first time in the "Centenary" Burns, from the Lochryan Mss.]

I.

WHEN Eighty-five was seven months auld
And wearing thro' the aught,
When tolling rains and Boreas bauld
Gied farmer-folks a faught;

Ae morning quondam Mason W . . ,
Now Merchant Master Miller,
Gaed down to meet wi' Nansie B . . ,
And her Jamaica siller
To wed, that day.

II.

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen
Was just appearing fairly,
When Nell and Bess got up to dress
Seven lang half-hours o'er early!
Now presses clink, and drawers jink,
For linens and for laces:
But modest Muses only *think*
What ladies' underdress is
On sic a day!

III.

But we'll suppose the stays are lac'd,
And bonie bosoms steekit,
Tho' thro' the lawn—but guess the rest!
An angel scarce durst keek it.
Then stockings fine o' silken twine
Wi' cannie care are drawn up;
An' garten'd tight where mortal wight—

* * * *

As I never wrote it down my recollection
does not entirely serve me.

IV.

But now the gown wi' rustling sound
Its silken pomp displays;
Sure there's nae sin in being vain
O' siccan bonie claes!
Sae jimp the waist, the tail sae vast—
Trough, they were bonie birdies!
O Mither Eve, ye wad been grieve
To see their ample hurdies
Sae large that day!

V.

Then Sandy, wi' s red jacket braw,
Comes whip-jee-woa! about,
And in he gets the bonie twa—
Lord, send them safely out!

And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz,
 As braid and braw 's a Bailie,
 His shouthers and his Sunday's jiz
 Wi' powther and wi' ulzie
 Weelsmeard that day. . . .

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER.

[The interlocutor in this intercession was Burns's brother-in-law, who was concerned in a piece of rustic lynch-law.]

I.

GUDE pity me, because I 'm little!
 For though I am an elf o' mettle,
 And can like onie wabster's shuttle
 Jink there or here,
 Yet, scarce as lang 's a guid kail-whittle,
 I 'm unco queer.

II.

An' now Thou kens our woefu' case :
 For Geordie's jurr we 're in disgrace.
 Because we stang'd her through the
 place,
 An' hurt her spleuchan ;
 For whilk we daurna show our face
 Within the clachan.

III.

An' now we're dern'd in dens and
 hollows,
 And hunted, as was William Wallace,
 Wi' constables — the blackguard fal-
 lows —
 An' sodgers baith ;
 But Gude preserve us frae the gallows,
 That shameful' death!

IV.

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's
 self —
 O, shake him owre the mouth o' Hell!
 There let him hing, an' roar, an' yell
 Wi' hideous din,
 And if he offers to rebel,
 Then heave him in!

V.

When Death comes in wi' glimmerin
 blink,
 An' tips auld drucken Nanse the wink,
 May Sautan gie her doup a clink
 Within his yett,
 An' fill her up wi' brimstone drink
 Red-reekin het.

VI.

Though Jock an' hav'rel Jean are
 merry,
 Some devil seize them in a hurry,
 An' waft them in th' infernal wherry
 Straught through the lake,
 An' gie their hides a noble curry
 Wi' oil of aik!

VII.

As for the jurr — pair worthless
 body! —
 She 's got mischief enough already ;
 Wi' stanget hips and buttocks bluidy
 She 's suffer'd sair ;
 But may she wintle in a woody
 If she whore mair!

THE COURT OF EQUITY.

AS PRINTED IN AITKEN'S ALDINE
 EDITION, 1893.

["The Court of Equity" was dated 'Mauchline, 12th May, 1786,' and probably written in the previous year, in which Burns chronicled certain of the doings of the bachelors who were in the habit of meeting in the Whitefoord Arms. They constituted themselves into a mock Court — Burns being president, Smith fiscal, and Richmond clerk — to examine into the 'scandals' in Mauchline, and, in particular, to bring to book 'marauders,' or offenders against ordinary sexual morality, who sought by various means to escape the penalty of their offences. It is full of humanity and tenderness, but [parts of it are] too 'broad'

for publication." — CHAMBERS, *revised by*
WILLIAM WALLACE.]

IN Truth and Honor's name. Amen.
Know all men by these presents plain,
This twalt o' May at Mauchline
given;

The year 'tween eighty-five an' seven;
We (all marauders,) by profession,
As per extractum from each Session;
In way and manner here narrated,
Pro bono Amor congregated;

And by our Brethren constituted,
A Court of Equity deputed:
With special authoris'd direction,
To take beneath our strict protection
The stays out-bursting, quondam
maiden,

With growing life and anguish laden,
That by the rascal is deny'd

Who led her thoughtless steps aside;
He who disowns the ruin'd fair one,
And for her wants and woes does
care none;

The wretch that can refuse assistance
To those whom he has given exist-
ence;

The knave who takes a private stroke
Beneath his sanctimonious cloak!

The coof who stan's on clishma-
clavers

When lasses hafflins offer favors;
All who in any way or manner
Distain the (bold marauder's) honor,
We take cognizance there anent,

The proper judges competent
First, Poet Burns, he takes the Chair;
Allow'd by a', his title's fair;
And past *nem. con.* without dissen-
sion,

He has a duplicate pretension.
The second, Smith, our worthy Fiscal,
To cow each pertinacious rascal:

In this, as ev'ry other statc,
His merit is conspicuous great.

Richmond, the third, our trusty Clerk,
Our minutes regular to mark;

And sit dispenser of the law
In absence of the former twa.

The fourth our messenger-at-arms,

When failing all the milder terms,
Hunter, a hearty, willing Brother,
Weel skill'd in dead an' living leather.
Without preamble, less or more said,
We body politic aforesaid,
With legal, due whereas, and where-
fore,

We are appointed here to care for
The interests of our Constituents,
And punish contravening truants,

* * * * *

Then Brown an' Dow above-design'd
For clags an' clauses there subjoin'd,
We, Court aforesaid, cite and sum-
mon,

That on the fourth o' June in comin',
The hour o' Cause, in our Court ha'
At Whitefoord's Arms, ye answer
Law.

But, as reluctantly we punish,
An' rather mildly would admonish:
Since better punishment prevented
Than obstinacy sair repented;
Then, for that ancient secret's sake
You have the honor to partake;
An' for that noble badge you wear,
You, Sandie Dow, our Brother dear,
We give you as a man and mason,
This private, sober, friendly lesson.
Your crime, a manly deed we view it.
A man alone can only do it;
But, in denial persevering,
Is to a scoundrel's name adhering.

* * * * *

To tell the truth's a manly lesson,
An' doubly proper in a Mason.

* * * * *

This, our *futurum est* Decreet,
We mean it not to keep a secret;
But in our summons here insert it,
And whoso dares may controvert it,
This mark'd before the date and
place is;

Subsignum est per Burns the Preses.

(L. S.) B . . .

This summons and the Signet mark
Extractum est, per Richmond, Clerk,
R . . . d.

At Mauchline, twenty-fifth of May,
About the twalt hour o' the day,
You twa, in *propria persona*,
Before design'd Sandie and Johnnie,
This summons legally have got,
As *vide* Witness under-wrote:
Within the house of John Dove,
Vintner.
Nunc facio hoc — Guillelmus Hunter.

NATURE'S LAW.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAM-
ILTON, ESQUIRE.

Great Nature spoke, observant man obeyed.
POPE.

[The day celebrated here is Sept. 3, 1786.
On the 6th of that month Burns wrote:
"You will have heard that poor Armour
has repaid my amorous mortgage double.
A very fine boy and a girl have awakened
a thought and feelings that thrill, some with
tender pressure, and some with foreboding
angush, through my soul."]

I.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks o' sturt and strife,
But other poets sing of wars,
The plagues o' human life!
Shame fa' the fun: wi' sword and
gun
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame
Wha multiplies our number.

II.

Great Nature spoke, with air be-
nign: —
'Go on, ye human race;
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire,
I've poured it in each bosom;

Here on this hand does mankind
stand,
And there, is Beauty's blossom!'

III.

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly Bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth and glee:
Kind Nature's care had given his
share
Large of the flaming current;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

IV.

He felt the powerful, high behest
Thrill vital thro' and thro';
And sought a correspondent breast
To give obedience due.
Propitious Powers screen'd the young
flow'rs
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the Bard — a great reward —
Has got a double portion!

V.

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes an' other times
To emulate his sire,
To sing auld Coil in nobler style
With more poetic fire!

VI.

Ye Powers of peace and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes,
And bless auld Coila large and long
With multiplying joys!
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations,
And Burnses spring her fame to sing
To endless generations!

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

[Basil William, Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk, whom Burns met at Professor Dugald Stewart's villa, at Cairnec.]

I.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns :
I, Rhymèr Rab, *alias* Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprach'd up the brae
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

II.

I've been at drucken Writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly
Priests —
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken! —
I've even join'd the honor'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships o' the Quo-
rum
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

III.

But wi' a Lord! — stand out my shin!
A Lord, a Peer, an Earl's son! —
Up higher yet my bonnet!
An' sic a Lord! — lang Scotch ell twa
Our Peerage he looks o'er them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

IV.

But O, for Hogarth's magic pow'r
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
An' how he star'd an' stam-
mer'd,
When, goavin's he'd been led wi'
branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd!

V.

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthènes :
Thinks I : ' They are but men !'

K

But 'Burns'! — 'My Lord'! — Good
God! I doited.
My knees on ane anither knoited
As faultering I gae'd ben.

VI.

I sidling shelter'd in a neuk,
An' at his Lordship staw a leuk,
Like some portentous omen :
Except good sense and social glee
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I mark'd nought uncommon.

VII.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great —
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming :
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest plough-
man!

VIII.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as well 's another ;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthfu' Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH- ACHE.

[Burns in later letters specially refers to this "Hell o' a' diseases," but he probably suffered from it at different periods. Published, October, 1797.]

I.

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gooms alang,
An' thro' my lug gies monie a twang
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

II.

A' down my beard the slavers trickle,
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 While round the fire the gidgets keckle
 To see me loup,
 An', raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were i' their doup!

III.

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
 Our neebors sympathise to ease us
 Wi' pitying moan;
 But thee!—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 They mock our groan!

IV.

Of a' the num'rous human dools—
 Ill-hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy frien's laid i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—
 Thou bear'st the gree!

V.

Whare'er that place be priests ca'
 Hell,
 Whare a' the tones o' misery yeil,
 An' rankèd plagues their numbers
 tell
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the
 bell
 Amang them a'!

VI.

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
 Till humankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick,
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's toothache.

LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH, PUBLISHER.

[In enclosing these verses to Mr. Creech, Burns writes: "The enclosed I have just wrote, nearly extempore, in a solitary inn in Selkirk, after a miserable wet day's riding."]

I.

Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel burnish'd
 crest,
 Nae joy her bonie huskit nest
 Can yield awa:
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie, 's awa.

II.

O, Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco sleight!
 Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
 And trig an' brow;
 But now they'll busk her like a
 fright—
 Willie's awa!

III.

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd—
 That was a law:
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
 Willie's awa!

IV.

Now gawkie, tawpies, gowks, and
 fools
 Frae colleges and boarding schools
 May sprout like simmer puddock-
 stools
 In glen or shaw:
 He wha could brush them down to
 mools,
 Willie, 's awa!

V.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chau-
mer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu'
clamour:
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a'.
I fear they'll now mak monie a stam-
mer:

Willie's awa!

VI.

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour,
And toothy Critics by the score
In bloody raw:
The adjutant of a' the core,
Willie's awa!

VII.

Now worthy Greg'ry's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest
grace,
M'Kenzie, Stewart, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw,
They a' maun meet some ither place—
Willie's awa!

VIII.

Poor Burns ev'n 'Scotch Drink' can-
na quicken:
He cheeps like some bewilder'd
chicken
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw.
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin—
Willie's awa!

IX.

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd, girnin bllel-
lum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
Ilk self-conceited critic-skellum
His quill may draw:
He wha could brawlie ward their
bellum,
Willie's awa!

X.

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I've
sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks, now roaring red
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled:
Willie's awa!

XI.

May I be Slander's common speech,
A text for Infamy to preach,
And, lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw,
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa?

XII.

May never wicked Fortune touzle
him,
May never wicked men bamboozle
him,
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed new Jerusalem
Fleet-wing awa!

VERSES IN FRIARS CARSE
HERMITAGE.

[Friars Carse was the estate of Captain Riddell, of Glenriddell, beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, near Ellisland. The Hermitage was a decorated cottage which the proprietor had erected.]

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam;

Fame a restless airy dream ;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, th' tend'rest flow'r of
spring :

Those that sip the dew alone —
Make the butterflies thy own ;
Those that would the bloom devour —
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepar'd :
Guard wherever thou can'st guard ;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past give thou to air —
Make their consequence thy care.
Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart
Him, whose wondrous work thou art ;
Keep His Goodness still in view —
Thy trust, and thy example too.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
Quod the Beadsman on Niddside.

ELEGY ON THE DEPARTED YEAR 1788.

[On the same day that Burns composed this, he penned a beautiful letter to Mrs. Dunlop, which has been much admired. Printed in "The Courier," 1789.]

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn ;
E'en let them die — for that they're
horn ;
But O, prodigious to reflect,
A Towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck !
O Eighty-Eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place !
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !
In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
An' my auld teetheless Bawtie's dead ;
The tulyie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
An' our guidwife's wee birdie cocks :
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil ;

The tither's dour — has nae sic
breedin,
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,
For Eighty-Eight, he wished you weel,
An' gied ye a' baith gear an' meal :
E'en monie a plack and monie a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck !

Ye bonie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien' :
In Eighty-Eight, ye ken, was taen
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the vera nowte an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowlie they creep !
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry !

O Eighty-Nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy Daddie's chair :
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizz'd, half-shackl'd
Regent,

But, like himsel, a full free agent,
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man !
As muckle better as ye can.

January 1, 1789.

CASTLE GORDON.

[Burns was introduced to the Duchess of Gordon in Edinburgh (1786-87) ; and during his northern tour in 1787 he called at Gordon Castle on Sept. 7.]

I.

STREAMS that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains ;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There immixed with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled hands ;
These, their richly gleaming waves,

I leave to tyrants and their slaves :
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil ;
Or, the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil ;
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave :
Give me the groves that loftly brave
The storms of Castle Gordon.

III.

Wildly here without control
Nature reigns, and rules the whole ;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the
flood.
Life's poor day I'll, musing, rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods
wave
By bonie Castle Gordon.

ON THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S REEL DANCING.

[Published in Stuart's *Star*, Mar. 31, 1789.
Jane, Duchess of Gordon, was second
daughter of Sir William Maxwell, third
Baronet of Monreith.]

I.

SHE kiltit up her kirtle weel
To show her bonie cytes sac sma',
And walloped about the reel,
The lightest louter o' them a'!

II.

While some, like slav'ring, doited
stots
Stoit'ring out thro' the midden
dub,

Fankit their heels among their coats
And gart the floor their backsides
rub ;

III.

Gordon, the great, the gay, the ga-
lant,
Skip't like a maukin owre a dyke :
Deil tak me, since I was a callant,
Gif e'er my een beheld the like !

ON CAPTAIN GROSE.

WRITTEN ON AN ENVELOPE, ENCLOS-
ING A LETTER TO HIM.

[The verses were published by Currie in
1800. It is an amusing parody of a funny
old song against tale-telling travellers.]

I.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago
If he's among his friends or focs?
Iram, coram, dago

II.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo and ago
Or drownèd in the River Forth?
Iram, coram, dago

III.

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies?
Igo and ago
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago

IV.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?
Igo and ago
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago

V.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near
him!

Igo and ago
As for the Deil, he daur na steer
him,

Iram, coram, dago

VI.

But please transmit th' enclosed
letter

Igo and ago
Which will oblige your humble
debtor

Iram, coram, dago

VII.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago

The very stanes that Adam bore!
Iram, coram, dago

VIII.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago

The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1791.

[Written to Mrs. Dunlop. The "grand-
child" whose cap is referred to was prob-
ably the child of Mrs. Henri, born in
November, 1790.]

THIS day Time winds th' exhausted
chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length
again:

I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer:

Deaf as my friend, he sees them
press,
Nor makes the hour one moment
less.

Will you (the Major's with the
hounds;

The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with
Gray)

From housewife cares a minute bor-
row

(That grandchild's cap will do to-
morrow),

And join with me a-moralizing?

This day's propitious to be wise in!

First, what did yesternight de-
liver?

'Another year has gone for ever.'
And what is this day's strong sugges-
tion?

'The passing moment's all we rest
on!'

Rest on — for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?

Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd
lore,

Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may — a few years must —

Repose us in the silent dust:

Then, is it wise to damp our bliss?

Yes: all such reasonings are amiss!

The voice of Nature loudly cries,

And many a message from the skies,

That something in us never dies;

That on this frail, uncertain state

Hang matters of eternal weight;

That future life in worlds unknown

Must take its hue from this alone,

Whether as heavenly glory bright

Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since, then, my honor'd first of
friends,

On this poor being all depends,

Let us th' important Now employ,

And live as those who never die.

Tho' you, with days and honours
crown'd,

Witness that filial circle round
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale envy to convulse),
 Others now claim your chief regard :
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

["The Esopus of this strange epistle," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "was Williamson the actor, and the Maria to whom it was addressed was Mrs. Riddell." While Williamson and his brother actors were performing at Whitehaven Lord Lonsdale committed the whole to prison.]

FROM those drear solitudes and
 frowsy cells,
 Where Infamy with sad Repentance
 dwells;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous
 portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare
 repast;
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in
 sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping
 in;
 Where strumpets, relics of the
 drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay half — to whore
 — no more;
 Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet
 to swing,
 Beat hemp for others riper for the
 string:
 From these dire scenes my wretched
 lines I date,
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

'Alas ! I feel I am no actor here !'
 'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear !
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly
 pale;
 Will make thy hair, tho' erst from
 gipsy poll'd,
 By barber woven and by barber sold,
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's
 nicest care,

Like hoary bristles to erect and stare !
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
 Or, haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of
 arms,
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's
 charms :
 While sans-culottes stoop up the
 mountain high,
 And steal me from Maria's prying
 eye.
 Blest Highland bonnet ! once my
 proudest dress,
 Now, prouder still, Maria's temples
 press !
 I see her wave thy towering plumes
 afar,
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy
 war !
 I see her face the first of Ireland's
 sons,
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian
 bronze !
 The crafty Colonel leaves the tartan'd
 lines
 For other wars, where he a hero
 shines :
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate
 bred,
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without
 the head,
 Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to
 display
 That *Veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;
 The shrinking Bard adown the alley
 skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than
 Woolwich hulks,
 Though there his heresies in Church
 and State
 Might well award him Muir and
 Palmer's fate :
 Still she, undaunted, reels and rattles
 on,
 And dares the public like a noontide
 sun.
 What scandal called Maria's jaunty
 stagger
 The ricket reeling of a crooked
 swagger ?

Whose spleen (e'en worse than Burns's
venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager
pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burn-
ing line),
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre-
divine,
The idiot strum of Vanity bemus'd
And even th' abuse of Poesy abus'd?
Who called her verse a Parish Work-
house, made
For motley foundling Fancies, stolen
or strayed?

A Workhouse! Ah, that sound awakes
my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd
repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and
weep.
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow
steep:
That straw where many a rogue has
lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd hereto-
fore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on
vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself
endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal
swell,

And make a vast monopoly of Hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate
thee worse:
The Vices also, must they club their
curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough
for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and
cares,
In all of thee sure thy Esopus
shares:
As thou at all mankind the flag un-
furls
Who on my fair one Satire's ven-
geance hurls!

Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain
coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit!
Who says that fool alone is not thy
due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove
it true!

Our force united on thy foes we'll
turn,
And dare the war with all of woman
born:
For who can write and speak as thou
and I?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that
conquers all reply!

NOTES AND EPISTLES.

TO JOHN RANKINE.

IN REPLY TO AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

[The "announcement" was "that a girl
in that neighborhood was with child" by
Robert Burns. The communication was
addressed to the poet after his removal to
Mossgiel.]

I.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me, gin I fa'
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

II.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met wi' that surprise
 That broke my rest.
 But now a rumour's like to rise —
 A whaup's i' the nest!

TO JOHN GOLDIE.

AUGUST, 1785.

[Mr. John Goldie, or Goudie, a tradesman in Kilmarnock, was given to mechanical and scientific studies, and in later life addicted to advanced theology, upon which he published a series of essays.]

I.

O GOUNIE, terror o' the Whigs,
 Dread o' black coats and rev'rend
 wigs!
 Sour Bigotry on her last legs
 Girns and looks back,
 Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
 May seize you quick.

II.

Poor gapin, glowrin Superstition!
 Wae's me, she's in a sad condition!
 Fye! bring Black Jock, her state physician,
 To see her water!
 Alas! there's ground for great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better.

III.

Enthusiasm's past redemption:
 Gane in a gallopin consumption:
 Not a' her quacks wi' a' their gump-
 tion
 Can ever mend her;
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presump-
 tion
 She'll soon surrender.

IV.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple
 For every hole to get a stapple;
 But now she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' fights for breath:
 Haste, gie her name up in the chapel,
 Near unto death!

V.

'T is you an' Taylor are the chief
 To blame for a' this black mischief;
 But, gin the Lord's ain folk gat leave,
 A toom tar barrel
 An' twa red peats wad bring relief,
 And end the quarrel.

VI.

For me, my skill's but very sma',
 An' skill in prose I've nane ava';
 But, quietlenswise between us twa,
 Weel may ye speed!
 And, tho' they sud you sair misca',
 Ne'er fash your head!

VII.

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh
 them sicker!
 The mair they squeel ay chap the
 thicker,
 And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
 O' something stout!
 It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker,
 An' helps his wit.

VIII.

There's naething like the honest
 nappy:
 Where'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy
 'Tween morn and morn,
 As them wha like to taste the drappie
 In glass or horn?

IX.

I've seen me daez 't upon a time,
 I scarce could wink or see a styne;

Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime
 (Ought less is little);
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme
 As gleg's a whittle.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

THIRD EPISTLE.

[Cromek printed this poem from a copy preserved by the author, and found among the "sweepings of his study," which Currie and his advisers had deemed unworthy of publication.]

I.

GUID speed and funder to you, Johnie,
 Guid health, hale han's and weather
 bonie!

Now, when ye're nickin down fu'
 cannie

The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head!

II.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs.
 Sendin the stuff o'er muirs an' hagg's
 Like drivin wrack!

But may the tapmost grain that wags
 Come to the sack!

III.

I'm bizzje, too, an' skelpin at it;
 But bitter, daudin showers hae wat
 it;

Sae my auld stumpie-pen, I gat it,
 Wi' muckle wark,

An' took my jocteleg, an' whatt it
 Like onie clark.

IV.

It's now twa month that I'm your
 debtor
 For your braw, nameless, dateless
 letter,

Abusin me for harsh ill-nature
 On holy men,
 While deil a hair yoursel ye're
 better,
 But mair profane!

V.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells!
 Let's sing about our noble sel's:
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help or roose us,
 But browster wives an' whisky stills—
 They are the Muses!

VI.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it;
 An' if ye mak' objections at it,
 Then hand in nieve some day we'll
 knot it,

An' witness take;
 An', when wi' usquabae we've wat it,
 It winna break.

VII.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 And a' the vittell in the yard
 An' theckit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

VIII.

Then Muse-inspirin aqua-vitæ
 Shall mak us baith sae blythe an'
 witty,

Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,

And be as canty
 As ye were nine year less than
 thretty—

Sweet ane an' twenty!

IX.

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
 And now the sinn keeks in the wast;
 Then I maun rin amang the rest,
 An' quat my chanter;

Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter.

Sept. 13, 1785.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH

ENCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WIL-
LIE'S PRAYER," WHICH HE HAD
REQUESTED, SEPT. 17. 1785.

(The Rev. Mr. M'Math was, when Burns
addressed him, assistant and successor to the
Rev. Peter Wodrow, minister of Tarbolton.)

I.

WHILE at the stook the shearers
cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin show'r,
O, in gulravage rinnin, scow'r:
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

II.

My Musie, tir'd wi' monie a sonnet
On gown an' ban' an' douse black-
bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done
it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
And anathém her.

III.

I own 't was rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, countra Bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy wi' a single wordie
Louse Hell upan me.

IV.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin, cantin, grace-proud
faces,
Their three-mile prayers an' hauf-
mile graces,
Their raxin conscience,

Whase greed, revenge, an' pride dis-
graces
Waur nor their nonsense.

V.

There's Gau'n, misca'd waur than a
beast,
Wha has mair honor in his breast
Than monie scores as guid's the
priest
Wha sac abus't him:
And may a Bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him?

VI.

See him, the poor man's friend in
need,
The gentleman in word an' deed—
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a Muse erect her head
To cove the blellums?

VII.

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin, hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd!

VIII.

God knows, I'm no the thing I
should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could
be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean
Than under gospel colors hid be
Just for a screen.

IX.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass;
But mean revenge an' malice fause
He'll still disdain
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws
Like some we ken.

X.

They take Religion in their mouth,
They talk o' Mercy, Grace, an' Truth :
For what? To gie their malice skouth

On some puir wight :
An' hunt him down, o'er right an'
ruth,
To ruin streight.

XI.

All hail, Religion! Maid divine,
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

XII.

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' monie a
stain
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes :

XIII.

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite of undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark bauditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes
But hellish spirit!

XIV.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

XV.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's
blam'd
(Which gies ye honor),

Even, Sir, by them your heart's es-
teem'd,
An' winning manner.

XVI.

Pardon this freedom I have taen,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd
ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

TO DAVIE.

SECOND EPISTLE.

[This epistle was prefixed to the edition
of Sillar's poems, published in Kilmarnock
in 1789.]

I.

AULD NEEBOR,
I'm three times doubly o'er you
debtor
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly let-
ter ;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye
flatter,
Ye speak sae fair :
For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter
Some less maun sair.

II.

Hale be your heart, hale be your
fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink an'
diddle
To cheer you thro' the weary wid-
dle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs!

III.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're
glaukit :

I'm tauld the Muse ye hae neg-
leckit;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit
Until ye fyke;
Sic han's as you sud ne'er be faiket,
Be hain't wha like.

IV.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles
daez't wi' drink
Wi' jauls or Masons,
An' whyles, but ay owre late I
think,
Braw sober lessons.

V.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man
Commen' me to the Bardie clan:
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhyming clink —
The devil-haet that I sud han! —
They never think.

VI.

Nae thought, nae view, nae
scheme o' livin,
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin,
But just the pouchie put the nieve
in,
An' while ought 's there,
Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae
scurievin,
An' fash nae mair.

VII.

Leeze me on rhyme! It's ay a
treasure,
My chief, amais't my only pleasure;
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her
measure,
She's seldom lazy.

VIII.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty
Davie:
The warl' may play you monie a
shavie,
But for the Muse, she'll never
leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir;
Na, even tho' limp' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door!

TO JOHN KENNEDY, DUM-
FRIES HOUSE.

[These verses form the conclusion of a
letter written to Mr. John Kennedy from
Mossgiel, March 3, 1786.]

I.

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchlin Corss
(Lord, man, there's lasses there wad
force
A hermit's fancy;
And down the gate, in faith! they're
worse
An' mair unchancy):

II.

But as I'm sayin, please step to Dow's,
An' taste sic gear as Johnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That ye are there;
An' if we dinnae hae a bowse,
I'se ne'er drink mair.

III.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow;
But gie me just a true guid fallow
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to mak us mellow
An' then we'll shine!

IV.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,

An' sklent on poverty their joke
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you nae friendship I will troke,
 Nor cheap nor dear.

v.

But if, as I'm inform'd weel,
 Ye hate as il' 's the vera Deil
 The flinty heart that canna feel —
 Come, sir, here 's tae you !
 Hae, there 's my han', I wiss you weel,
 An' Gude be wi' you !

ROBT. BURNES.

MOSSGIEL, 3rd March, 1786.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,
MAUCHLINE.

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

[Master Tootie was a cattle-dealer in Mauchline, who disguised the age of his cattle by polishing away the markings on their horns.]

MOSSGAVILLE, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to hire you lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 An' wad hae don't aff han';
 But lest he learn the callan tricks —
 As faith ! I muckle doubt him —
 Like scrapin out auld Crummie's
 nicks.
 An' tellin' lies about them.
 As lieve then, I'd have then
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be ye may be
 Not fitted othertwhere.

Altho' I say't, he 's gleg enough,
 An' bout a house that's rude an'
 rough

The boy might learn to swear;
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,
 An' get sic fair example straught,
 I hae na onie fear:

Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
 An' shore him weel wi' 'Hell';
 An' gar him follow to the kirk —
 Ay when ye gang yoursel!
 If ye, then, maun be then
 Frae hame this comin Friday,
 Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
 In Paisley John's that night at e'en
 To meet the 'world's worm,'
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 An' name the airles an' the fee
 In legal mode an' form:
 I ken he weel a snick can draw,
 When simple bodies let him;
 An' if a Devil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you an' praise you,
 Ye ken, your Laureat scorns:
 The pray'r still you share still
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGEN-
GILLAN.IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER
HE SENT IN THE COMMENCEMENT
OF MY POETIC CAREER.

[Cunningham tells us that the factor to Craigen-Gillan was the poet's friend Woodburn, who was an early acquaintance of Burns.]

I.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud.
 'See wha taks notice o' the Bard !'
 I lap, and cry'd fu' loud.

II.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless, gawky million !
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a':
 I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !

III.

'T was noble, sir; 't was like yousel,
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection.

IV.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian, Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub
I independent stand ay;

V.

And when those legs to guid warm
kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
A lee dyke-side, a sylbow-tail,
An' barley-scone shall cheer me.

VI.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the
breath
O' monie flow'ry simmers,
An' bless your bonie lasses baith
(I'm tauld they're loosome kim-
mers)!

VII.

An' God bless young Dunaskin's
laird,
The blossom of our gentry,
An' may he wear an auld man's
beard,
A credit to his country!

REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

[Written doubtless in a tavern. The original MS. is in the possession of the Paisley Burns Club.]

SIR,

Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith! I'm gay and hearty.
To tell the truth and shame the
Deil,
I am as fou as Bartie.

But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your partie,
If on a heastie I can speel
Or hurl in a cartie.

Yours, — ROBERT BURNS

MACHLIN,
Monday Night, 10 o'clock.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

An Invitation to a Masonic Gathering.

[Dr. James Mackenzie, one of the poet's warmest friends, practised medicine at Mauchline. He introduced the poet to Sir James Whiteford, Professor Dugald Stewart, and other persons of influence.]

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
By our Right Worshipful Anointed
To hold our grand possession,
To get a blaud o' Johnie's morals,
An' taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels
I' th' way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you.
For me, I wad be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' skaith then
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, an' storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS, D.M.

MOSSGIEL, 14th June, A.M. 1790.

TO JOHN KENNEDY.

A Farewell.

[These lines form the conclusion of a letter written by Burns to Mr. John Kennedy in August, 1786, while his intention yet held of emigrating to America.]

FAREWELL, dear friend! may guid
luck hit you,
And 'mong her favourites admit you!

If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
 May nane believe him!
 And onie deil that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord, deceive him!

' TO WILLIE CHALMERS'
 SWEETHEART.

[Mr. Chalmers was a writer in Ayr, and in love. He desired Burns to address the lady in his behalf.]

I.

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
 And eke a braw new brechen,
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus pechin:
 Whyles owre a bush wi' downward
 crush
 The doited beastie stammers;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

II.

I doubt na, lass, that weel kend name
 May cost a pair o' blushes:
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm-urgèd wishes:
 Your bonie face, sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours;
 And faith! ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

III.

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're
 fair,
 And Honor safely back her;
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak her;
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy palmers:
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers!

IV.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd, pouter'd pries-
 tie,

Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore
 And band upon his breastie;
 But O, what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars?
 The feeling heart 's the royal blue,
 And that 's wi' Willie Chalmers.

V.

Some gapin, glowrin countra laird
 May warsle for your favour:
 May claw his lug, and straik his
 beard,
 And hoast up some palaver.
 My bonie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit
 skelp
 Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

VI.

Forgive the Bard! My fond regard
 For aye that shares my bosom
 Inspires my Muse to gie'm his dues,
 For deil a hair I roose him.
 May Powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers!

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.

WRITTEN ON A COPY OF HIS POEMS

[The sweetheart was Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald.]

I.

ONCE fondly lov'd and still remem-
 ber'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful
 vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm,
 sincere —
 (Friendship! 't is all cold duty now
 allows);

II.

And when you read the simple art-
less rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him — he asks
no more —
Who, distant, burns in flaming torrid
climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic
roar.

EXTEMPORE TO GAVIN
HAMILTON.

STANZAS ON NAEHING.

[Published for the first time in Alexander
Smith's edition, and extracted, it is sup-
posed, from the copy of his "Common-
Place Book" which Burns presented to his
friend Mrs. Dunlop.]

I.

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent
(Pray, whip till the pownie is
fraething!);
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you — naething.

II.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me
For idly just living and breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about — nae-
thing.

III.

Poor Centum-per-Centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their
claithing;
He'll find, when the balance is cast,
He's gane to the Devil for — nae-
thing.

IV.

The courtier cringes and bows;
Ambition has likewise its play-
thing —

A coronet beams on his brows;
And what is a coronet? — Nae-
thing.

V.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing;
But every good fellow will own
The quarrel is a' about — nae-
thing.

VI.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonie bit gay
thing;
But marriage will soon let him know
He's gotten — a buskit-up nae-
thing.

VII.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded with — nae-
thing.

VIII.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a
heathen;
But collar him fast, I'll engage,
You'll find that his courage is —
naething.

IX.

Last night with a feminine Whig —
A poet she couldna put faith in!
But soon we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were —
naething.

X.

Her Whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing;
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her, and promised her
— naething.

XI.

The priest anathemas may threat —
 Predicament, sir, that we're baith
 in;
 But when Honor's reveillé is beat,
 The holy artillery's — naething.

XII.

And now I must mount on the wave :
 My voyage perhaps there is death
 in;
 But what is a watery grave?
 The drowning a Poet is — nae-
 thing.

III.

And now, as grim Death's in my
 thought,
 To you, Sir, I make this bequeath-
 ing:
 My service as long as ye've ought,
 And my friendship, by God, when
 ye've — naething.

REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPI-
 STLE RECEIVED FROM A
 TAILOR.

[The tailor was one Thomas Walker, who resided at Pool, near Ochiltree. The reply voices the ribald disdain entertained by the Scots peasantry for the disciplinary processes of the Kirk.]

I.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie hitch,
 To thrash my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh, man, hae mercy wi' your natch!
 Your bodkin's bauld:
 I didna suffer half sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld.

II.

What tho' at times, when I grow
 crouse,

I gie their wames a random pouse,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-
 louse
 An' jag-the-flae!

III.

King David o' poetic brief
 Wrocht 'mang the lasses sic mischief
 As fill'd his after-life with grief
 An' bloody rants;
 An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O' lang-syne saunts.

IV.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes an' drucken rants,
 I'll gie auld Cloven-Clootie's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts
 At Davie's hip yet!

V.

But, fegs! the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan
 Than garrin lasses coup the cran,
 Clean heels owre body,
 An' sairly thole their mither's ban
 Afore the howdy.

VI.

This leads me on to tell for sport
 How I did wi' the Session sort:
 Auld Clinkum at the inner port
 Cried three times: — 'Robin!
 Come hither lad, and answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin!'

VII.

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoot'd awa' before the Session:
 I made an open, fair confession —
 I scorn'd to lie —
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expres-
 sion,
 Fell foul o' me.

VIII.

A fornicator-loun he call'd me,
 An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me.
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 'But, what the matter?'
 (Quo' I) 'I fear unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better!'

IX.

'Geld you!' (quo' he) 'an' what for no?
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe
 Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
 You should remember
 To cut it aff; an' what for no
 Your dearest member?'

X.

'Na, na' (quo' I), 'I'm no for that,
 Gelding's nae better than 't is ca't;
 I'd rather suffer for my taut
 A hearty flewit,
 As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
 Tho' I should rue it.'

XI.

'Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
 To please us a'—I've just acither:
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither,
 An' let her guide it.'

XII.

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of a',
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said 'Guid-night,' an' cam awa,
 An' left the Session:
 I saw they were resolv'd a'
 On my oppression.

TO MAJOR LOGAN.

[Major Logan, a retired military officer,
 fond of wit, violin playing, and conviviality,
 who lived at Park Villa, near Ayr.]

I.

HAIL, thaigm-inspirin, rattlin Willie!
 Tho' Fortune's road be rough an' hilly

To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
 We never heed,
 But take it like the unbrack'd filly
 Proud o' her speed.

II.

When, idly goavin, whyles we saunter,
 Yirr! Fancy barks, awa we canter,
 Up hill, down brae, till some mishanter,
 Some black bog-hole,
 Arrests us; then the scathe an' banter
 We're forced to thole.

III.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' this vile warl',
 Until you on a cummock driddle,
 A grey-hair'd carl.

IV.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or
 soon,
 Heaven send your heart-strings ay in
 tune.
 And screw your temper-pins aboon
 (A fifth or mair)
 The melancholious, sairie croon
 O' cankrie Care.

V.

May still your life from day to day,
 Nae *lente largo* in the play
 But *allegretto forte* gay,
 Harmonious flow,
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strath-
 spey—
 Encore! Bravo!

VI.

A' blessings on the cheery gang,
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An' never think o' right an' wrang
 By square an' rule,
 But as the clegs o' feeling stang
 Are wise or fool.

VII.

My hand-wal'd curse keep hard in
chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud
race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace!
Their tuneless hearts,
May fireside discords jar a bass
To a' their parts!

VIII.

But come, your hand, my careless
brither!
I' th'ither warl', if there's anither—
An' that there is, I've little swither
About the matter—
We, cheek for chow, shall jog the-
gither—
I'se ne'er bid better!

IX.

We've faults and failins—granted
clearly!
We're frail, backsliding mortals
merely;
Eve's bonie squad, priests wyte them
sheerly
For our grand fa';
But still, but still—I like them
dearly . . .
God bless them a'!

X.

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers!
The witching, curs'd, delicious blink-
ers
Hae put me hyte,
An' gart me weet my waukrife wink-
ers
Wi' girnin spite.

XI.

But by yon moon—and that's high
swearin!—
An' every star within my hearin,

An' by her een wha was a dear ane
I'll ne'er forget,
I hope to gie the jads a clearin
In fair play yet!

XII.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantraip hour
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted:
Then *voilà l'amour*!

XIII.

Faites mes baissemain respectueusè
To sentimental sister Susie
And honest Lucky: no to roose you,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple Fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

XIV.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth! my rhymin ware's nae
treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's
leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 30th October, 1786.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF
WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

(MRS. SCOTT.)

[Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, Roxburgh-
shire, had sent a rhymed epistle to Burns,
displaying considerable vigor of thought
and neatness of expression.]

I.

GUID WIFE,
I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and
blate,

An' first could thresh the barn,
 Or haud a yokin at the plough,
 An', tho' fortoughten sair enough,
 Yet unco proud to learn :
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass :
 Still shearing, and clearing
 The tither stook'd raw,
 Wi' clavers an' havers
 Wearing the day awa.

II.

E'en then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or book could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear.
 No nation, no station
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

III.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 Till on that hairst I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain.
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een
 That gart my heart-strick's tingle !
 I fired, inspirèd,
 At'ev'ry kindling keek,
 But, bashing and dashing,
 I fear'd ay to speak.

IV.

Hale to the sex ! (ilk guid chiel says) :
 Wi' merry glance on winter days,
 An' we to share in common !

The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below
 Is rapture-giving Woman.
 Ye surly sumpshs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither :
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her !
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
 That slight the lovely dears ;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

V.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line !
 The marl'd plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware ;
 'Twad please me to the nine.
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin owre my curple,
 Than onie ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Farewell, then ! lang hale, then,
 An' plenty be your fa' !
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca' !

R. BURNS.

*March, 1787.*TO WM. TYTLER, ESQ., OF
WOODHOUSELEE,WITH AN IMPRESSION OF THE
AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Mr. Tytler had published an " Inquiry,
 Historical and Critical, into the evidence
 against Mary Queen of Scots."]

I.

REVERÈD defender of beauteous Stu-
 art,
 Of Stuart ! — a name once respected,
 A name which to love was once mark
 of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despis'd and neglected !

II.

Tho' something like moisture con-
globes in my eye —
Let no one misdeem me disloyal!
A poor friendless wand'rer may well
claim a sigh —
Still more, if that wand'rer were
royal.

III.

My Fathers that name have rever'd
on a throne;
My Fathers have fallen to right it:
Those Fathers would spurn their de-
generate son,
That name, should he scoffingly
slight it.

IV.

Still in prayers for King George I
most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the
gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is noth-
ing of mine:
Their title's avow'd by my country.

V.

But why of that epocha make such a
fuss
That gave us the Hanover stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for
us,
I'm sure 't was as lucky for them.

VI.

But loyalty — truce! we're on dan-
gerous ground:
Who knows how the fashions may
alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty
sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

VII.

I send you a trifle, a head of a Bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;

But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of
regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

VIII.

Now Life's chilly evening dim-shades
on your eye,
And ushers, the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart
gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON.

[Sent to Mr. Renton, Mordington House,
Berwickshire, probably during the poet's
Border tour, though Renton is not men-
tioned in his journal. Published in Cham-
bers, 1851.]

YOUR billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I'll canter onie gate,
Tho' 'twere a trip to yon blue warl'
Where birkies march on burning
marl:
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend
ye,
And to His goodness I commend ye.
R. BURNS.

TO MISS ISABELLA MACLEOD.

[Published in a Dumfries newspaper
and again in "The Burns Chronicle" (1895)
from the manuscript in the possession of
Mrs. Vincent Burns Scott, Adelaide.]

EDINBURGH, *March 16, 1787.*

I.

THE crimson blossom charms the bee,
The summer sun the swallow:
So dear this tuneful gift to me
From lovely Isabella.

II.

Her portrait fair upon my mind
 Revolving time shall mellow,
 And mem'ry's latest effort find
 The lovely Isabella.

III.

No Bard nor lover's rapture this
 In fancies vain and shallow !
 She is, so come my soul to bliss,
 The Lovely Isabella !

TO SYMON GRAY.

[Symon Gray lived near Duns, and while Burns was on his Border tour sent him some verses for his opinion.]

I.

SYMON GRAY, you 're dull to-day !
 Dullness with redoubled sway
 Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

II.

Dear Symon Gray, the other day
 When you sent me some rhyme,
 I could not then just ascertain
 Its worth for want of time ;

III.

But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
 I've read it o'er and o'er :
 Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
 Just where I was before.

IV.

We auld wives' minious gie our opin-
 ions,
 Solicited or no ;
 Then of its fauts my honest thoughts
 I'll give — and here they go :

V.

Such damn'd bombást no age that's
 past
 Can show, nor time to come ;
 So, Symon dear, your song I'll tear,
 And with it wipe my bum.

TO MISS FERRIER.

[Eldest daughter of James Ferrier, writer to the *Signet*, and sister of Miss Ferrier the novelist.]

I.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
 Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

II.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times
 three
 Made Homer deep their debtor ;
 But gien the body half an e'e,
 Nine Ferriers wad done better !

III.

Last day my mind was in a bog ;
 Down George's Street I stoited ;
 A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
 My very senses doited ;

IV.

Do what I dought to set her free,
 My saul lay in the mire :
 Ye turned a neuk, I saw your e'e,
 She took the wing like fire !

V.

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
 In gratitude I send you,
 And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
 A' guid things may attend you !

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

[Clarinda was Mrs. Agnes Maclehose, daughter of Andrew Craig, surgeon, Glasgow. See NOTES.]

I.

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd
view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair —
Alas ! 'twas all he dared to do.

II.

Love from Clarinda's heavenly eyes
Transfix'd his bosom thro' and
thro,
But still in Friendship's guarded
guise —
For more the demon fear'd to do.

III.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all *perdu* ;
For frowning Honor kept his post —
To meet that frown he shrunk to
do.

IV.

His pangs the Bard refus'd to own,
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew ;
But Anguish wrung the unweeeting
groan —
Who blames what frantic Pain
must do ?

V.

That heart, where motley follies
blend,
Was sternly still to Honor true :
To prove Clarinda's foudest friend
Was what a lover, sure, might do !

VI.

The Muse his ready quill employ'd ;
No nearer bliss he could pursue ;

That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd —
'Send word by Charles how you
do !'

VII.

The chill behest disarm'd his Muse,
Till Passion all impatient grew :
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
'Twas 'cause he'd nothing else to
do.'

VIII.

But by those hopes I have above !
And by those faults I dearly rue !
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee that deed I dare to do !

IX.

O, could the Fates but name the
price
Would bless me with your charms
and you,
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
If human art or power could do !

X.

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's
hand
(Friendship, at least, I may avow),
And lay no more your chill com-
mand —
I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

Wednesday night.

TO CLARINDA.

WITH A PAIR OF WINE-GLASSES.

[The glasses were sent as a parting
gift when Burns left Edinburgh, March 24,
1788.]

I.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul
And Queen of Poetesses,
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses ;

II.

And fill them up with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge them to the generous
toast:
'The whole of human kind!'

III.

'To those who love us!' second fill;
But not to those whom *we* love,
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third:— 'To thee and me, love!'

TO HUGH PARKER.

[Written from Ellisland to his friend
Mr. Hugh Parker of Kilmarnock. Pub-
lished by Cunningham in 1834.]

In this strange land, this uncouth
clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er cross't the Muse's
heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles:
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro'
it:
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it — for in vain I leuk:
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel
Enhusked by a fog infernal.
Here, for my wonted rhyming rap-
tures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like iither Chris-
tians,
I'm dwindled down to mere exist-
ence;
Wi' na converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride,
Dowie she saunters dowri Nithside,
And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown
nose!

Was it for this wi' cannie care
Thou bure the Bard through many a
shire?

At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?
O, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation!
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the Ecliptic like a bar,
Or turn the Pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-
morrow,

Down the Zodiâc urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face:
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail!
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM.

ELLISLAND IN NITHSDALE,
July 27th, 1788.

[Burns and Cunningham were on the
friendliest terms until the poet's death. It
was Cunningham who originated both the
subscription on behalf of Mrs. Burns and
the scheme for a collected edition, and to
him the success of both enterprises is chiefly
due.]

I.

My godlike friend — nay, do not
stare:

You think the praise is odd-like?
But 'God is Love,' the saints declare;
Then surely thou art god-like!

II.

And is thy ardour still the same,
And kindled still in Anna?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano!

III.

Even Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal!

IV.

Thy wounds such healing powers
defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
Marriage perhaps may mend them.

V.

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
Divine, magnetic, touching!
She takes, she charms—but who can
trace
The process of bewitching?

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,
OF FINTRY,

REQUESTING A FAVOUR.

[Robert Graham of Fintry was one of the Commissioners of Excise. The "Epsle" was the poet's earliest attempt in the manner of Pope.]

WHEN Nature her great master-piece
design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the
human mind,
Her eye intent on all the wondrous
plan,
She form'd of various stuff the various
Man.

The useful many first, she calls them
forth—
Plain plodding Industry and sober
Worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons
of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take
their birth;

Each prudent cit a warm existence
finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd
kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted
yet—
The lead and buoy are needful to the
net:
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights
and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to
flow;
She kneads the lumpish philosophic
dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with
grave designs—
Law, physic, politics, and deep di-
vines;
Last, she sublims th' Aurora of the
poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her
stood;
Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it
very good;
Yet ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour
more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* mat-
ter,
Such as the slightest breath of air
might scatter;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well
as we:
Her Hogarth-art, perhaps she meant
to show it),
She forms the thing, and christens it
—a Poet:
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and
sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-
morrow;
A being form'd t' amuse his graver
friends;
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the
wages ends;
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife

Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches
 give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal
 each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a
 Turk :
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her
 poor work.
 Viewing the propless climber of man-
 kind,
 She cast about a standard tree to
 find ;
 In pity for his helpless woodbine
 state,
 She clasp'd his tendrils round the
 truly great :
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on
 bounteous Graham.

Pity the hapless Muses' tuneful
 train !
 Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy
 main.
 Their hearts no selfish, stern, absor-
 bent stuff,
 That never gives — tho' humbly takes
 — enough :
 The little Fate allows, they share as
 soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's
 hard-wrung boon.
 'The world were blest did bliss on
 them depend —
 Ah, that 'the friendly e'er should
 want a friend !'
 Let Prudence number o'er each
 sturdy son
 Who life and wisdom at one race
 began,
 Who feel by reason, and who give
 by rule
 (Instinct's a brute, and Sentiment a
 fool !),
 Who make, poor 'will do' wait upon
 'I should' —

We own they're prudent, but who
 owns they're good ?
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the
 social eye,
 God's image rudely etch'd on base
 alloy !
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure
 know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd — to
 bestow !
 Whose arms of love would grasp all
 human race :
 Come thou who giv'st with all a
 courtier's grace —
 Friend of my life, true patron of my
 rhymes,
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future
 times !

Why shrinks my soul, half blush-
 ing, half afraid,
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly
 aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving
 hand,
 I tax thy friendship at thy kind com-
 mand.
 But there are such who court the
 tuneful Nine
 (Heavens! should the branded char-
 acter be mine !),
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sub-
 limely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging
 prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent
 spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd
 merit !
 Seek you the proofs in private life to
 find ?
 Pity the best of words should be but
 wind !
 So to Heaven's gates the lark's shrill
 song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol
 ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving
 want,

They dun Benevolence with shame-
less front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel
lays—
They persecute you all your future
days!

Ere my poor soul such deep dam-
nation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough
again!
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once
more!
On eighteenpence a week I've liv'd
before.
Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even
that last shift.
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy
gift:
That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-
for height,
With man and nature fairer in her
sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for
some sublimer flight.

IMPROMPTU TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL,

ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

[Burns's near neighbor at Friars Carse,
who showed him great courtesy, and gave
him a key to his private grounds and
the Hermitage on Nithside. The news-
paper contained some strictures on Burns's
poetry.]

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening.*

I.

YOUR News and Review, Sir,
I've read through and through,
Sir,
With little admiring or blaming:
The Papers are barren
Of home-news or foreign—
No murders or rapes worth the nam-
ing.

II.

Our friends, the Reviewers,
Those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of meet or unmeet
In a fabric complete
I'll boldly pronounce they are none,
Sir.

III.

My goose-quill too rude is
To tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one
Like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should
know it!

REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL.

[This trifle was written on the back of a
rhyming note from Glenriddell himself.]

ELLISLAND.

DEAR Sir, at onie time or tide
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
Tho' 't were wi' royal Geordie:
And trowth! your kindness soon and
late
Aft gars me to mysel look blate—
The Lord in Heaven reward ye!

R. BURNS.

TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER.

[Mr. James Tennant of Glenconner was
an old friend of the Poet, and was consulted
by him respecting the taking of the farm of
Ellisland.]

AULD comrade dear and brither
sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glencon-
ner?

How do you this blae eastlin wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest meinber nearly dozen'd.
I've sent you here, by Johnie Sim-
son,

Twa sage philosophers to glimpse
on:

Smith wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid to common sense appeal-
ing.

Philosophers have fought and wran-
gled,

An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till, wi' their logic-jargon tir'd
And in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal—
What wives and wabsters see and
feel!

Dut, hark ye, friend! I charge you
strictly,

Peruse them, an' return them quickly:
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse
I pray and ponder butt the house;
My shins my lane I there sit roastin,
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston;
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel groan.

Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld
Glen.

The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down wi' auld grey
hairs

Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support
him,

An' views beyond the grave comfort
him!

His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher
Willie,

The manly tar, my Mason-billie,
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad and Meg the mither
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
And no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly
An', Lord, remember singing Sannock
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a ban-
nock!

And next my auld acquaintance,
Nancy,

Since she is fitted to her fancy,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller!
My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,
To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet:
Tell them, frac me, wi' chieles be
cautious,

For, faith! they'll aiblins fin' them
fashious;

To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the
devil!

An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o'
Hell!

But first, before you see Heaven's
glory,

May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh and monie a drink,
And ay enugh o' needfu' clink!

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!
For my sake, this I beg it o' you:
Assist poor Simson a' ye can;
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man.
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,

RAB THE RANter.

TO JOHN M'MURDO.

WITH SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

[The note was probably sent after a letter
of the poet in which he says he is indebted

to M'Murdo for a chap containing "Five Excellent Songs."]

I.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send !
Because thy Joy in both would be
To share them with a friend !

II.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ;
Then take what gold could never
buy —
An honest Bard's esteem.

SONNET TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR, 19TH
AUGUST, 1789.

[The favor was the appointment to an excise district on which the writer's farm was situated.]

I CALL no Goddess to inspire my strains :
A fabled Muse may suit a Bard that feigns.
Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
And all ye many sparkling stars of night !
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me along your wand'ring spheres
Only to number out a villain's years !

I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot, speak the rest.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

[Thomas Blacklock, a blind poet, protégé of David Hume. • It was owing to Blacklock that Burns resolved upon an Edinburgh edition.]

ELLISLAND, 21st Oct., 1789.

I.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
I kend it still, your wee bit jauntie •
Wad bring ye to :
Lord send you ay as weel 's I want ye,
And then ye 'll do !

II.

The Ill-Thief blaw the Heron south,
And never drink be near his drouth !
He tauld mysel by word o' mouth,
He 'd tak my letter :
I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,
And bade nac better.

III.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one
To ware his theologic care on
And holy study,
And, tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

IV.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier ?
I 'm turned a gauger — Peace be here !
Parnassian queires, I fear, I fear,
Ye 'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me !

V.

Ye glaikit, glesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty
limbies,

Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

VI.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies ;
They maun hae brose and brats o'
duddies :
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud
is —

I need na vaunt —
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh
woodies,
Before they want.

VII.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary — sick o' t' late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

VIII.

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair :
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

IX.

But to conclude my silly rhyme
(I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time) :
To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

X.

My compliments to sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Lucky :

I wat she is a daintie chuckie
As e'er tread clay :
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT A NEWSPAPER, AND
OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE
OF EXPENSE.

[Probably Peter Stuart of the London
"Star." The lines were published in Cur-
rie, 1800.]

KIND SIR, I've read your paper
through,
And faith, to me 't was really new!
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I
wanted ?

This monie a day I've grain'd and
gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was
brewin ;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin ;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Jo-
seph,

If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt ;
If Denmark, any body spak o' t ;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o' t ;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were
hingin ;

How libbet Italy was singing ;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin or takin aught amiss ;
Or how our merry lads at hame
In Britain's court kept up the game :
How royal George — the Lord leuk
o'er him ! —

Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
How Daddie Burke the plea was
cookin ;

If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin ;

How cesses, stents, and fees were
rax'd,

Or if bare arses yet were tax'd ;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-
girls ;

If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin still at hizzics' tails ;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser :

A' this and mair I never heard of,
And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send
you,

And pray a' guid things may attend
you!

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning.*

TO PETER STUART.

[The post-office authorities were evidently remiss in their duties, and the poet missed his paper.]

DEAR PETER, dear Peter, .
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken :
For instance your sheet, man
(Tho' glad I'm to see 't, man),
I get it no ae day in ten.

TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ., OF TERRAUGHTIE,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

[John Maxwell, Esq., of Terraughty and Munches. He died in 1814, aged 94.]

I.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran
Chief!

Health ay unsour'd by care or grief !
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
This natal morn :

I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn.

II.

This day thou metes threescore
eleven.

And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To Ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven,
Will yet bestow it.

III.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on thy blest
morrow,

May Desolation's lang-teeth'd har-
row,

Nine miles an' hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Go-
morrah,
In brunstane stoure !

IV.

But for thy friends, and, they are
monie,
Baith honest men and lasses bonie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and can-
nie

In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings
funny
Bless them and thee !

V.

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near
ye,

And then the Deil, he daurna steer
ye!

Your friends ay love, your foes ay
fear ye!

For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me !

TO WILLIAM STEWART.

[“Honest Bacon” was landlord of the inn at Brownhill, and a relative of Stewart, who was factor at Closeburn, hard by.]

IN honest Bacon’s ingle-neuk
 Here maun I sit and think,
 Sick o’ the warld and warld’s folk,
 An’ sick, damn’d sick, o’ drink!
 I see, I see there is nae help,
 But still down I maun sink,
 Till some day laigh enough I yelp:—
 ‘Wae worth that cursed drink!’
 Yestreen, alas! I was sae fu’
 I could but yisk and wink;
 And now, this day, sair, sair I rue
 The weary, weary drink.
 Satan, I fear thy sooty claws,
 I hate thy brunstane stink,
 And ay I curse the luckless cause—
 The wicked soup o’ drink.
 In vain I would forget my woes
 In idle rhyming clink,
 For, past redemption damn’d in
 prose,
 I can do nought but drink.
 To you my trusty, well-tried friend,
 May heaven still on you blink!
 And may your life flow to the end,
 Sweet as a dry man’s drink!

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

[Daughter of Burns’s patron in the department of the Customs. Published by Currie, 1800.]

I.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join’d,
 Accept the gift! Though humble he who gives,
 ‘Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

M

II.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant, jar thy bosom-chords among!
 But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph-song!

III.

Or Pity’s notes in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And Love-born Piety her sanction seals!

ROBERT BURNS.

DUMFRIES, 31st January, 1794.

REMORSEFUL APOLOGY.

[Probably Mrs. Walter Riddell is the lady addressed.]

I.

THE friend whom, wild from Wisdom’s way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send
 (Not moony madness more astray),
 Who but deplores that hapless friend?

II.

Mine was th’ insensate, frenzied part—
 Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
 ‘T is thine to pity and forgive.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

[Burns was on very friendly terms with Mitchell, and often sent him first drafts for criticism.]

I.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha wanting thee might beg or steal;

Alake, alake, the meikle Deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin jig an' reel
 In my poor pouches !

II.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That One-pound-one, I sairly want it;
 If wi' the bizzie down ye sent it,
 It wad be kind;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood
 dunted,
 'd bear 't in mind !

III.

So may the old year gang out moanin
 To see the New come laden, groanin
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
 To thee and thine:
 Domestic peace and comforts crownin
 The hale design !

POSTSCRIPT.

IV.

Ye've heard this while how I've been
 licket,
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket:
 Grim loon! He got me by the
 fecket,
 And sair me sheuk;
 But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

V.

But by that health, I've got a share
 o't,
 And by that life, I'm promised mair
 o't,
 My hale and weel, I'll tak a care o't,
 A tentier way;
 Then farewell Folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and ay !

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

[Colonel Arentz Schuyler de Peyster was
 descended from a Huguenot family settled

in America, and served with distinction in
 the American war. He was colonel of the
 Dumfries Volunteers.]

I.

My honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal:
 Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill
 And potion glasses.

II.

O, what a canty world were it,
 Would pain and care and sickness
 spare it,
 And Fortune favor worth and merit
 As they deserve,
 And ay a rowth — roast-beef and
 claret! —
 Syne, wha wad starve ?

III.

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick
 her,
 And in paste gems and frippery deck
 her,
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still:
 Ay wavering, like the willow-wicker,
 'Tween good and ill !

IV.

Then that curst carmagnole, Auld
 Satan,
 Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire;
 Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast
 saut on —
 He's aff like fire.

V.

Ah Nick! Ah Nick! it is na fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
 To put us daft!

Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' Hell's damned waft !

VI.

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee
nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi'
joy

And hellish pleasure,
Already in thy fancy's eye
Thy sicker treasure !

VII.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

VIII.

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting
drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen :
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil
Amen! Amen!

TO MISS JESSIE LEWARS.

[On a copy of the "Scots Musical Museum," in four volumes, presented to her by Burns.]

THINE be the volumes, Jessie fair,
And with them tak' the Poet's
prayer :
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindest, best presage
Of future bliss enrol thy name ;
With native worth, and spotless
fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill — but chief Man's felon snare !
All blameless joys on earth we find,

And all the treasures of the mind —
These be thy guardian and reward !
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

ROBERT BURNS.

June 26th, 1796.

INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A
COPY OF THE LAST EDITION OF MY
POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE LADY
WHOM, IN SO MANY FICTITIOUS REV-
ERIES OF PASSION, BUT WITH THE
MOST ARDENT SENTIMENTS OF REAL
FRIENDSHIP, I HAVE SO OFTEN SUNG
UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

[The lady was Miss Jean Lorimer, daughter of a farmer residing a little distance from Dumfries.]

I.

'T is Friendship's pledge, my young,
fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse ;
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

II.

Since thou in all thy youth and
charms
Must bid the world adieu
(A world 'gainst peace in constant
arms),
To join the friendly few ;

III.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'er cast,
Chill came the tempest's hour
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower) ;

IV.

Since life's gay scenes must charm no
more :
Still much is left behind,

Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

v.

Thine is the self-approving glow
Of conscious honor's part;
And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
Thine Friendship's truest heart;

VI.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

Une Bagatelle de l'Amitié.

COILA.

THEATRICAL PIECES.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT, MONDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1787.

[Burns's interest in Woods was probably quickened by the player's friendship with Fergusson, who in his *Last Will* bequeaths him his Shakespeare.]

WHEN by a generous Public's kind
acclaim

That dearest need is granted—
honest fame;

When here your favour is the actor's
lot,

Nor even the man in private life for-
got;

What breast so dead to heavenly
Virtue's glow

But heaves impassion'd with the
grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous
throng:

It needs no Siddons's powers in
Southern's song.

But here an ancient nation, fam'd
afar

For genius, learning high, as great in
war.

Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honor'd to
appear!

Where every science, every nobler
art,

That can inform the mind or mend
the heart,

Is known (as grateful nations oft
have found),

Far as the rude barbarian marks the
bound!

Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-
taught Reason's beam:

Here History paints with elegance
and force

The tide of Empire's fluctuating
course;

Here *Douglas* forms wild Shakspeare
into plan,

And Harley rouses all the God in
man.

When well-form'd taste and sparkling
wit unite

With manly lore, or female beauty
bright

(Beauty, where faultless symmetry
and grace

Can only charm us in the second
place).

Witness my heart, how oft with pant-
ing fear,

As on this night, I've met these
judges here!

But still the hope Experience taught
to live:

Equal to judge, you're capd'd to for-
give.

No hundred-headed Riot here we
meet,
With Decency and Law beneath his
feet ;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's
name :
Like Caledonians you applaud or
blame !

O Thou, dread Power, Whose empire-
giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the
honor'd land !
Strong may she glow with all her
ancient fire ;
May every son be worthy of his sire ;
Firm may she rise, with generous dis-
dain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's
chain ;
Still self-dependent in her native
shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's
loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds
to be no more !

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE
THEATRE OF DUMFRIES,
ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING, 1790.

[Of this Prologue Burns writes to " Mr.
George Sutherland, Player, Dumfries."
"The enclosed verses are very incorrect
... but if they can be of any service to Mr.
Sutherland and his friends I shall kiss my
hands to my Lady Muse, and own myself
much her debtor."]

No song nor dance I bring from yon
great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the
more 's the pity !
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you
roam ?
Good sense and taste are natives here
at home.
But not for panegyric I appear :
I come to wish you all a good New
Year !

Old Father Time deutes me here
before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple
story.
The sage, grave Ancient cough'd, and
bade me say :
'You're one year older this important
day.'
If wiser too—he hinted some sug-
gestion,
But 't would be rude, you know, to ask
the question ;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and
wink
He bade me on you press this one
word—Think !

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush
with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint
of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb
way !
He bids you mind, amid your thought-
less rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the
battle ;
That, tho' some by the skirt may try
to snatch him ;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to
catch him ;
That, whether doing, suffering, or
forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youth-
ful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's pecu-
liar care !
To you old Bald-Pate smoothes his
wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the
important—Now !
To crown your happiness he asks your
leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak
endeavours,

With grateful pride we own your many
favour's;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill
reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly
feel it.

SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MRS. SUTHERLAND,

ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT AT THE
THEATRE, DUMFRIES, MARCH 3D,
1790.

[This Prologue has been hitherto designated as for *Mr. Sutherland*, but that it was for his wife is proved, first by an unpublished letter to Mrs. Dunlop: "The following is a Prologue I made for his wife;" and second by a humorous letter (unpublished) to Provost Staig, Dumfries, in which Burns states that Sutherland had asked him for a Prologue for Mrs. Sutherland's benefit night. — CENTENARY EDITION.]

WHAT needs this din about the town
o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new song
is comin?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle
courted?
Does Nonsense mend like brandy—
when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for
fame,
Will bauldly try to gie us plays at
hame?
For Comedy abroad he need na toil:
A knave and fool are plants of every
soil.
Nor need he stray as far as Rome or
Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece:
There's themes enow in Caledonian
story
Would show the tragic Muse in a'
her glory.

Is there no daring Bard will rise and

How glorious Wallace stood, how
hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could
produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
How here, even here, he first un-
sheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her
guilty lord,
And after mouie a bloody, deathless
doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the
jaws of Ruin!
O, for a Shakespeare, or an Otway
scene
To paint the lovely, hapless Scottish
Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female
charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Re-
bellion's arms!
She fell, but fell with spirit truly
Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival
woman:
A woman (tho' the phrase may seem
uncivil)
As able— and as cruel — as the
Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immor-
tal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every
age;
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of
life,
A Douglas followed to the martial
strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right
succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas
leads! "•
As ye hae generous done, if a' the
land
Would take the Muses' servants by
the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend
them,
And where ye justly can commend,
commend them;

And aiblins, when they winna stand
the test,
Wink hard, and say: 'The folks hae
done their best!'
Would a' the land do this, then I'll
be caition
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish
nation
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet
crack,
And warsle Time, an' lay him on his
back!

For us and for our stage, should onie
spier:—

'Whase aught thae chieks maks a'
this bustle here?'

My best leg foremost, I'll set up my
brow:—

'We have the honor to belong to
you!'

We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us
as ye like,

But like good mithers, shore before
ye strike;

And gratefu' still I trust ye'll ever
find us

For gen'rous patronage and meikle
kindness

We've got frae a' professions setts an'
ranks:

God help us! we're but poor—ye'se
get but thanks!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

An Occasional Address.

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTÈNELLE ON
HER BENEFIT NIGHT NOVEMBER
26, 1792.

[Sent to Miss Fontenelle in a complimentary letter, in which the poet writes: "Your charms as a woman would secure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would secure admiration to the plainest figure." She played in America under the name of Mrs. Wilkin-

son, and died in Charleston, S. C., of yellow fever, September, 1800.]

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on
mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of
kings;
While quacks of State must each pro-
duce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of
Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me
mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some
attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connex-
ion

One sacred Right of Woman is Pro-
tection:

The tender flower, that lifts its head
clate,

Helpless must fall before the blasts of
fate,

Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely
form,

Unless your shelter ward th' impend-
ing storm.

Our second Right—but needless here
is caution—

To keep that right inviolate's the
fashion:

Each man of sense has it so full before
him,

He'd die before he'd wrong it—'t is
Decorum!

There was, indeed, in far less polish'd
days,

A time, when rough rude Man had
naughty ways:

Would swagger, swear, get drunk,
kick up a riot,

Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic
times are fled:

Now, well-bred men—and you are all
well-bred—

Most justly think (and we are much
the gainers)

Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor
s.

For Right the third, our last, our best,
our dearest :

That right to fluttering female hearts
the nearest,

Which even the Rights of Kings, in
low prostration,

Most humbly own — 'tis dear, dear
Admiration!

In that blest sphere alone we live and
move;

There taste that life of life — Immor-
tal Love.

Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirta-
tions, airs —

'Gainst such an host what flinty sav-
age dares?

When awful Beauty joins with all her
charms,

Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with
constitutions,

With bloody armaments and revolu-
tions;

Let Majesty your first attention sum-
mon :

Ah! ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON
HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DECEMBER
4TH, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUM-
FRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial
favor,

And not less anxious, sure, this night
than ever,

A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such
matter,

'T would vamp my bill, said I, if noth-
ing better :

So sought a Poet roosted near the
skies;

Told him I came to feast my curious
eyes;

Said, nothing like his works was ever
printed;

And last, my prologue-business slyly
hinted.

'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my
man of rhymes,

'I know your bent — these are no
laughing times :

Can you — but, Miss, I own I have my
fears —

Dissolve in pause, and sentimental
tears?

With laden sighs and solemn-rounded
sentence,

Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell
Repentance?

Paint Vengeance, as he takes his
horrid stand,

Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a
guilty land?'

I could no more ! Askance the crea-
ture eyeing : —

'D'ye think,' said I, 'this face was
made for crying?

I'll laugh, that's poz — nay more, the
world shall know it ;

And so, your servant ! gloomy Master
Poet !'

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd
belief

That Misery's another word for
Grief.

I also think (so may I be a bride!)

That, so much laughter, so much life
enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless
sigh,

Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting
eye;

Doom'd to that sorest task of man
alive —

To make three guineas do the work of
five;

Laugh in Misfortune's face — the bel-
dam witch —

Say you'll be merry, tho' you can't be
rich!

Thou other man of care, the wretch
in love!
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast
strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly
project,
Measur'st in desperate thought — a
rope — thy neck —
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs
the deep,
Peereſt to meditate the healing
leap:

Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly,
moping elf?
Laugh at her follies, laugh e'en at thy-
self;
Learn to despise those frowns now so
terrific,
And love a kinder: that's your grand
specific.

To sum up all: be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be
wise!

POLITICAL PIECES.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

To the Right Honorable the Earl of
Breadallane, President of the Right Honorable
the Highland Society, which met on the
23rd of May last, at the *Shakespeare*, Covent
Garden, to concert ways and means to frus-
trate the designs of five hundred Highland-
ers who, as the Society were informed by
Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, were so auda-
cious as to attempt an escape from their
lawful lords and masters whose property
they were, by emigrating from the lands of
Mr. Macdonald of Glengary to the wilds of
Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—
Liberty.

["Highlanders in those days wanted to
emigrate, the chiefs wanted them to stay at
home. The parts have long been inverted."
— ANDREW LANG.]

LONG life, my lord, an' health be yours,
Unskait'h'd by hunger'd Highland
boors!

Lord grant nae duddie, desperate beg-
gar,

Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o'a life
She likes — as lambkins like a knife!

Faith! you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight!
I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water!
Then up amang thae lakes and seas,
They'll mak what rules and laws they
please:

Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin;
Some Washington again may head
them,

Or some Montgomerie, fearless, lead
them:

Till (God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts
directed)

Poor dunghill sons of dirt an' mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!

Nae sage North now, nor sager Sack-
ville,

To watch and premier owre the pack
vile!

An' whare will ye get Howes and
Clintons

To bring them to a right repentance?

To cove the rebel generation,

An' save the honor o' the nation?

They, an' be damn'd! what right hae
they

To meat or sleep or light o' day,
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie
them?

But hear, my lord! Glengary, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear:
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bail
ies,

I canna say but they do gaylies:
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hullions to the birses.

Yet while they're only poind and
herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland
spirit.
But smash them! crush them a' to
spails,
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the
labour:
Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins faw-
sont,
Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
Come thiggin at your doors an' yetts,
Flaffin wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',
Frighten awa your deuks an' geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The longest thong, the fiercest growler,
An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!

Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you.
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle:
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assigned your seat
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,
Or (if you on your station tarow)
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat; I'm sure ye're weel deservin' t;
An' till ye come — your humble ser-
vant,

BEELZEBUB.

HELL,

1st June, Anno Mundi 5790.

BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER, 1787.

["This piece has a melancholy interest.
The greatest of Scottish poets wrote the
last Birthday Ode for the last hope of the
Stuart line. In a month the king was dead."
— ANDREW LANG.]

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day
should hail.
As inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity's bounty fed,

Haunted by busy Memory's bitter
tale!
Beasts of the forest have their
savage homes,
But He, who should imperial
purple wear,
Owns not the lap of earth where rests
his royal head:
His wretched refuge dark despair,
While ravening wrongs and woes
pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share!

False flat'erer. Hope, away,
Nor think to lure us as in days
of yore!
We solemnize this sorrowing natal
day,

To prove our loyal truth — we
can no more —

And, owning Heaven's mysterious
sway,

Submissive, low, adore.

Ye honor'd, mighty Dead,
Who nobly perish'd in the glori-
ous cause,

Your King, your Country, and
her laws:

From great Dundee, who smiling
Victory led

And fell a Martyr in her arms
(What breast of northern ice but
warms!),

To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heav-
en's high flame,

Deserves the proudest wreath de-
parted heroes claim!

Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
It only lags, the fatal hour:

Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing
Power.

As from the cliff, with thundering
course,

The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed and gathering
force,

Till deep it, crushing, whelms the
cottage in the vale,
So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd,
strong,
Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall
lay,
And Stewart's wrongs and yours with
tenfold weight repay.

Perdition, baleful child of night,
Rise and revenge the injured right
Of Stewart's royal race!
Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of
Hell,
Till all the frightened echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase!
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction and the nation's
curse!

Hark how the cry grows on the
wind;
They leave the lagging gale be-
hind;
Their savage fury, pitiless, they
pour;
With murdering eyes already they
devour!
See Brunswick spent, a wretched
prey,
His life one poor despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers
in a worse!
Such Havoc, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring,
The base apostates to their God
Or rebels to their King!

ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL.

[Fox insisted on a regency during the
insanity of George III. Pitt opposed. In
the meantime the king began to recover.]

DAUGHTER of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and
fears!

Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rights of sepulture now duly
paid)

Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or Underground
Deep-sunk, profound
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make
The mountains shake
Thou mourn thy ill-starr'd blighted
birth;

Or in the uncreated Void,
Where seeds of future being fight,
With lighten'd step thou wander
wide
To greet thy mother — Ancient
Night —

And as each jarring monster-mass is
past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast:
In manner due, beneath this sacred
oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I
invoke!

By a Monarch's heaven-struck
fate;
By a disunited State;
By a generous Prince's wrongs;
By a Senate's war of tongues;
By a Premier's sullen pride
Louring on the changing tide;
By dread Thurlow's powers to
awe —
Rhetoric, blasphemy and law;
By the turbulent ocean,
A Nation's commotion;
By the harlot-carresses
Of Borough addresses;
By days few and evil;
(Thy portion, poor devil!),
By Power, Wealth, and Show — the
Gods by men adored;
By nameless Poverty their Hell ab-
horred;
By all they hope, by all they fear,
Hear! and Appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghostly Power,
Nor, grim with chain'd defiance, lour!
No Babel-structure would I build

Where, Order exil'd from his native
sway,
Confusion might the Regent-sceptre
wield,

While all would rule and none obey.
Go to the world of Man, relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And cull presumptuous Hope to hear
And bid him check his blind career;
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care
Never, never to despair!

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand.
Paint all the triumph of the Portland
Band

(Hark! how they lift the joy-exulting
voice,
And how their num'rous creditors
rejoice!);
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment
rise,
Cry 'Convalescence!' and the vision
flies.

Then next pourtray a dark'ning twi-
light gloom

Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
While proud Ambition to th' un-
timely tomb

By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends
is borne!

Paint Ruin, in the shape of high
Dundas

Gaping with giddy terror o'er the
brow:

In vain he struggles, the Fates behind
him press,

And clamorous Hell yawns for her
prey below!

How fallen That, whose pride late
scaled the skies!

And This, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
Again pronounce the powerful word:

See Day, triumphant from the night,
restored!

Then know this truth, ye Sons of
Men

(Thus ends thy moral tale):
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
Your brightest hopes may fail!

A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK,

ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS
MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

[Thursday, April 23, was appointed a
day of solemn thanksgiving for the recovery
of the king. Burns looked on the "whole
business as a solemn farce of pageant
nummery," and composed this parody.]

I.

O, SING a new song to the Lord!
Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise, ev'n for the King
His restoration!

II.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together.
'Come, let us sweep them off,' said
they,
'Like an o'erflowing river!'

III.

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together:
On right, and left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

IV.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride:
That Young Man, great in Issachar,
The burden-bearing tribe;

V.

And him, among the Princes, chief
In our Jerusalem,
The Judge that's mighty in Thy law,
The man that fears Thy name.

VI.

Yet they, even they with all their
strength,
Began to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, rav'ning wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

VII. •

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevail'd;
For so Thou hadst appointed,
That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto Thine own anointed!

VIII.

And now Thou hast restored our
State,
•Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low!

IX.

Consume that high-place, Patronage,
From off Thy holy hill;
And in Thy fury burn the book
Even of that man M'Gill!

X.

Now hear our prayer, accept our song,
And fight Thy chosen's battle!
We seek but little, Lord, from thee:
Thou kens we get as little!

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT
HON. C. J. FOX.

["I have another poetic whim in my head,
which I at present dedicate, or rather in-
scribe, to the Hon. Charles J. Fox; but
how long the fancy may hold I can't say."
—BURNS to MRS. DUNLOP.]

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix,
and unite,
How Virtue and Vice blend their black
and their white,

How Genius, th' illustrious father of
fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles
contradiction,
I sing. If these mortals, the critics,
should bustle.
I care not, not I: let the critics go
whistle!

But now for a Patron, whose name
and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honor my
story:—

Thou first of our orators, first of our
wits,
Yet whose parts and acquirements
seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast and with
judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could
go wrong;
With passions so potent and fancies
so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could
go right;
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the
Muses,
For using thy name, offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is Man! For as
simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and
his crooks!
With his depths and his shallows, his
good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle
the Devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope
hugely labors,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-
switch, eats up its neighbours.
Human Nature's his show-box—your
friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, Ruling Passion—the
picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a
system,
One trifling particular—Truth—
should have miss'd him!

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think Human Nature they truly describe:
Have you found this, or t'other?
There's more in the wind.
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse!
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence, you show it.
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle:
He'll have them by fair trade — if not, he will smuggle;
Nor cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and by God he would steal 'em!
Then seats like Squire Billy's, you ne'er can achieve 'em;
It is not, out-do him — the task is, out-thieve him!

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN.

A FRAGMENT, 1791.

[“A fragment in the manner of Prior and other fabulists of the eighteenth century. ‘The Whigs of Sparta’ had not much to do with the defeat of Xerxes, ‘that abandoned Tory.’” — ANDREW LANG.]

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme:
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has!
Such stale conceits are poor and silly:
I paint thee out a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
That, when thou pleasest, can do wonders,
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premis'd, I sing a Fox —
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained —
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?
How could'st thou, with a heart so good
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood),
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
ing,

And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The rights of men, the powers of
women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of princes', kings', and nations' fates
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories :
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in Hell ;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on man ;
How fell Semiramis — God damn
her ! —

Did first, with sacrilegious hammer
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck
fettlers ;

How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping
glory,

Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna
Charta ;

How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and
fire :

With much too tedious to relate
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit
Has gagg'd old Britain, drained her
coffer,

As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowl-
edge,

As much as some folks at a college ;
Knew Britain's rights and constitu-
tion,

Her aggrandisement, diminution ;
How Fortune wrought us good from
evil :

Let no man, then, despise the Devil,

As who should say: 'I ne'er can
need him,'
Since we to scoundrels owe our Free-
dom.

ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY,

KING'S ARMS, DUMFRIES, 12TH APRIL,
1793.

[Rodney's action off Dominica, April 12,
1782, was for some time celebrated year by
year. This version appeared in the *Edin-
burgh Advertiser*, April 19, 1793.]

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you
a toast :

Here's the Mem'ry of those on the
Twelfth that we lost ! —

We lost, did I say ? — No, by Heav'n,
that we found !

For their fame it shall live while the
world goes round.

The next in succession I'll give you :
the King !

And who would betray him, on high
may he swing !

And here's the grand fabric, our Free
Constitution

As built on the base of the great
Revolution !

And, longer with Politics not to be
crann'd,

Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny
damn'd !

And who would to Liberty e'er prove
disloyal,

May his son be a hangman — and he
his first trial !

ODE FOR GENERAL WASH- INGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

['I am just going to trouble your criti-
cal patience with the first sketch of a stanza.
I have been framing as I paced along the
road. The subject is Liberty: you know,

my honored friend, how dear the theme is
to me. I design it as an irregular ode for
General Washington's birthday.

— R. B. & MRS. DUNTOP, June 25, 1794.]

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake.
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell:
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain, exulting, bring
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is fear'd,
No more the despot of Colum-
bia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout a People freed! They
hail an Empire sav'd!

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and
bold,

That eye that can unmov'd be-
hold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created Fury dared to
raise?

Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the arm that struck
th' insulting blow!

Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers:
No!

But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the
van,

Ye know, and dare maintain the
Royalty of Man!

Alfred, on thy starry throne
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The Bards that erst have struck the
patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's
soul of fire,

No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great
design

To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious
deed!

Beneath her hostile banners wav-
ing,

Every pang of honour braving,
England in 'thunder calls: 'The
Tyrant's cause is mine!'

That hour accurst how did the fiends
rejoice,

And Hell thro' all her confines raise
th' exulting voice!

That hour which saw the generous
English name

Link'd with such damn'd deeds of
everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths
among.

Fam'd for the martial deed, the
heaven-taught song,

To thee I turn with swimming
eyes!

Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead

Beneath that hallow'd turf where
Wallace lies!

Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of
death!

Ye babbling winds, in silence
sweep!

Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as her rock, resistless as her
storm?

Show me that eye which shot immor-
tal hate,

Blasting the Despot's proudest bear-
ing!

Show me that arm which, nerv'd with
thundering fate.

Crush'd Usurpation's boldest dar-
ing!

Dark-vench'd as yonder sinking
star,

No more that glance lightens afar,

That palsied arm no more whirls on
the waste of war.

THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE.

TUNE: *Killiecrankie*.

[This related to a picnic on the coming of age of Mr. Cunningham of Annbank, and was the earliest of a series of election ballads.]

I.

O, WHA will to Saint Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man?
O, wha will to Saint Stephen's House
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will ye send a man o' law?
Or will ye send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major?

II.

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For Worth and Honour pawn their
word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's,
man.
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them
wine,
Anither gies them clatter;
Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies'
taste,
He gies a Fête Champetre.

III.

When Love and Beauty heard the
news
The gay-green woods amang, man,
Where, gathering flowers and busk-
ing bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang,
man,
A yow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter:

As theirs alone the patent bliss
To hold a Fête Champetre.

IV.

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome
wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man.
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet
And keep this Fête Champetre.

V.

Cauld Boreas wi' his boisterous crew
Were bound to stakes like kye,
man;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals through
the trees
To view this Fête Champetre.

VI.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
What sparkling jewels glance, man,
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man!
The echoing wood, the winding flood
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met at Adam's yett
To hold their Fête Champetre.

VII.

When Politics came there to mix
And make his ether-stane, man,
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
He blush'd for shame, he quat his
name.
Forswore it every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

TUNE: *Chevy Chase*.

[The Five Carlins represent the five boroughs of Dumfries-shire and Kirkcudbright. Dumfries is "Maggie by the banks o' Nith;" Annan is "Blinkin' Bess of Annandale;" Kirkcudbright "Brandy Jean of Gallo-way;" Sanquhar "Black Joán frae Crichton Peel;" and Lochmaben "Marjorie o' the Monie Lochs."]

I.

THERE was five carlins in the South :
They fell upon a scheme
To send a lad to Lon'on town
To bring them tidings hame :

II.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there :
And aiblins gowd and honor baith
Might be that laddie's share.

III.

There was Maggie by the Banks o'
Nith,
A dame wi' pride enugh ;
And Marjorie o' the Monie Lochs,
A carlin auld and tough ;

IV.

And Blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side ;
And Brandy Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide ;

V.

And Black Joán frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin :
Five wighter carlins were na found
The South countrie within.

VI.

To send a lad to London town
They met upon a day ;
And monie a knight and monie a laird
This errand fain wad gae.

VII.

O. monie a knight and monie a laird
This errand fain wad gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O, ne'er a ane but tway !

VIII.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred of a Border land ;
And he wad gae to London Town,
Might nae man him withstand ;

IX.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say ;
And ilka ane at London court
Wad bid to him guid-day.

X.

The neist cam in, a Soger boy,
And spak wi' modest grace ;
And he wad gae to London Town,
If sae their pleasure was.

XI.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend ;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

XII.

Now wham to chuse and wham refuse
At strife thae carlins fell ;
For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel.

XIII.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the Soger lad,
Whatever might betide.

XIV.

For the auld Guidman o' London court
She didna care a pin ;
But she wad send the Soger lad
To greet his eldest son.

XV.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says: 'I will send the belted Knight,
Spite of you carlins baith!

XVI.

'For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried this Border Knight:
I'll try him yet again.'

XVII.

Then Brandy Jean spak owre her
drink:—
'Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld Guidman o' London court,
His back's been at the wa';

XVIII.

'And monie a friend that kiss'd his
caup
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be sae wi' Brandy Jean—
I'll send the Border Knight.'

XIX.

Says Black Joán frae Crichton Peel,
A carlin stoor and grim:—
'The auld Guidman or the young
Guidman
For me may sink or swim!

XX.

'For fools will prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh in their slieve;
But wha blows best the horn shall
win—
I'll spier nae courtier's leave!'

XXI.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true:—

XXII.

'There's some great folk set light by
me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to London town
Wham I lo'e best at hame.'

XXIII.

Sae how this sturt and strife may end,
There's naeboddy can tell.
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themself!

ELECTION BALLAD FOR
WESTERHA'.

[In the letter to Mrs. Dunlop, enclosing this ballad, Burns wrote of the Duke of Queensberry: "His Grace is keenly attached to the Buff and Blue party; renegades and apostates are, you know, always keen."]

UP and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a'!
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't:
Ye turncoat whigs, awa'!

I.

The Laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie;
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the
King—
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

II.

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin wan—
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

III.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie!
There's no a callant tents the kye
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

IV.

To end the wark, here's Whistle-
birk—

Lang may his whistle blaw,
Jamie!—

And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
An' we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a' Jamie,

Up and waur them a'!

The Johnstones hae the guidin o't:
Ye turncoat Whigs awa!

TURN-COAT WHIGS AWA,
MAN.

[In the following ballad, printed in the Chambers edition, Burns satirizes William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, the notorious "Old Q."]

As I cam doon the banks o' Nith
And by Glenriddle's ha', man,
There I heard a piper play
Turn-coat Whigs awa, man.

Drumlanrig's towers hae tint the
powers
That kept the lands in awe, man:
The eagle's dead, and in his stead
We've gotten a hoodie-craw, man.

The turn-coat Duke his King for-
sook,
When his back was at the wa',
man:
The rattan ran wi' a' his clan
For fear the house should fa', man.

The lads about the banks o' Nith,
They trust his Grace for a', man:
But he'll sair them as he sair't his
King.
Turn tail and rin awa, man.

ELECTION BALLAD

AT CLOSE OF THE CONTEST FOR
REPRESENTING THE DUMFRIES
BURGH, 1790.

*Addressed to Robert Graham of
Fintry.*

[The ballad sent to Graham is dated
June 10, 1790.]

I.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle 's I am?
Come, then! Wi' uncouth kintra fleg
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him!

II.

But where shall I gae rin or ride,
That I may splatter nane beside?
I wad na be uncivil:
In mankind's various paths and ways
There's ay some doytin body strays,
And I ride like a devil.

III.

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr,
An' down yon dark, deep alley spur,
Where Theologics dander:
Alas! curst wi' eternal fogs,
And damn'd in everlasting bogs,
Assure 's the Creed I'll blunder!

IV.

I'll stain a band, or jaup a gown,
Or rin my reckless, guilty crown
Against the haly door!
Sair do I rue my luckless fate,
When, as the Muse an' Deil wad hae
I rade that road before!

V.

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix
Among the wilds o' Politics—
Electors and electe!—

Where dogs at Court (sad sons o'
bitches !)
Septennially a madness touches,
Till all the land's infected?

VI.

All hail, Drumlanrig's haughty Grace,
Discarded remnant of a race
Once godlike — great in story !
Thy fathers' virtues all contrasted,
The very name of Douglas blasted,
Thine that inverted glory !

VII.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
But thou hast superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt !
Follies and crimes have stain'd the
name ;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin
claim,
From aught that's good exempt !

VIII.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddlers, whores, and hunters,
And, bent on buying Borough Towns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-
loons,
And kissing barefit bunters.

IX.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions,
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurl'd
To every Whig defiance.

X.

But cautious Queensberry left the
war
(Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his
star ;
Besides, he hated bleeding),

But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsar's fight
Or Ciceronian pleading.

XI.

O, for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banner !
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honor !

XII.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her
brows !)
Led on the Loves and Graces :
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, *sub rosa*, played his part
Among their wives and lasses.

XIII.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core :
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder.
Glenriddell, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs
And bared the treason under.

XIV.

In either wing two champions fought :
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory ;
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his
ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopeian fury.

XV.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation !
While Maxwellton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his
hold
And threaten'd worse damna-
tion.

XVI.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons, extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like furious devils driving.

XVII.

What verse can sing, what prose nar-
rate
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
Amid this mighty tulyie?
Grim Horror gird'd, pale Terror
roar'd.
As Murder at his thrapple shor'd,
And Hell mix'd in the brulyie.

XVIII.

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down with crashing rattle.
As flames among a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods —
Such is the rage of Battle!

XIX.

The stubborn Tories dare to die:
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers!
The Whigs come on like Ocean's
roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

XX.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep
night
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring!
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

XXI.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame:
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant
Graham,

Auld Covenanters shiver . . .
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd
Montrose!
Now Death and Hell engulph thy
foes,
Thou liv'st on high forever!

XXII.

Still o'er the field the combat burns;
The Tories, Whigs, give way by
turns;
But Fate the word has spoken;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can:
The Tory ranks are broken.

XXIII.

O, that my een were flowing burns!
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly
From furious Whigs pursuing!

XXIV.

What Whig but melts for good Sir
James,
Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor?
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney
save;
And Hopeton falls — the generous,
brave! —
And Stewart bold as Hector.

XXV.

Thou, Pitt, shall rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl this curse of woe,
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice,
And Burke shall sing: — 'O Prince,
arise!
Thy power is all prevailing!'

XXVI.

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He sees and hears the distant war,
A cool spectator purely:
So, when the storm the forest rends,

The robin in the hedge descends,
And, patient, chirps securely.

XXVII.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's
sakes,

And for my dear-lov'd Land o'
Cakes,
I pray with holy fire : —
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o'
Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire !

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION, 1795.

BALLAD FIRST.

[In this election Burns warmly supported Mr. Heron, not merely for friendship's sake, but out of especial dislike to the more conspicuous of his opponent's supporters.]

I.

WHAM will we send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that,
Where is the Laird or belted
Knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

II.

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett —
And wha is 't never saw that? —
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that!

III.

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,
Wi' Lords and Dukes let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!

An independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

IV.

But why should we to Nobles jeuk,
And it against the law, that,
And even a Lord may be a gowk,
Wi' ribban, star, and a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A Lord may be a lousy loon,
Wi' ribban, star, and a' that.

V.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
Wi' s uncle's purse and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
We are na to be bought and sold,
Like nowte, and naigs, and a'
that.

VI.

Then let us drink : — 'The Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be':
For weel he 's worthy a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that.

BALLAD SECOND: THE ELECTION.

TUNE: *Fy, Let Us A' to The Bridal.*

[A parody of "The Blythsome Wedding."]

I.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
An' O, how the heroes will swear!
And there will be Murray commander,
An' Gordon the battle to win:
Like brothers, they'll stan' by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

II.

An' there'll be black-nebbit Johnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a':
Gin he get na Hell for his haddin,
The Deil gets nae justice ava!
And there'll be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane;
But as to his fine nabob fortune—
We'll e'en let the subject alane!

III.

An' there'll be Wigton's new sheriff—
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped:
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But Lord! what's become o' the head?
An' there'll be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes:
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the Devil the prey would despise.

IV.

An' there'll be Douglasses doughty,
New christening towns far and near:
Abjuring their democrat doings
An' kissing the arse of a peer!

An' there'll be Kenmure sae generous,

Wha's honor is proof to the storm:
To save them from stark reprobation
He lent them his name to the firm!

V.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body—e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 't were na the cost o' the rape!
An' whare is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
Sae famed for his gratefu' return?
The billie is getting his Questions
To say at St. Stephen's the morn!

VI.

An' there'll be lads o' the gospel:
Muirhead, wha's as guid as he's true;
An' there'll be Buittle's Apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue;
An' there'll be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note:
The Deil ane but honors them highly,
The Deil ane will gie them his vote!

VII.

An' there'll be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hang by the neck:
But for prodigal thriftless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect
An' there'll be rich brither nabobs;
Tho' nabobs, yet men o' the first!
An' there'll be Colliciston's whiskers,
An' Quinton—o' lads no the warst!

VIII.

An' there'll be Stamp-Office Johnie:
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!
An' there'll be gay Cassencarry,
An' there'll be Colonel Tam;

An' there 'll be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Wha's honour was ever his law:
 If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'!

IX.

An' can we forget the auld Major,
 Wha'll ne'er be fergot in the
 Greys?
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some
 other:
 Him only it's justice to praise!
 An' there 'll be maiden Kilkerran,
 An' also Barskimming's guid
 Knight.
 An' there 'll be roaring Birtwhistle—
 Yet luckily roars in the right!

X.

An' there frae the Niddlesdale bor-
 der
 Will mingle the Maxwell's in
 droves:
 Teuch Johnie, Staunch Geordie, and
 Wattie
 That girms for the fishes an'
 loaves!
 An' there 'll be Logan's M'Doual—
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there!
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sogering, gunpowther Blair!

XI.

Then hey the chaste interest of
 Broughton.
 An' hey for the blessings 't will
 bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Com-
 mons—
 In Sodom 't would mak him a King!
 An' hey for the sanctified Murray
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founder'd his horse among har-
 lots,
 But gie'd the auld naig to the
 Lord! ♀

BALLAD THIRD.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE: *Babes in the Wood.*

[Bushby, the son of a spirit-dealer in
 Dumfries, became a lawyer, and afterwards
 a private banker in the same town.]

I.

'T WAS in the Seventeen Hunder year
 O' grace, and Ninety-Five,
 That year I was the wae'est man
 Of onie man alive.

II.

In March the three-an'-twentieth
 morn,
 The sun raise clear an' bright
 But O, I was a wae'fu' man,
 Ere to-fa' o' the night!

III.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 Fast knit in chaste and holy bands
 With Broughton's noble name.

IV.

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
 And chief o' Broughton's host:
 So twa blind beggars, on a string,
 The faithfu' tyke will trust!

V.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's
 broke,
 And Broughton 's wi' the slain,
 And I my ancient craft may try,
 Sin' honesty is gane.

VI.

'T was by the banks o' bonie Dee,
 Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there
 Did muster a' their powers.

VII.

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud
 Wi' wing'd spurs did ride:
 That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside.

VIII.

An' there ha na been the Yerl him-
 sel.
 O, there had been nae play!
 But Garlies was to London gane,
 And sae the kye might stray.

IX.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween —
 In front rank he wad shine;
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinkin' Madeira wine.

X.

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
 A chief o' doughty deed:
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmure we had need.

XI.

And by our banners march'd Muir-
 head,
 And Buittle was na slack,
 Whase haly priesthood nane could
 stain,
 For wha could dye the black?

XII.

And there was grave Squire Cardo-
 ness,
 Look'd on till a' was done:
 Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
 A howlet sits at noon.

XIII.

And there led I the Bushby clan:
 My gamesome billie, Will.
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps follow'd still.

XIV.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
 We set nought to their score;
 The Douglas and the Heron's name
 Had left our weight before.

XV.

But Douglasses o' weight had we:
 The pair o' lusty lairds,
 For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
 And christenin kail-yards.

XVI.

And then Redcastle drew his sword
 That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore
 Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
 To drive him frae his door.

XVII.

And last cam creepin Collieston,
 Was mair in fear than wrath;
 Ae knave was constant in his mind —
 To keep that knave frae scaith.

— — —
 BALLAD FOURTH: THE
 TROGGER.

TUNE: *Buy Broom Besoms.*

[Written for Heron's election for Kirkcud-
 bright Burns died before the result was
 known. A trogger is a travelling hawk or
 packman.]

Chorus.

Buy braw troggin
 Frae the banks o' Dee!
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me!

I.

WHA will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware,
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair?

II.

There 's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang — it 's thought
The guids were stown.

III.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
In a needle's e'e
Here's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie.

IV.

Here 's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness's head —
Fine for a soger,
A' the wale o' lead.

V.

Here 's a little wadset —
Buittle scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.

VI.

Here 's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tinwald —
So was never worn !

VII.

Here 's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr :
The crest, a sour crab-apple
Rotten at the core.

VIII.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin like a taed.

IX.

Here 's the font where Douglas
Stane and mortar names,
Lately used at Caily
Christening Murray's crimes.

X.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast :
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost

XI.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the Ten Commands,
Gifted by Black Jock
To get them aff his hands.

XII.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ? —
If to buy ye 're slack,
Hornie's turnin chapman :
He'll buy a' the pack !

Chorus.

Buy braw troggin
Frac the banks o' Dee !
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me !

THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE: *The Dragon of Wantley.*

[This ballad refers to a contest between Mr. Erskine and Mr. Dundas for the deanship of the Faculty of Advocates. Mr. Dundas was elected.]

I.

DIRE was the hate at Old Harlaw
That Scot to Scot did carry ;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary.
But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the
famous job,
Who should be the Faculty's Dean,
Sir.

II.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore
 Among the first was number'd
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment the Tenth remem-
 ber'd.
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire:
 Which shows that Heaven can boil
 the pot,
 Tho' the Deil piss in the fire.

III.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy;
 For talents, to deserve a place,
 Are qualifications saucy.
 So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of Merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d' ye
 see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

IV.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So, may be, on this Pisgah height
 Bob's purblind mental vision.
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd
 yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear that he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam.

V.

In your heretic sins may ye live and
 die,
 Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
 But accept, ye sublime majority,
 My congratulations hearty!
 With your honors, as with a certain
 King,
 In your servants this is striking,
 The more incapacity they bring
 The more they're to your liking.

MISCELLANIES.

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

[An early attempt at satire. Published
 by Chambers (1851).]

I.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
 Ye'll there see bonie Peggy:
 She kens her father is a laird,
 And she forsooth 's a leddy.

II.

There's Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
 Besides a handsome fortune:
 Wha canna win her in a night
 Has little art in courtin'.

III.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
 And tak a look o' Mysie:

She's dour and din, a deil within,
 But aiblins she may please ye.

IV.

If she be shy, her sister try,
 Ye'll may be fancy Jenny:
 If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense,
 She kens hersel she's bonie.

V.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
 Spier in for bonie Bessy:
 She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
 And handsomely address ye.

VI.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae guid
 In a' King George' dominion:
 If ye should doubt the truth of this,
 It's Bessy's ain opinion.

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS.

[The Bennals was a farm in Tarbolton Parish. Miss Jean refused Gilbert Burns.]

I.

IN Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper
young men,
And proper young lasses and a',
man:
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in
the Bennals?
They carry the gree frae them a',
man.

II.

Their father's a laird, and weel he
can spare't:
Braid money to tocher them a',
man;
To proper young men, he'll clink in
the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

III.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant
ye've seen
As bonie a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie
wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a',
man.

IV.

The charms o' the min', the langer
they shine
The mair admiration they draw,
man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses
and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa,
man.

V.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak th's frae a
frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man:

The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang
through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

VI.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on
his speed
For mair than a towmond or twa,
man:
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on
a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

VII.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o'
her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a'
man:
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully com-
plete,
She steals our affections awa, man.

VIII.

If I should detail the pick and the
walc
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The faut wad be mine, if they didna
shine
The sweetest and best o' them a',
man.

IX.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel
tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
For making o' rhymes, and working
at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

X.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse
Nor hae't in her power to say na,
man:
For though I be poor, unnoticed,
obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them
a', man.

XI.

Though I canna ride in well-booted
pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a crow,
man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o'
the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw,
man.

XII.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch
o' the best;
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa,
man,
And stockings and pumps to put on
my stumps.
And ne'er a wrang steck in them
a', man.

XIII.

My sarks they are few, but five o'
them new—
Twal' hundred, as white as the
snaw, man!
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cra-
vat—
There are no monie Poets sae
braw, man!

XIV.

I never had frien's weel stockit in
means,
To leave me a hundred or twa,
man;
Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on
their drants
And wish them in hell for it a',
man.

XV.

I never was cannie for hoarding o'
money,
Or claughtin't together at a', man;
I've little to spend and naething to
lend,
But devil a shilling I awe, man.

I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER.

[Inspired, it may be, by the destruction
of the shop at Irvine, when the writer was
"left, like a true poet, not worth sixpence."]

I.

O, WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger.

II.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane—and something
mair:
I'll go and be a sodger.

APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSSON.

INSCRIBED ABOVE AND BELOW HIS
PORTRAIT.

[The copy of Fergusson bearing this pas-
sionate but Anglified protest, was given by
Burns to Miss K. Carmichael, a writer of
verse.]

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can
be pleas'd
And yet can starve the author of the
pleasure!

O thou, my elder brother in mis-
fortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muse,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the Bard unfitted for the
world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its
pleasures?

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE

[These young ladies were all married,
and their histories have been traced. Miss
Armour became Mrs. Burns.]

I.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper
young belles,

The pride of the place and its neigh-
bourhood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger
would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten
it a'.

II.

Miss Millar is fine, Miss Markland's
divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, an Miss Betty
is braw,
There's beauty and fortune to get wi'
Miss Morton;
But Armour's the jewel for me o'
them a'.

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER
DEAR.

Jeremiah, chap. xv. verse 10.

[The lines were inscribed by Burns in a
copy of Fergusson now in the Free Library,
Edinburgh.]

I.

AH, woe is me, my Mother dear!
A man of strife ye've born me:
For sair contention I maun bear;
They hate, revile, and scorn me.

II.

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
That five per cent. might blest me;
And borrowing, on the tither hand,
The deil a ane wad trust me.

III.

Yet I, a coin-deny'd wight,
By Fortune quite discarded,
Ye see how I am day and night
By lad and lass blackguarded!

INSCRIBED ON A WORK OF
HANNAH MORE'S

PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A
LADY.

[This lady has not been identified.]

THOU flatt'ring mark of friendship
kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor!
Tho' sweetly female ev'ry part,
Yet such a head and — more — the
heart

Does both the sexes honor:
She show'd her taste refin'd and just,
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me:
'But, kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her, and wiss her
A Friend aboon the lift.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK
NOTE.

[The verses were written on a Bank of
Scotland one-pound note of the date of
March 1, 1780.]

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed
leaf!

Fell source of a' my woe and grief,
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curs'd restric-
tion.

I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victims' spoil;
And for thy potency vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-
lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland
more.

R. B.

KYLE.

THE FAREWELL.

*The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon
him,
To helpless children,—then, Oh then he
feels
The point of misery festering in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortunes like a cow-
ard:*

Such, such am I!—undone!

—THOMSON'S "Edward and Eleanora."

["The Farewell" was written in August, 1786, when the idea of emigration was firmly fixed in the poet's mind.]

I.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak do-
mains,

Far dearer than the torrid plains,

Where rich auras blow!

Farewell, a mother's blessing dear

A brother's sigh, a sister's tear,

My Jean's heart-rending throe!

Farewell, my Bess! Tho' thou'rt
hereft

Of my paternal care,

A faithful brother I have left,

My part in him thou'lt share!

Adieu too, to you too,

My Smith, my bosom frien';

When kindly you mind me,

O, then befriend my Jean!

II.

What bursting anguish tears my
heart?

From thee, my Jeany, must I part?

Thou, weeping, answerest: 'No!'

Alas! misfortune stares my face,

And points to ruin and disgrace—

I for thy sake must go!

Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,

A grateful, warm adieu:

I with a much-indebted tear

Shall still remember you!

All-hail, then, the gale then
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles, and whistles—
I'll never see thee more!

— — — —

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF
ROBERT RUISSEAUX.

["Ruisseaux"—French for "brooks"
(i.e., "burns")—is a play on the poet's
name.]

I.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae
mair;

Cauld Poverty wi' hungry stare

Nae mair shall fear him;

Nor anxious Fear, nor canker'd Care,

E'er mair come near him.

II.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash'd
him,

Except the moment that they crush'd
him;

For sune as Chance or Fate had hush'd
'em,

Tho' e'er sae short,

Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em,
And thought it sport.

III.

Tho' he was bred to kintra-wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark

To mak a man:

But tell him he was learned and clark,
Ye roos'd him than!

— — — —

VERSES INTENDED TO BE
WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE
EARL'S PICTURE.

[A special compliment to the poet's patron,
the Earl of Glencairn, who declined, as a

question of taste, to have it included in the '87 edition.]

I.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous princely
mien,
Ev'n rooted foes admire?

II.

Stranger! to justly show that brow
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal
tints
His other works admire!

III.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves.

IV.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That Chief thou may'st discern:
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF
SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

[Sir James Hunter Blair was a public-spirited citizen of Edinburgh, the promoter of many public works, and was created a baronet in 1786.]

I.

THE lamp of day with ill-presaging
glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the
western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the
darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky
cave.

o

II.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and
dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's
royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once
hallow'd, well,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred
Fane.

III.

Th' increasing blast roared round the
beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er
the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed
their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the
startled eye.

IV.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a
stately form
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her
breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the
raving storm.

V.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow:
'T was Caledonia's trophied shield
I view'd,
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive
woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears
imbued;

VI.

Revers'd that spear redoubtable in
war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields
unfurld,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd
afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs
of the world.

VII.

'My patriot son fills an untimely grave!
 With accents wild and lifted arms,
 she cried;
 'Low lies the hand that oft was
 stretch'd to save,
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with
 honor's pride.

VIII.

'A weeping country joins a widow's
 tear;
 The helpless poor mix with the
 orphan's cry;
 The drooping Arts surround their
 patron's bier;
 And grateful Science heaves the
 heart-felt sigh.

IX.

'I saw my sons resume their ancient
 fire;
 I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly
 blow.
 But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
 Relentless fate has laid their guar-
 dian low.

X.

'My patriot falls, but shall he lie un-
 sung,
 While empty greatness saves a
 worthless name?
 No: every Muse shall join her tuneful
 tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing
 fame.

XI.

'And I will join a mother's tender cares
 Thro' future times to make his vir-
 tues last,
 That distant years may boast of other
 Blairs!'—
 She said, and vanish'd with the
 sweeping blast.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD
PRESIDENT DUNDAS

[Burns composed this elegy at the sug-
 gestion of Mr. Charles Hay, advocate, after-
 wards elevated to the bench under the de-
 signation of Lord Newton. The son of the
 Lord President, to whom the poem was
 sent, "never took the smallest notice of the
 letter, the poem, or the poet," and Burns's
 pride received an incurable wound.]

LONE on the bleak hills, the straying
 flocks

Shun the fierce storms among the
 sheltering rocks;

Down foam the rivulets, red with
 dashing rains;

The gathering floods burst o'er the
 distant plains;

Beneath the blast the leafless forests
 groan;

The hollow caves return a hollow
 moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye
 caves,

Ye howling winds, and wintry swell-
 ing waves,

Unheard, unseen, by human ear or
 eye,

Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly,
 Where to the whistling blast and
 water's roar

Pale Scotia's recent wound I may de-
 plore!

O heavy loss, thy country ill could
 bear!

A loss these evil days can ne'er re-
 pair!

Justice, the high vicegerent of her
 God,

Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd
 her rod;

Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
 She sank, abandon'd to the wildest
 woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a dark-
 some den,

Now gay in hope explore the paths
 of men.

See from his cavern grim Oppression
rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes!
Keen on the helpless victim let him
fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting
cry!
Mark Ruffian Violence, distained with
crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate
times!
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the err-
ing way;
While subtle Litigation's pliant
tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right
and Wrong!
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' un-
listen'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th'
unpitied wail!

Ye dark, waste hills, ye brown, un-
sightly plains,
Congenial scenes, ye soothe my
mournful strains.
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents,
roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I
resign;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wander-
ings mine,
'T'o mourn the woes my country must
endure:
'That wound degenerate ages cannot
cure.

ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL'S MARE.

[The mare, which was named after the
insane woman who attempted the life of
George III., was the property of Burns's
friend, Mr. William Nicol.]

I.

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay
mare
As even trod on air;

But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

II.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick an' thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

III.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

IV.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare
An' the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppress'd, and bruise'd she
was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

LINES ON FERGUSSON.

[Inscribed in a copy of the "World."
(Chambers).]

I.

ILL-FATED genius! Heaven-taught
Fergusson!
What heart that feels, and will not
yield a tear
To think Life's sun did set, e'er well
begun
To shed its influence on thy bright
career!

II.

O, why should truest Worth and
Genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want
and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot-great-
ness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can
bestow?

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS
BURNET OF MONBODDO.

[Elizabeth Burnet, the "fair Burnet" of the "Address to Edinburgh," was the younger daughter of James Burnet, Lord Monboddo. Burns was a frequent visitor to Monboddo's house in 1786-7, and almost worshipped the fair hostess.]

I.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native
skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a
blow
As that which laid th' accomplish'd
Burnet low.

II.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can
I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee high Heaven above was truest
shown,
For by His noblest work the Godhead
best is known.

III.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride,
ye groves!
Thou crystal streamlet with thy
flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your
idle loves,
Ye cease to charm: Eliza is no
more.

IV.

Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy
fens,
Ye mossy streams with sedge and
rushes stor'd,
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary
glens,
To you I fly: ye with my soul
accord.

V.

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was
all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit
hail.
And thou, sweet Excellence! forsake
our earth,
And not a Muse with honest grief
bewail? •

VI.

We saw thee shine in youth and
beauty's pride
And Virtue's light, that beams be-
yond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning
tide,
Thou left us darkling in a world of
tears.

VII.

The parent's heart that nestled fond
in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to
grief and care!
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged
tree,
So, rudely ravish'd, left it bleak and
bare.

PEGASUS AT WANLOCK-
HEAD.

[Written in Ramage's Inn, while the poet's horse's shoes were frosting. For thirty years afterwards it was said Vulcan was in the habit of boasting that he had "never been weel paid but ance, and that was by a poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse."]

I.

WITH Pegasus upon a day
Apollo, weary flying
(Through frosty hills the journey lay),
On foot the way was plugging.

II.

Poor slip-shod, giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes
To get a frosty caulker.

III.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack —
Sol paid him in a sonnet.

IV.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster!
My Pegasus is poorly shod —
I'll pay you like my master!
RAMESSES, 3 o'clock.

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS
OF THOMSON.

[Thomson, among other pieces of patronage, drew the salary of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, and had a pension. Thomson did not "climb the brae helpless and alane," quite the reverse. — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn
When they wha wad hae starved thy
life
Thy senseless turf adorn?

II.

They wha about thee mak sic fuss
Now thou art but a name,
Wad seen thee damn'd ere they had
spar'd
Ae plack to fill thy wame.

III.

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae
Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claucht th' unfading garland there,
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

IV.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted: —
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!

V.

'To whom hae muck, more shall be
given'
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S
DESERTIONFROM THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN
ARMY.

[Burns chanted these verses on hearing some one express his joy at General Dumourier's defection from the service of the French Republic.]

I.

YOU'RE welcome to Despots,
Dumourier!
You're welcome to Despots,
Dumourier!
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with
you,
Dumourier?

II.

I will fight France with you,
Dumourier,
I will fight France with you,
Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you,
By my soul, I'll dance with you,
Dumourier!

III.

Then let us fight about,
 Dumourier !
 Then let us fight about,
 Dumourier !
 Then let us fight about
 Till Freedom's spark be out,
 Then we 'll be damn'd, no doubt,
 Dumourier.

ON JOHN M'MURDO.

[Cunningham states that the verses "accompanied a present of books or verse," and that afterwards Burns wrote them on a window-pane with a diamond.]

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening
 ray !
 No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of
 care.
 Nor ever sorrow, add one silver
 hair !
 O may no son the father's honor
 stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother
 pain!

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING
IN A MORNING WALK IN
JANUARY.

[Burns dealt little in sonnets; this example breaks every former rule except that which restricts the number of lines to fourteen.]

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leaf-
 less bough,
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy
 strain:
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly
 reign.
 At thy blythe carol clears his fur-
 rowed brow.
 So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
 Sits meek Content with light, un-
 anxious heart,

Welcomes the rapid moments, bids
 them part,
 Nor asks if they bring ought to hope
 or fear.
 I thank Thee, Author of this opening
 day,
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds
 yon orient skies!
 Riches denied. Thy boon was purer
 joys:
 What wealth could never give nor
 take away !
 Yet come, thou child of Poverty and
 Care,
 The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that
 mite with thee I 'll share.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RID-
DELL'S BIRTHDAY,

4TH NOVEMBER 1793.

[Mrs. Walter Riddell, whose maiden name was Maria Woodley, was the daughter of William Woodley, Commander and Governor of St. Kitts and the Leeward Islands.]

I.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer pre-
 ferred:—
 'What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
 Night's horrid car drags dreary slow;
 My dismal months no joys are crown-
 ing,
 But spleeny, English hanging, drown-
 ing.

II.

Now Jove, for once be mighty civil:
 To counterbalance all this evil
 Give me, and I 've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day!
 That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot
 match me.'

'T is done !' says Jove ; so ends my
story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL OF GLEN- RIDDELL.

[Burns had offended the Riddells by lampooning Mrs. Walter Riddell ; and "the worthy Glenriddell, deep read in old coins," fell out with the poet of the " Whistle," and he died unreconciled to his friend, who, remembering only his worth and former kindness, immediately penned an elegiac sonnet on the event.]

No more, ye warblers of the wood,
no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my
soul !
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy
verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim
Winter's wildest roar !
How can ye charm, ye flowers, with
all your dyes ?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my
friend.
How can I to the tuneful strain at-
tend ?
That strain flows round the untimely
tomb where Riddell lies
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes
of woe,
And sooth the Virtues weeping o'er
his bier !
The man of worth — and 'hath not
left his peer' ! —
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever
darkly low.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall
others greet ;
Me, memory of my loss will only
meet.

A SONNET UPON SONNETS.

[First published in the Centenary edition, which says : " We have done our utmost to determine whether this copy of verses be

very Burns, or merely a copy in Burns's handwriting. It seems to be unknown, and we have assumed that it is one of his few metrical experiments.]

FOURTEEN, a sonneteer thy praises
sings ;
What magic myst'ries in that number
lie !
Your hen hath fourteen eggs beneath
her wings
That fourteen chickens to the roost
may fly.
Fourteen full pounds the jockey's
stone must be ;
His age fourteen — a horse's prime is
past.
Fourteen long hours too oft the Bard
must fast ;
Fourteen bright bumpers — bliss he
ne'er must see !
Before fourteen, a dozen yields the
strife ;
Before fourteen — e'en thirteen's
strength is vain.
Fourteen good years — a woman
gives us life ;
Fourteen good men — we lose that
life again.
What lucubrations can be more upon
it ?
Fourteen good measur'd verses make
a sonnet.

GRIZZEL GRIMME.

[This piece is published in the " Notes " of the Centenary edition, with the following comment : " This piece came into our hands too late for insertion among the ' Miscellanies.' But it is plainly Burns, the artist in folk-song, and — save for a false (eighteenth century) note or two in the first half of stanza iii — that Burns by no means at his worst ; it is racy, rank, even, of the rustic earth ; and we have pleasure in giving it in this Note."]

GRIM Grizzel was a mighty Dame
Weel kend on Cluden-side :
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
O' meikle fame and pride.

When gentles met in gentle bowers
And nobles in the ha',
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame,
The loudest o' them a'.

Where lawless Riot rag'd the night
And Beauty durst na gang,
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame,
Wham nae man e'er wad wrang.

Nor had Grim Grizzel skill alane
What bower and ha' require;
But she had skill, and meikle skill,
In barn and eke in byre.

Ae day Grim Grizzel walkèd forth,
As she was wont to do,
Along the banks o' Cluden fair,
Her cattle for to view.

The cattle sh . . . o'er hill and dale
As cattle will incline,
And sair it grieved Grim Grizzel's
heart
Sae meikle muck to tine.

And she has ca'd on John o' Clods,
Of her herdsman the chief,
And she has ca'd on John o' Clods!
And tell'd him a' her grief:—

'Now wae betide thee, John o' Clods!
I gie thee meal and fee,
And yet sae muckle muck ye tine
Might a' be gear to me!

'Ye claut my byre, ye sweep my byre,
The like was never seen;
The very chamber I lie in
Was never half sae clean.

'Ye ca' my kye adown the loan
And there they a' discharge:
My Tammie's hat, wig, head and a'
Was never half sae large!

'But mind my words now, John o'
Clods,
And tent me what I say:

My kye shall sh . . . ere they gae out,
That shall they ilka day.

'And mind my words now, John o'
Clods,
And tent now wha ye serve;
Or back ye 'se to the Colonel gang,
Either to steal or starve.'

Then John o' Clods he lookèd up
And syne he lookèd down;
He lookèd east, he lookèd west,
He lookèd roun' and roun'.

His bonnet and his rowantree club
Frac either hand did fa';
Wi' lifted een and open mouth
He naething sad at a'.

At length he found his trembling
tongue,
Within his mouth was fauld:—
'Ae silly word frac me, madám,
Gin I daur be sae bauld.

'Your kye will at nae bidding sh . . . ,
Let me do what I can;
Your kye will at nae bidding sh . . .
Of onie earthy man.

'Tho' ye are great Lady Glaur-hole,
For a' your power and art
Tho' ye are great Lady Glaur-hole,
They winna let a fart.'

'Now wae betide thee, John o' Clods!
An ill death may ye die!
My kye shall at my bidding sh . . . ,
And that ye soon shall see.'

Then she 's ta'en Hawkie by the tail,
And wrung wi' might and main,
Till Hawkie rowted through the woods
Wi' agonising pain.

'Sh . . . , sh . . . , ye bitch,' Grim
Grizzel roar'd,
Till hill and valley rang;
'And sh . . . , ye bitch,' the echoes
roar'd
Lincluden wa's amang.

FRAGMENTS.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

[Assigned by Burns to his eighteenth or nineteenth year. Much later in life he contemplated a drama on an adventure of Robert Bruce.]

ALL villain as I am—a damnèd
wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting
sinner —
Still my heart melts at human wretch-
edness,
And with sincere, tho' unavailing,
sighs
I view the helpless children of dis-
tress.
With tears indignant I behold the op-
pressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruc-
tion,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his
crime.
Ev'n you, ye hapless crew! I pity
you!
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin
to pity,
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vaga-
bonds,
Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er
to ruin.
Oh! but for friends and interposing
Heaven,
I had been driven forth, like you for-
lorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch
among you;
O injured God! Thy goodness has
endow'd me
With talents passing most of my com-
peers,
Which I in just proportion have
abused,
As far surpassing other common vil-
lains
As Thou in natural parts has given me
more.

REMORSE.

["Remorse is the most painful sentiment that can imbitter the human bosom." (R. B.)
"As early as 1783. The fragment, of course, is dramatic, and not personal." — ANDREW LANG.]

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our
peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind
with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
By our own folly, or our guilt brought
on:
In ev'ry other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say: — 'It was no deed of
mine.'
But, when to all the evil of misfor-
tune
This sting is added: — 'Blame thy
foolish self!'
Or, worse far, the pangs of keen re-
morse,
The torturing, gnawing consciousness
of guilt,
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involvèd
others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly
lov'd us;
Nay, more, that very love their cause
of ruin!
O burning Hell! in all thy store of
torments
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while
his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his
crime,
Can reason down its agonizing
throbs,
And, after proper purpose of amend-
ment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts
to peace?
O happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

RUSTICITY'S UNGAINLY
FORM.

["The 'sensible' one Burns grieves for
was the unlucky Miss Kennedy."—AN-
DREW LANG.]

I.

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find.

II.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm Fervour may o'erlook;
But spare poor Sensibility
Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

ON WILLIAM CREECH.

[Sent to Mrs. Dunlop, Oct. 23, 1783, with
the fragment on William Smellie. "These,"
wrote Burns, "are embryotic fragments of
what may one day be a poem."]

A LITTLE upright, pert, tart, tripping
wight,
And still his precious self his dear
delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in
the streets
Better than e'er the fairest She he
meets.
Much specious lore, but little under-
stood
(Veneering oft outshines the solid
wood),
His solid sense by inches you must
tell,
But meet his subtle cunning by the ell!
A man of fashion, too, he made his
tour,
Learn'd 'Vive la bagatelle et vive
l'amour':
So travell'd monkies their grimace
improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for
ladies' love!

His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft
must mend.

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE.

[Author of the "Philosophy of Natural
History," and member of the Antiquarian
and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.]

CROCHALLAN came:

The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout
the same;
His grisly beard just bristling in its
night
(T was four long nights and days to
shaving-night);
His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-star-
ing, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear
unmatch'd;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting
rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and
good.

SKETCH FOR AN ELEGY.

[Probably the original form of the elegy
on Captain Matthew Henderson, although
his name is not mentioned.]

I.

CRAIGDARROCH, fam'd for speaking
art
And every virtue of the heart,
Stops short, nor can a word impart
To end his sentence,
When mem'ry strikes him like a dart
With auld acquaintance.

II.

Black James—whase wit was never
laith,
But, like a sword had tint the sheath,
Ay ready for the work o' death—
He turns aside,
And strains wi' suffocating breath
His grief to hide.

III.

Even Philosophic Smellie tries
 To choak the stream that floods his
 eyes :
 So Moses wi' a hazel-rice
 Came o'er the stane ;
 But, tho' it cost him speaking twice,
 It gush'd amain.

IV.

Go to your marble graffs, ye great,
 In a' the tinkler-trash of state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth,
 And weep the ae best fallow's fate
 E'er lay in earth !

PASSION'S CRY.

[This Poem was inspired by a famous
 divorce case which was tried in the Court
 of Session.]

MILD zephyrs waft thee to life's far-
 rest shore,
 Nor think of me and my distresses
 more !
 Falsehood accurst ! No ! Still I beg
 a place,
 Still near thy heart some little, little
 trace !
 For that dear trace the world I would
 resign :
 O, let me live, and die, and think it
 mine !

By all I lov'd, neglected and forgot,
 No friendly face e'er lights my squalid
 cot.
 Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied,
 unredrest
 The mock'd quotation of the scorner's
 jest ;
 Ev'n the poor support of my wretched
 life,
 Snatched by the violence of legal
 strife ;
 Oft grateful for my very daily bread,

To those my family's once large
 bounty fed ;
 A welcome inmate at their homely
 fare,
 My griefs, my woes, my sighs, my
 tears they share :
 Their vulgar souls unlike the souls
 refined,
 The fashion'd marble of the polish'd
 mind.

'I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd
 corn
 By driving winds the crackling flames
 are borne.'
 Now, maddening-wild, I curse that
 fatal night,
 Now bless the hour that charm'd my
 guilty sight.
 In vain the Laws their feeble force
 oppose :
 Chain'd at his feet, they groan Love's
 vanquish'd foes.
 In vain Religion meets my shrinking
 eye :
 I dare not combat, but I turn and
 fly.
 Conscience in vain upbraids th' un-
 hallow'd fire.
 Love grasps his scorpions — stifled
 they expire.
 Reason drops headlong from his
 sacred throne.
 Your dear idea reigns, and reigns
 alone ;
 Each thought intoxicated homage
 yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields.

By all on high adoring mortals know ;
 By all the conscious villain fears be-
 low ;
 By what, alas ! much more my soul
 alarms —
 My doubtful hopes once more to fill
 thy arms —
 Ev'n shouldst thou, false, forswear the
 guilty tie,
 Thine and thine only I must live and
 die !

IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE.

[These verses are sometimes included in the preceding fragment.]

IN vain would Prudence with decorous
sneer
Point out a censuring world, and bid
me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I
rise.
I know its worst, and can that worst
despise.
'Wrang'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied,
unredrest,
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's
jest,
Let 'Prudence' direst bodements on
me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'er pays them
all.

THE CARES, O' LOVE.

[Printed for the first time in the Centenary edition, from the MS. in the possession of Mrs. Andrews, Newcastle.]

HE.

THE cares o' Love are sweeter far
Than onie other pleasure;
And if sae dear its sorrows are,
Enjoyment, what a treasure!

SHE.

I fear to try, I dare na try
A passion sae ensnaring;
For light's her heart and blythe's
her song
That for nae man is caring.

EPIGRAMS.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT
OF SESSION.

TUNE: *Killiecrankie*.

[The oratorical duel was between Islay Campbell, Lord Advocate, and Henry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, in a certain divorce case.]

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist
His argument, he tint it:
He gap'd for 't, he grap'd for 't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came
short,
He ek'd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood awae,
Then open'd out his arm, man;

His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man;
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Hauf-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

AT ROSLIN INN.

[Chambers states that Burns breakfasted at the inn after a ramble in the Pentlands with Alexander Nasmyth, the painter.]

My blessings on ye, honest wife!
I ne'er was here before;
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and
knife:
Heart could not wish for more.
Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt and
strife,
Till far ayont fourscore,
And by the Lord o' death and life,
I'll ne'er gae by your door!

TO AN ARTIST.

[According to Chambers, Burns entering a studio in Edinburgh, found the occupant engaged on a "Jacob's Dream," and wrote the lines on the back of a little sketch.]

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels, man,
But try and paint the Devil.
To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Nick there's little danger:
You'll easy draw a lang-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

R. B.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

[Said to have been written on a splendidly bound but worm-eaten volume of Shakespeare in a nobleman's library.]

THROUGH and through th' inspir'd
leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But O, respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings!

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL.

[James Elphinstone—born 1721, died 1809—published his egregious translation of Martial's epigrams in 1782.]

O THOU whom Poesy abhors,
Whom Prose has turn'd out of doors,
Heard'st thou yon groan?—Proceed
no further!
'T was laurel'd Martial calling 'Mur-
ther!'

ON JOHNSON'S OPINION OF HAMPDEN.

[Inscribed on a copy of Johnson's "Lives," presented by Burns to Alexander Cunningham.]

FOR shame!
Let Folly and Knavery
Freedom oppose:
'T is suicide, Genius,
To mix with her foes.

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BURNS.

[Miss Burns was a woman of ill repute. She was in Edinburgh while Burns resided there in 1786-87.]

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious rail-
ing!
Lovely Burns has charms: con-
fess!
True it is she had ae failing:
Had ae woman ever less?

ON MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH.

[Burns wrote these lines in church, in Miss Ainslie's Bible, apropos of her search for a text against the impenitent denoted by the preacher.]

FAIR maid, you need not take the
hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'T was guilty sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.

AT INVERARAY.

[This epigram is supposed to have been written on a window-pane of the inn at Inveraray, where the landlord was too busy

in attendance on visitors to the duke to pay proper attention to the poet and his friend.]

I.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, 'His Grace.'

II.

There's naething here but Highland
pride
And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
'T was surely in an anger.

AT CARRON IRONWORKS.

[Written on the window of the inn at Carron, and signed "R. B., Ayrshire."]

WE cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to Hell,
It may be nae surprise.

But when we tirl'd at your door
Your porter dought na bear us:
Sae may, should we to Hell's yetts
come,
Your billie Satan sair us.

ON SEEING THE ROYAL
PALACE AT STIRLING IN
RUINS.

[On applying for a place in the excise, Burns was severely questioned in regard to this epigram.]

HERE Stewarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre fallen to other hands:
Fallen indeed, and to the earth,
Whence grovelling reptiles take their
birth!

The injured Stewart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne:
An idiot race, to honour lost—
Who know them best despise them
most.

ADDITIONAL LINES AT
STIRLING.

[Cunningham states that Burns, on being remonstrated with by Niccol on his return from Harvieston, added this mock "reproof to the author."]

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet,
thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records
of Fame!
Dost not know that old Mansfield,
who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 't is a truth, Sir, the
more 't is a libel?

REPLY TO THE THREAT OF
A CENSORIOUS CRITIC.

[The critic was a Rev. 'Mr. Hamilton, minister of Gladsmuir, East Lothian.]

WITH Æsop's lion, Burns says:—
'Sore I feel
Each other blow: but damn that
ass's heel!'

A HIGHLAND WELCOME.

[Composed on leaving a place in the Highlands, where he had been kindly entertained.]

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry
o'er
(A time that surely shall come),
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

AT WHIGHAM'S INN, SAN-
QUHAR.

[Inscribed on a window-pane of the inn.
Whigham became provost of the burgh.]

ENVY, if thy jaundiced eye
Through this window chance to spy,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, all that's kind.
Friendship, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS.

["The everlasting surliness of a lion and
Saracen's head," writes Burns, "or the un-
chapping blandness of the landlord wel-
coming a traveller, on some sign-posts,
would be no bad similes of the constant
affected fierceness of a Bully, or the eternal
simper of a Frenchman or a Fiddler."]]

I.

HE looked
Just as your sign-post Lions do,
With aspect fierce and quite as harm-
less toq.

II.

(PATIENT STUPIDITY.)

So heavy, passive to the tempest's
shocks,
Dull on the sign-post stands the
stupid ox.

III.

His face with smile eternal drest
Just like the landlord to his guest,
High as they hang with creaking din
To index out the Country Inn.

IV.

A HEAD, pure, sinless quite of brain
and soul,
The very image of a barber's poll:

Just shews a human face, and wears
a wig,
And looks, when well friseur'd, amaz-
ing big.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT.

[According to Allan Cunningham, the
Jeanie Scott of these verses, "belonged to
Ecclefechan, although she resided in Ayr.
and cheered the poet, not only with her
sweet looks, but sweet voice." — WILLIAM
WALLACE.]

O. HAD each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

["Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent,
and used to rally himself with the greatest
good humor on the singular rotundity of
his figure." — *Scots Magazine*.]

THE Devil got notice that Grose was
a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan
came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor
Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its bur-
then a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cries Satan:
— 'By God,
I'd want him ere take such a damna-
ble load!'

ON BEING APPOINTED TO
AN EXCISE DIVISION.

[The appointment was made in August,
1789.]

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Ochon, the day

That clarty barm should stain my
laurels !
But what 'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives an'
weans
Wad move the very hearts o'
stanes.

ON MISS DAVIES.

[Miss Debora Davies, daughter of Dr.
Davies of Tenby, Pembrokeshire, and a
relative of Captain Riddell.]

Ask why God made the gem so
small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should
set
That higher value on it.

ON A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT.

[The seat of David Maxwell of Cardoness, described to Mrs. Dunlop by Burns as a "stupid, money-loving dunderpate."]

We grant they're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely in our eye:
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy.

THE TYRANT WIFE.

[Usually published under the title of
"The Henpecked Husband."]

CURS'D be the man, the poorest
wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant
wife !
Who has no will but by her high per-
mission;
Who has not sixpence but in her
possession;

Who must to her his dear friend's
secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse
than hell !
Were such the wife had fallen to my
part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her
heart:
I'd charm her with the magic of a
switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the per-
verse bitch.

AT BROWNHILL INN.

[A play on the name of the Landlord,
"Bacon."]

At Brownhill we always get dainty
good cheer
And plenty of bacon each day in the
year;
We've a' thing that's nice, and mostly
in season:
But why always bacon?—come, tell
me the reason?

THE TOADEATER.

[There are several versions of this epi-
gram, due to tradition, etc. Some of them
are vigorous but coarse.]

Of Lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the Dukes that you dined with
yestreen;
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a Queen.

IN LAMINGTON KIRK.

[The minister was Thomas Mitchell. He
is described as "an accomplished scholar."]

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk, and in't but few,
As cauld a minister's ever spak—
Ye 'se a' be het or I come back!

THE KEEKIN GLASS.

[Written extempore for Miss Miller, at Dalswinton, on a drunken "Lord of Justiciary," pointing at her, and asking, "Wha's yon hoolet-faced thing i' the corner?"]

How daur ye ca' me 'Howlet-face,'
Ye blear-e'd, wither'd spectre?
'Ye only spied the keekin-glass,
An' there ye saw your picture.

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

[Inscribed, with the exception of the second stanza of No. 2, on window-panes now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Brunton, Galashiels.]

1.

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may
boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live!
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-
settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

2.

(1.)

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' Glory's name may screen us.
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood—
Life-giving wars of Venus.
The deities that I adore
Are Social Peace and Plenty:
I'm better pleas'd to make one more
Than be the death of twenty.

(II.)

I would not die like Socrates,
For all the fuss of Plato;
Nor would I with Leonidas,
Nor yet would I with Cato;

P

The zealots of the Church and State
Shall ne'er my mortal foes be;
But let me have bold Zimri's fate
Within the arms of Cozbi.

3.

My bottle is a holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout—
And ye drink it, ye'll find him out.

4.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind: Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

YE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

[The "Loyal Natives Club" of Dumfries celebrated the king's birthday on June 4 with a dinner and a ball. They had lampooned Burns and his friends, and this is his reply.]

YE true 'Loyal Natives' attend to my
song:
In uproar and riot rejoice the night
long!
From Envy and Hatred your core is
exempt,
But where is your shield from the
darts of Contempt?

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

[Commissary Goldie was President of the "Loyal Natives."]

LORD, to account who does Thee call,
Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure?

IN A LADY'S POCKET BOOK.

[Published in Stewart's "Poems ascribed to Robert Burns" (Glasgow, 1801).]

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I
may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains
they give!
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free
as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things
that were!

 AGAINST THE EARL OF
GALLOWAY.

["Whv Burns detested Lord Galloway is
not known, nor is it important to know."
—ANDREW LANG.]

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave
The picture of thy mind.

 ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway:
The Stewarts all were brave.
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

 ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
And ended in a mire.

 ON THE SAME, ON THE
AUTHOR BEING THREAT-
ENED WITH VENGEANCE.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway!
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN.

[Moline had bought the farm of Ellisland.]

WHEN Moline, deceas'd, to the Devil
went down,
'T was nothing would serve him but
Satan's own crown.
'Thy fool's head,' quoth Satan, 'that
crown shall wear never:
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not
quite so clever.'

 ON MARIA RIDDELL.

[Inscribed on the back of a draft copy
of "Scots Wha Hae." The heading is,
"On my Lord Buchan's vociferating in an
argument that 'Women must always be
flattered grossly or not spoken to at all.'"]

'PRAISE Woman still,' his lordship
roars,
'Deserv'd or not, no matter!'
But thee whom all my soul adores,
There Flattery cannot flatter!
Maria, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell:
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

 ON MISS FONTENELLE.

[On seeing her in a favorite character.
Published in Cunningham, 1834.]

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature
Thou art acting but thyself.
Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning Nature, torturing art,
Loves and Graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

KIRK AND STATE EXCISE-
MEN.

[Written on a window in the King's Arms, Dumfries.]

YE men of wit and wealth, why all
this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? Give the
cause a hearing.
What are your Landlord's rent-rolls?
Taxing ledgers!
What Premiers? What ev'n Mon-
archs? Mighty Gaugers!
Nay, what are Priests (those seeming
godly wise-men)?
What are they, pray, but Spiritual
Excisemen!

ON THANKSGIVING FOR A
NATIONAL VICTORY.

[The victory was probably Howe's, off
Ushant, June 1, 1794.]

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and give God thanks?
Desist for shame! Proceed no fur-
ther: •
God won't accept your thanks for
Murther.

PINNED TO MRS. WALTER
RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE.

IF you rattle along like your mistress's
tongue,
Your speed will out-rival the dart;
But, a fly for your load, you'll break
down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her
heart.

TO DR. MAXWELL.

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

[Burns and Maxwell were fast friends.
He attended Burns during his last illness,

when the dying man presented him with his
pistols.]

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessie from the grave!—
An Angel could not die!

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS
ELIZA J—N.ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY
AND EQUALITY.

[The idea occurs, as Mr. Scott Douglas
points out, in a Latin epigram of Dr. John-
son's.]

How, 'Liberty!' Girl, can it be by
thee nam'd?
'Equality,' too! Hussey, art not
asham'd?
Free and Equal indeed, while man-
kind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts a proud Despot
so reignest.

ON CHLORIS

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A
SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN.

[Published in "The Edinburgh Adver-
tiser" of Aug. 8, 1800. With an additional
stanza, a change in the heroine's name, and
a change in one of the lines, it was set to
music by William Shield; and has been
popular with English tenors ever since.]

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my
dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
'No, by Heaven!' I exclaim'd, 'let
me perish for ever,
Ere I plant in that bosom a
thorn!'

TO THE HON. WM. R. MAULE
OF PANMURE.

[Published for the first time in the Centenary edition. This gentleman bestowed an annuity of £50 on Burns's widow.]

THOU Fool, in thy phaeton towering,
Art proud when that phaeton's
prais'd?

'T is the pride of a Thief's exhibition
When higher his pillory's rais'd.

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN
YARICO.

[The lady was Mrs. Stephen Kemble, who appeared at the Dumfries Theatre in October, 1794.]

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod:
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

ON DR. BABINGTON'S LOOKS.

[Burns, in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, refers to the subject of his satire as "a well-known character" in Dumfries.]

THAT there is a falsehood in his
looks
I must and will deny:
They say their Master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

ON ANDREW TURNER.

[The epigram was written at Turner's own suggestion.]

In Se'enteen Hunder 'n Forty-Nine
The Deil gat stuff to mak a swine,
An' coost it in a corner;

But willily he chang'd his plan,
An' shap'd it something like a man,
An' ca'd it Andrew Turner.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND
COVENANT.

["As a rule, Burns preferred Dundee to the Covenanters." — ANDREW LANG.]

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a
tear.

But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy
sneer.

TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF
PORTER.

[Mr. John Syme was one of the poet's constant companions. He possessed great talent, and Dr. Currie wished him to undertake the editing of the poet's life and writings.]

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind—
A gift that ev'n for Syme were fit.

JERUSALEM TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

ON A GOBLET.

[The goblet belonged to Syme.]

THERE's Death in the cup, so be-
ware!

Nay, more—there is danger in
touching!

But who can avoid the fell snare?

The man and his wine's so be-
witching!

APOLOGY TO JOHN SYME.

[“On refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of company and the first of cookery, Dec. 17, 1795.”]

No more of your guests, be they tilled
or not,
And cookery the first in the nation :
Who is proof to thy personal converse
and wit
Is proof to all other temptation.

ON MR. JAMES GRACIE.

[Published in McDowell's "Burns in Dumfriesshire," 1870. Mr. Gracie was a local banker.]

GRACIE, thou art a man of worth,
O, be thou Dean for ever !
May he be damn'd to Hell hence-
forth,
Who faults thy weight or measure !

AT FRIARS CARSE HERMIT-
AGE.

[“I copied these lines from a pane of glass in the Friars Carse Hermitage, on which they had been traced with the diamond of Burns.” — ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

To Riddell, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear :
Wand'rer, dost value matchless worth ?
This ivied cot revere.

FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPEND-
ENCE.

AT KERROUGHTRIE, THE SEAT OF
MR. HERON.

[Written in the summer of 1795. Published in Currie, 1800.]

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd,

Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to
brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave,
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear :
Approach this shrine, and worship
here.

VERSICLES TO JESSIE
LEWARS.

THE TOAST.

[Inscribed on a goblet presented to Miss Lewars.]

FILL me with the rosy wine ;
Call a toast, a toast divine ;
Give the Poet's darling flame ;
Lovely Jessie be her name :
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE MENAGERIE.

[Written on the advertisement of a travelling show, handed to Burns in Jessie's presence.]

I.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun !
No savage e'er can rend my heart
As, Jessie, thou hast done.

II.

But Jessie's lovely hand in mine
A mutual faith to plight —
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

JESSIE'S ILLNESS.

SAY, sages, what 's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessie had not died !

HER RECOVERY.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth
The natives of the sky !
Yet still one seraph 's left on earth,
For Jessie did not die.

ON MARRIAGE.

[Printed for the first time in the Centenary edition, from a MS. in possession of the publishers of that edition.]

THAT hackney'd judge of human life,
The Preacher and the King,

Observes:—"The man that gets a wife

He gets a noble thing.'
But how capricious are mankind,
Now loathing, now desirous!
We married men, how oft we find
The best of things will tire us!

GRACES.

A POET'S GRACE.

[These stanzas appeared in "The Edinburgh Courant," Aug. 27, 1789. The "Grace Before Meat" was inscribed in the "Glenriddell Book," and is printed in Currie, 1800. Both were published in Oliver (Edinburgh, 1801), Duncan (Glasgow, 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow, 1802).]

BEFORE MEAT.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want!
We bless the God of Nature wide
For all Thy goodness lent.
And if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.

AFTER MEAT.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who made the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore;
And, if it please Thee, Power above!
Still grant us with such store
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN.

BEFORE MEAT.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
A tup- or wether-head.

AFTER MEAT.

LORD [Thee] we thank, and Thee
alone,
For temporal gifts we little merit!
At present we will ask no more:
Let William Hislop bring the spirit.

2.

O LORD, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take the flesh away,
And Jock bring in the spirit.

3.

O LORD, we do Thee humbly thank
For that we little merit:
Now Jean may tak the flesh away,
And Will bring in the spirit.

EPITAPHS.

ON JAMES GRIEVE, LAIRD
OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON.

[This epitaph is a sort of reversal of that on Gavin Hamilton.]

HERE lies Boghead among the dead
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he in Heav'n may be,
Then welcome — hail! damnation.

ON WM. MUIR IN TARBOL-
TON MILL.

[Jean Armour, being expelled from her home, found shelter for a time with Mr. Muir's wife.]

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest:
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his — with virtue
warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so in-
form'd:
If there's another world, he lives in
bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of
this.

ON JOHN RANKINE.

[Adamhill, where Rankine lived, is a farm near Lochea.]

Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad:
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and
garter
To him that wintles in a halter:
Asham'd himself to see the wretches,

He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches:—
'By God I'll not be seen behind them,
Nor 'mang the spritual core present
them,

Without at least ae honest man
To grace this damn'd infernal clan!
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
'Lord God!' quoth he, 'I have it
now.

There's just the man I want, i' faith!
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.

[Reported to be one Thomas Kennedy, a schoolfellow of Burns, who turned commercial traveller.]

AS Tam the chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd he greets a wight so
famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi'
Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack:
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na
part;
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him
quarters.

ON HOLY WILLIE.

["Unpublished by Burns, and Burns was commonly a good critic of his own work."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has taen some other way —
I fear, the left-hand road.

II.

Stop ! there he is, as sure 's a gun !
 Poor, silly body, see him !
 Nae wonder he's as black 's the
 grun —
 Observe wha 's standing wi' him !

III.

'Your brunstane Devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye !
 But haud your nine-tail-cat a wee,
 Till ance you've heard my story.

IV.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye have nane.
 Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gane.

V.

But hear me, Sir, Deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit :
 A cuif like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it !

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER.

[Dove was landlord of the Whitefoord
 Arms, Mauchline.]

I.

HERE lies Johnie Pigeon :
 What was his religion
 Whae'er desires to ken
 To some other warl'
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnie Pigeon had nane !

II.

Strong ale was ablution ;
 Small beer, persecution ;
 A dram was *memento mori* ;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory !

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

[James Smith, a member of the Club.]

I.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He aften did assist ye ;
 For had ye staid hale weeks awa',
 Your wives they ne'er had missed
 ye !

II.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
 To school in bands thegither,
 O, tread ye lightly on his grass —
 Perhaps he was your father !

ON ROBERT FERGUSSON.

ON THE TOMBSTONE IN THE CANON-
GATE CHURCHYARD.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON.

BORN SEPT. 5TH, 1751.
 DIED OCT. 16TH, 1774.

[On the reverse of the stone is the declaration, "By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain forever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson."]

No sculptur'd Marble here, nor pom-
 pous lay,
 No storied Urn nor animated Bust ;
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's
 way
 To pour her sorrow o'er the Poet's
 dust.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS,

NOT INSCRIBED.

I.

SHE mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy
 hapless fate :

Tho' all the powers of song thy
fancy fir'd,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in
State,
And, thankless, starv'd what they
so much admir'd.

II.

This humble tribute with a tear he
gives
A brother Bard — he can no more
bestow:
But dear to fame thy Song immortal
lives,
A nobler monument than Art can
show.

FOR WILLIAM NICOL.

[Burns counted Nicol his "dearest
friend," after his own brother.]

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bit o't's rotten.

FOR MR. WILLIAM MICHIE,
SCHOOLMASTER OF CLEISH PARISH,
FIFESHIRE.

[There is no record of Burns's acquaintance with William Michie.]

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes:
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak them!

FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK,
A.M.

[Cruikshank was a schoolmaster in Edinburgh. His daughter Jenny was a favorite with the poet.]

Now honest William's gaen to
Heaven,
I wat na gin't can mend him:

The fauts he had in Latin lay,
For nane in English kent them.

ON ROBERT MUIR.

[Muir subscribed with great liberality to both the Kilmarnock and the Edinburgh editions, and letters to him are included in the Burns correspondence.]

WHAT man could esteem, or what
woman could love,
Was he who lies under this sod:
If such Thou refus'est admission above,
Then whom wilt Thou favour, Good
God?

ON A LAP-DOG.

[The lap-dog belonged to Mrs. Gordon of Kenmore. The little beast had died just before Burns visited her during his Gallo-way tour, and she was importunate that he should write its epitaph.]

I.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore:
Now half extinct your powers of song—
Sweet Echo is no more.

II.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys:
Now half your din o' tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

[The lady was Mrs. Walter Riddell, with whom the poet had quarrelled, and become greatly embittered.]

I.

How cold is that bosom which Folly
once fired!

How pale is that cheek where the
rouge lately glisten'd !
How silent that tongue which the
echoes oft tired !
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry
so listen'd !

II.

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd,
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate !
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst
unlov'd.

III.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not
on you :
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed
not a tear.
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so
true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's
cold bier !

IV.

We'll search through the garden for
each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each
idle weed.
But chiefly the nettle, so typical,
shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but
rued the rash deed.

V.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll
measure the lay :
Here Vanity strums on her idiot
lyre !
There keen Indignation shall dart on
his prey,
Which spurning contempt shall re-
deem from his ire !

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting
neglect,

What once was a butterfly, gay in
life's beam :
Want only of wisdom denied her
respect.
Want only of goodness denied her
esteem.

FOR MR. WALTER RIDDELL.

[Enclosed in a letter to Peter Hill, prob-
ably of October, 1794, and also in an un-
dated letter to Mrs. Dunlop.]

So vile was poor Wat, such a mis-
creant slave,
That the worms ev'n damn'd him
when laid in his grave.
'In his scull there's a famine,' a
starved reptile cries :
'And his heart, it is poison,' another
replies.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

CAPT. WM. RODDICK, OF CORBISTON.

[Who this noted coxcomb was none of
the poet's editors have pointed out; but
we are assured that the lines are copied
from the author's Ms.—SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

LIGHT lay the earth on Billie's breast,
His chicken heart's so tender ;
But build a castle on his head—
His scull will prop it under.

ON CAPT. LASCELLES.

[Published in Scott Douglas, 1877.]

WHEN Lascelles thought fit from this
world to depart,
Some friends warmly spoke of em-
balming his heart.
A bystander whispers :— 'Pray don't
make so much o't—
The subject is poison, no reptile will
touch it.'

ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD.

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

[David Maxwell of Cardoness—described to Mrs. Dunlop as a "stupid, money-loving underpate," and alluded to with great contempt in an epigram, was created a baronet in 1804, and died in 1825.]

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who taught that not the soul alone
But body too shall rise!
For had He said:—'The soul alone
From death I will deliver,'
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then hadst thou lain for ever!

ON WM. GRAHAM OF MOSS-
KNOWE.

[Cunningham (1840). Sent to Creech, and inscribed in the "Glenniddell Book."]

'STOP thief!' Dame Nature call'd
to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath:
'How shall I make a fool again?
My choicest model thou hast taen.'

ON JOHN BUSHBY OF TIN-
WALD DOWNS.

[Bushby, the son of a spirit-dealer in Dumfries, became a lawyer, and afterwards a private banker in the same town.]

HERE lies John Bushby—honest
man!
Cheat him, Devil—if you can!

ON A SUICIDE.

[Cunningham says that Burns was seen to write the trash on a piece of paper, and

"thrust it with his fingers into the red mould of the grave."]

HERE lies in earth a root of Hell
Set by the Deil's ain dibble:
This worthless body damn'd himsel
To save the Lord the trouble.

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB.

["This was an English *swell*, who had a constant practice of using such imprecations."—SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or 'Dem my eyes!'—
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were:—'Dem
my blood!'

ON AN INNKEEPER NICK-
NAMED 'THE MARQUIS.'

[Published in Duncan, Glasgow, 1801. The inn was in a Dumfries close.]

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose
titles were shamm'd.
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

ON GRIZZEL GRIMME.

[Mrs. Grizzel Young was the widow of Thomas Young of Lincluden.]

HERE lyes with Dethe auld Grizzel
Grimme
Lincluden's ugly witch.
O Dethe, an' what a taste hast
thou
Cann lye with sicke a bitche!

FOR GABRIEL RICHARDSON.

[Gabriel Richardson was the chief brewer of Dumfries, and provost of the burgh in 1802-3.]

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if as he brew'd, he
drink—
In upright, virtuous morals.

ON THE AUTHOR.

[Written by Burns while on his death-bed to John Rankine, Ayrshire, and forwarded to him immediately after the poet's death.]

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff
and deid,
And a green, grassy hillock hides his
heid:
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

SONGS FROM JOHNSON'S "MUSICAL MUSEUM" AND THOMSON'S "SCOTTISH AIRS."

YOUNG PEGGY.

[Margaret, daughter of Robert Kennedy, of Daljarroch, Ayrshire, and niece of Mr. Gavin Hamilton.]

I.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass :

Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn the springing grass
With early gems adorning ;
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

II.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright —

A richer dye has graced them —
They charm the admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little fambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

III.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her :
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen,
And fretful Euvy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

IV.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her !
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her !

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom !

BONIE DUNDEE.

[A fragment of folk-ballad, with modifications and additions by Burns.]

I.

'O, WHAR gat ye that hauver-meal
bannock ?'

'O silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young, brisk sodger laddie

Between Saint Johnston and bonie
Dundee.

O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his
knee :

May Heaven protect my bonie Scots
laddie,
And send him hame to his babie
and me !

II.

'My blessin's upon thy sweet, wee
lippie !

My blessin's upon thy bonie e'e
brie !

Thy smiles are sae like my blythe
sodger laddie,

Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to
me !

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie
banks,

Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae
clear ;

And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae
fine,

And mak thee a man like thy daddie
dear.

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO.

["The chorus of this song is old, the rest is mine." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weaver's gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weaver's gin ye go.

I.

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang;
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.

II.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

III.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart, as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

IV.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
And every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

V.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

VI.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But O! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel!

Chorus.

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weaver's gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weaver's gin ye go.

O, WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD.

[This song has hitherto been held pure Burns. But he found his chorus in the Herd Ms.]

Chorus.

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my
lad!
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my
lad!
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should
gae mad,
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my
lad!

I.

BUT warily tent when ye come to
court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett
be a-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let nae-
body see,
And come as ye were na comin to
me,
And come as ye were na comin to
me!

II.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye
meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na
a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie
black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me!

III.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na
for me,

And whyles ye may lightly my beauty
a wee;

But court na anither tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae
me,

For fear that she wyle your fancy frae
me!

Chorus.

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my
lad!

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my
lad!

Tho' father an' mother an' a' should
gae mad,

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my
lad!

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY
YET.

["The chorus of this song is old; the
rest of it; such as it is, is mine." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,

I'm o'er young to marry yet!

I'm o'er young, 't wad be a sin

To tak me frae my mammie yet.

I.

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.

II.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir,
And you an' I in ae bed—
Ia trowth, I dare na venture, Sir!

III.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer,
Sir,

But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

Chorus.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,

I'm o'er young to marry yet!

I'm o'er young, 't wad be a sin

To tak me frae my mammie yet.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE.

["I composed these stanzas standing
under the Falls of Moness, at or near
Aberfeldy." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go?

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Aberfeldie?

I.

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome
days

In the birks of Aberfeldie!

II.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels
hing,

Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

III.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's
O'er hung with fragrant-spreading
shaws,

The birks of Aberfeldie.

IV.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi'
flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,

And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldie.

V.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

Chorus.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go?
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie?

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

[“M'Pherson, a daring robber in the beginning of this century, was condemned to be hanged at the Assizes of Inverness. He is said, when under sentence of death, to have composed this tune, which he calls his own Lament, or Farewell.”—R. B. This song was a favorite one of Carlyle's, who sang it with great enthusiasm.]

Chorus.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it
round
Below the gallows-tree.

I.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and
strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

II.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

III.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword,
And there's no a man in all Scot-
land
But I'll brave him at a word.

IV.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not aveng'd be.

V.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine
bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!

Chorus.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it
round
Below the gallows-tree.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

[“This was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My ‘Highland Lassie’ was a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love.” (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right guid will
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

I.

NAE gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae
fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show—
Gie me my Highland lassie, O!

II.

O, were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should
know
I bear my Highland lassie, O !

III.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

IV.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change ;
For her bosom burns with honour's
glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

V.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

VI.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
My secret troth and honour's band !
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me
low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O !

Chorus.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell the plain sae rashy, O !
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

THO' CRUEL FATE.

[Written for Johnson's "Musical Museum."]

THO' cruel fate should bid us part
Far as the pole and line,

Q

Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts
howl,
And oceans roar between,
Yet dearer than my deathless soul
I still would love my Jean.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

[Written for Johnson's "Musical Museum."]

I.

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
Well you know how much you grieve
me :
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

II.

Ry my love so ill-requested,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so !
Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

[The Strathallan of the "Lament" was James Drummond, eldest son of William, 4th Viscount Strathallan, killed at Culloden, April 14, 1746.]

I.

THICKEST night, surround my dwelling !
Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents wintry-swellung,
Roaring by my lonely cave !
Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

II.

In the cause of Right engagèd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
 But the heavens deny'd success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us:
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend.

MY HOGGIE

[Lines written to an old air. Burns says:
 "No person, except a few females at Moss-
 paul, knew this fine old tune."]

I.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
 My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And vow but I was vogie!
 The lee-lang night we watched the
 fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;
 We heard nocht but the roaring linn
 Among the braes sae scroggie.

II.

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle
 wa',
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod reply'd upon the hill:
 I trembled for my hoggie.
 When day did daw, and cocks did
 crow,
 The morning it was foggie,
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my hoggie!

JUMPIN JOHN.

[Fragment of an old humorous ballad,
 with verbal corrections by Burns.]

Chorus.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie!
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie!

I.

HER daddie forbad, her minnie for-
 bad;
 Forbidden she wadna be:
 She wadna trow't, the browst she
 brew'd
 Wad taste sae bitterlie!

• II.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty guid shillins and three:
 A vera guid tocher! a cotter-man's
 dochter,
 The lass with the bonie black e'e!

Chorus.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie!
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

["The chorus of this song is old; the two
 stanzas are mine." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early!
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly!

I.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly!

II.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to
 morn—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Chorus.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early!
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND
 ROVER.

[Intended to commemorate his visit to
 Castle Gordon in 1787.]

I.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover.
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden!
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey
 And bonie Castle Gordon!

II.

The trees, now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies, dowie moaning.
 Shall a' be blythely singing,
 And every flower be springing:
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When (by his mighty Warden)
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey
 And bonie Castle Gordon.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

[Fragment of an old ballad, with verbal
 alterations by Burns. Partly traditional.]

I.

HEY the dusty miller
 And his dusty coat!
 He will spend a shilling
 Or he win a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I gat frae the miller!

II.

Hey the dusty miller
 And his dusty sack!
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck!
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Brings the dusty siller!
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller!

I DREAM'D I LAY.

["These two stanzas I composed when
 I was seventeen; they are among the oldest
 of my printed pieces." (R. B.)]

I.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were
 springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam,
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream;
 Straight the sky grew black and
 daring,
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds
 rave,
 Trees with aged arms were warring
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

II.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd!
 But lang or noon loud tempests,
 storming,
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me
 (She promis'd fair, and perform'd
 but ill),
 Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

[Stenhouse affirms that this song is by Burns, although he did not choose to avow it.]

I.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,

Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

II.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green;
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

III.

We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry 's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en!
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again!

THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY.

["Nothing is known of this Aberdeenshire beauty." — ANDREW LANG.]

Chorus.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary!

I.

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonie Mary.

II.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white
Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry,
And ay they dimpl'd wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary

III.

We lap an' danc'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper-lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Chorus.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary!

LADY ONLIE, HONEST LUCKY.

["Burns probably picked up the chorus during his northern tour."]

Chorus.

Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky:
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky!

I.

A' THE lads o' Thorniebank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

II.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean—
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,

And cheery blinks the ingle-gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky!

Chorus.

Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky:
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky!

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

[“These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness.” (R. B.)]

I.

How pleasant the banks of the clear
winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and
flow'rs blooming fair!
But the boniest flow'r on the banks
of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes
of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blush-
ing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes
in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal
shower,
That steals on the evening each
leaf to renew!

II.

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient
breezes,
With chill, hoary wing as ye usher
the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile
that seizes
The verdure and pride of the gar-
den or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded
lilies,

And England triumphant display
her proud rose!
A fairer than either adorns the green
vallisies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, mean-
dering flows.

DUNCAN GRAY.

[Founded on a song preserved in the Herd MS. with variations by Burns.]

I.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray!
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!),
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray!
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!)
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin o't!

II.

Bonie was the Lammas moon
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!),
Glowrin a' the hills aboon
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!).
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch and baith my shoon,
And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun—
Wae on the bad girdin o't!

III.

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!),
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!).
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the
skaith
And clout the bad girdin o't.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

[Founded on a coarse old song preserved in "The Merry Muses."]

Chorus.

Then up wi' t' a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman !
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman !

I.

THE ploughman, he's a bonie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo !
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

II.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at St. Johnston ;
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin.

III.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs
And siller buckles glancin,
A guid blue bonnet on his head,
And O, but he was handsome !

IV.

Commend me to the barn-yard
And the corn mou, man !
I never got my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

Chorus.

Then up wi' t' a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman !
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman !

LANDLADY, COUNT THE
LAWIN.

[I have met the tradition universally
over Scotland that this air was Robert

Bruce's march to Bannockburn." (R. B.)
Burns afterwards wrote "Scots Wha Hae"
to it.]

Chorus.

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taita,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now?

I.

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin ;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.

II.

Cog, an ye were ay fou,
Cog, an ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were ay fou !

III.

Weel may ye a' be !
Ill may ye never see !
God bless the king
And the companie !

Chorus.

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now?

RAVING WINDS AROUND
HER BLOWING.

[“I composed these verses on Miss
Isabella Macleod of Rasa, alluding to her
feelings on the death of her sister.” (R. B.)]

I.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strow-
ing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :—

'Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure!
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow —
Cheerless night that knows no mor-
row!

II.

'O'er the Past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless Future pondering,
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark Oblivion join thee !'

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS
THE NIGHT.

["I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

For O, her lanely nights are lang,
And O, her dreams are eerie,
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie !

I.

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie !
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

II.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours !
The joyless day how dreary !
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie !

Chorus.

For O, her lanely nights are lang,
And O, her dreams are eerie,
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie !

MUSING ON THE ROARING
OCEAN.

["I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. M'Lachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies." (R. B.)]

I.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me,
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion
For his weal where'er he be :

II.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

III.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear !

IV.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me !
Downy sleep, the curtain draw !
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa !

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

["I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady was Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, who was called, and very justly, 'the flower of Strathmore.'" (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she butt and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen !

I.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonier lass
 Than braes o’ Yarrow ever saw.

II.

Her looks were like a flow’r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn.
 She tripp’d by the banks o’ Earn
 As light ’s a bird upon a thorn.

III.

Her bonie face it was as meek
 As onie lamb upon a lea.
 The evening sun was ne’er sae sweet
 As was the blink o’ Phemie’s e’e.

IV.

The Highland hills I’ve wander’d
 wide,
 As o’er the Lawlands I hae been,
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

Chorus.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she butt and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit Glen !

TO DAUNTON ME.

[Variation from an old Jacobite song.]

Chorus.

To dauntion me, to dauntion me,
 An auld man shall never dauntion me !

I.

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
 But an auld man shall never dauntion me.

II.

To dauntion me, and me sae young,
 Wi’ his fause heart and flatt’ring
 tongue :
 That is the thing you ne’er shall see,
 For an auld man shall never dauntion me.

III.

For a’ h’s meal and a’ his maut,
 For a’ his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a’ his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never dauntion me.

IV.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and
 knows ;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never dauntion me.

V.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi’ his toothless gab and his auld
 beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red
 blear’d e’e—
 That auld man shall never dauntion me !

Chorus.

To dauntion me, to dauntion me,
 An auld man shall never dauntion me !

O’ER THE WATER TO
CHARLIE.

[The “verses,” Stenhouse says, “were revised and improved by Burns.” They appear in Hogg’s “Jacobite Reliques.”]

Chorus.

We’ll o’er the water, we’ll o’er the
 sea,

We'll o'er the water to Charlie!
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather
and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie!

I.

COME boat me o'er, come row me
o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie!
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

II.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him;
But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

III.

I swear and vow by moon and stars
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie!

Chorus.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie!
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and
go,
And live and die wi' Charlie!

A ROSE-BUD, BY MY EARLY
WALK.

["This song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruickshank, the only child of my worthy friend, Mr. William Cruickshank, of the High School, Edinburgh." (R. B.)]

I.

A ROSE-BUD, by my early walk
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

II.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

III.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning!
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and
gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning!

AND I'LL KISS THEE YET.

["Spoken of by Burns as 'Juvenile.' Mr. Scott Douglas plausibly conjectures that Peggy, in this piece, is really Ellison, or Allison, Begbie. Some suppose the heroine to have been Mary Campbell. The first verse is not in Johnson's copy ('Museum,' ii. 1788), and was first given by Cromek."]

Chorus.

And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

I.

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
I evermair defy them, O!
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

II.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

III

And by thy een sae bonie blue
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

Chorus.

And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

["The last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet. Edinburgh." (R. B.)]

I.

O, RATTLIN, roarin Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle
And buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e—
And, rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

II.

'O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O, sell your fiddle sae fine!
O Willie, come sell your fiddle
And buy a pint o' wine!
'If I should sell my fiddle,
The world would think I was mad;
For monie a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had.'

III.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en':

Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie!
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY
WINTER'S STORMS.

[The heroine was Margaret, daughter of John Chalmers of Fingland, and a cousin of Charlotte Hamilton, her particular friend.]

I.

WHERE, braving angry winter's
storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes:
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

II.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd glade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant Death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE
DAY.

[Mrs. Begg states that the heroine was one Isabella Steenson, or Stevenson, the farmer's daughter of Little Hill, which marched with Lochlie.]

Chorus.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy!
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by,

I.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure !
Ye geck at me because I'm poor—
But fient a hair care I !

II.

When comin hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I can't past,
Ye snufft an' gae your head a cast—
But, trowth, I care't na by !

III.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

IV.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high !

V.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

VI.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.

VII.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice :
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
The Deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

VIII.

There lives a lass beside yon park,
I'd rather hae her in her sark
Than you wi' a' your thousand mark,
That gars you look sae high.

Chorus.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy !
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

[This song was written when Burns was about to leave Edinburgh.]

I.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

II.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy ?

III.

We part—but, by these precious
drops
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise !

IV.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day ;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

[The song itself is largely and generously adapted from a song called "The Curragh

of Kildare." Only stanza II. is wholly Burns's.]

I.

THE winter it is past, and the simmer
comes at last,
And the small birds sing on ev'ry
tree :
The hearts of these are glad, but mine
is very sad,
For my love is parted from me.

II.

The rose upon the brier by the waters
running clear
May have charms for the linnet or
the bee :
Their little loves are blest, and their
little hearts at rest,
But my lover is parted from me.

III.

My love is like the sun in the firma-
ment does run—
Forever is constant and true ;
But his is like the moon, that wanders
up and down,
And every month it is new.

IV.

All you that are in love, and cannot
it remove,
I pity the pains you endure,
For experience makes me know that
your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

[Stenhouse affirms that the old song was "slightly altered by Burns, because it was rather inadmissible, in its original state;" but apparently he spoke by guesswork.]

Chorus.

**My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O !**

Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na show,
Yet I love my love in secret,
My Sandy O !

I.

My Sandy gied to me a ring
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine ;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

II.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
While down his cheeks the saut tears
row'd ;
He took a hauf, and gied it to me,
And I 'll keep it till the hour I die.

Chorus.

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O !
Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na show,
Yet I love my love in secret,
My Sandy O !

SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum," by Burns.]

I.

O, WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn
in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie
Dunbar?

II.

I care na thy daddie, his lands and
his money ;

I care na thy kin, sae high and sae
lordly;
But say that thou 'lt hae me for better
or waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie
Dunbar.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

["The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane. The rest of the song is mine." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

O, for him back again!
O, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

I.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain,
But now he's banish'd far away:
I'll never see him back again.

II.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
I set me down, and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

III.

O, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again!

Chorus.

O, for him back again!
O, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED.

["This air is the march of the Corporation of Tailors. The second and fourth stanzas are mine." (R. B.)]

I.

THE tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble
an' a',
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble
an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the
sheets they were sma'—
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble
an' a'!

II.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded
nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded
nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie
lay still:
She thought that a tailor could do her
nae ill!

III.

Gie me the groat again, cannie young
man!
Gie me the groat again, cannie young
man!
The day it is short, and the night it
is lang—
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

IV.

There's somebody weary wi' lying
her lane,
There's somebody weary wi' lying
her lane!
There's some that are dowie, I trow
wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin
again.

AY WAUKIN, O.

[An old ballad supposed to have been adapted by Burns.]

Chorus.

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

I.

SIMMER's a pleasant time:
Flowers of every colour,
The water rins owre the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

II.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinkin on my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin,
I think on my bonie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

Chorus.

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

["I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton." (R. B.)]

I.

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonie Ann!
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.

II.

Her een sae bright like stars by
night,
Her skin is like the swan.
Sae jimpily lac'd her genty waist
That sweetly ye might span.

III.

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant
move,
And Pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering
arms,
They wait on bonie Ann.

IV.

The captive bands may chain the
hands,
But Love enslaves the man:
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonie Ann!

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

[An old ballad, probably amended and condensed by Burns.]

Chorus.

Near me, near me,
Laddie, lie near me!
Lang hae I lain my lane—
Laddie, lie near me!

I.

LANG hae we parted been,
Laddie, my dearie;
Now we are met again—
Laddie, lie near me!

II.

A' that I hae endur'd,
Laddie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cur'd—
Laddie, lie near me!

Chorus.

Near me, near me,
Laddie, lie near me !
Lang hae I lain my lane—
Laddie, lie near me !

THE GARD'NER WI' HIS
PAIDLE.

["The title of the song is old; the rest is mine." (R. B.)]

I.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading
bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

II.

The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

III.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dew he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

IV.

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

[The original was written by Theobald.
Variation by Burns.]

I.

ON a bank of flowers in a summer
day,
For summer lightly drest,

The youthful, blooming Nelly lay
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wand'ring thro' the
wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued—
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood,

II.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons
sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dyed the rose;
The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast:
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

III.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole:
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

IV.

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs.
But Willie follow'd—as he should;
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd,
He found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

THE DAY RETURNS.

["I composed this song out of compli-
ment to one of the happiest and worthiest

couples in the world, — Robert Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, and his lady." (R. B.)]

I.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet!
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae
sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line.
Than kingly robes, than crowns and
globes,

 e me more — it made
the :

II.

While day and night can bring de-
light,

Or Nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!

When that grim foe of Life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss, it breaks my
heart!

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A
LASSIE YET.

[“The title and the last half stanza of this song,” says Stenhouse, “are old; the rest was composed by Burns.”]

Chorus.

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet!
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet!

I.

I RUE the day I sought her, O!
I rue the day I sought her, O!
Wha gets her need na say he's
woo'd,
But he may say he has bought
her, O.

II.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't
yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't
yet!
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never missed it yet.

III.

We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't!
The minister kiss't the fiddler's
wife —
He could na preach for thinkin
o't!

Chorus.

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet!
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet!

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

[The original was probably related to a blackletter, entitled “The New Scotch Jig, or the Bonny Cravat.”]

Chorus.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me!
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me!

I.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me!

II.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me!

Chorus.

Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me !
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me !

THE SILVER TASSIE.

[“This air is Oswald’s; the first half stanza is old; the rest is mine.” (R. B.)]

I.

Go, fetch to me a pint o’ wine
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie !
 The boat rocks at the pier o’ Leith,
 Fu’ loud the wind blows frae the
 Ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

II.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd
 ready,
 The shouts o’ war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody.
 It ’s not the roar o’ sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shouts o’ war that ’s heard afar :
 It ’s leaving thee, my bonie Mary !

THE LAZY MIST.

[No. 232 in Johnson “Written for this work by Robert Burns,” and signed “B.”]

I.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow
 of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark
 winding rill.
 How languid the scenes, late so
 sprightly, appear,

• 2

As Autumn to Winter resigns the
 pale year !

II.

The forests are leafless, the meadows
 are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is
 flown.
 Apart let me wander, apart let me
 muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen
 Fate pursues !

III.

How long I have liv’d, but how much
 liv’d in vain !
 How little of life’s scanty span may
 remain !
 What aspects old Time in his pro-
 gress has worn !
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom
 has torn !

IV.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit
 is gain’d !
 And downward, how weaken’d, how
 darken’d, how pain’d !
 Life is not worth having with all it
 can give :
 For something beyond it poor man,
 sure, must live.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

[An old ballad. Authorship doubtful.]

Chorus.

O, mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready !
 O, mount and go,
 And be the Captain’s Lady !

I.

WHEN the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle :

II.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

Chorus.

O, mount and go
Mount and make you ready!
O, mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady!

OF A' THE AIRTS.

[“The air is by Marshall, the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N.B. It was during the honeymoon.” (R. B.)]

I.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers
row,
And monie a hill between.
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

II.

I see her in the dewy flowers —
I see her sweet and fair.
I hear her in the tuncfu' birds —
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

CARL, AN THE KING COME.

[A medley of Jacobite catchwords.]

Chorus.

Carl, an the King come,
Carl, an the King come,

Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carl, an the king come!

I.

AN somebodie were come again,
Then somebodie maun cross the
main,
And every man shall hae his ain,
Carl, an the King come!

II.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse:
We gae the boot and better horse,
And that we'll tell them at the Cross,
Carl, an the King come!

III.

Coggie, an the King come,
Coggie, an the King come,
I'll be fou, and thou'se be toom,
Coggie, an the King come!

Chorus.

Carl, an the King come,
Carl, an the King come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carl, an the King come!

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

[The repeat is borrowed from an old song.]

I.

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, spier nae mair,
But — whistle o'er the lave o't!
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child:
Wiser men than me's beguiled —
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

II.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see —
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write (but Meg wad see 't) —
Whistle o'er the lave o' t!

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

[The substance of this song is in many old ballads, one of which Burns may have taken as his model.]

I.

O, WERE I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muses' well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

II.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my
lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae
clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een —
By Heaven and Earth I love thee!

III.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast in-
flame,
And ay I muse and sing thy name —
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then — and then — I'd love
thee!

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

[Burns's authorship of this song is in doubt.]

I.

MYRA, the captive ribband's mine!
'Twas all my faithful love could
gain.
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my
pain?

II.

Go, bid the hero, who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather
fame —
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise dis-
claim!

III.

The ribband shall its freedom lose —
Lose all the bliss it had with you! —
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

IV.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace;
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrieve its doom, and take its
place.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

[This piece is strongly reminiscent of
"The Mauchline Belles."]

I.

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were
a great pity
That he from our lassies should
wander awa';
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd
witha',

An' his hair has a natural buckle
an' a'.

II.

His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae
blue,
His fecket is white as the new-
driven snaw,
His hose they are blae, and his shoon
like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles, they
dazzle us a'.

III.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's
been courtin':
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-
mounted, an' braw,
But chiefly the siller that gars him
gang till her —
The penny's the jewel that beauti-
fies a'!

IV.

There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain
wad a haen him,
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird
of the Ha',
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist
fettlers his fancy;
But the laddie's dear sel he loes
dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGH- LANDS.

["The first half stanza of this song is
old; the rest is mine." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

My heart's in the Highlands, my
heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chas-
ing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following
the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands, wher-
ever I go!

I.

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell
to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country
of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I
love.

II.

Farewell to the mountains high
cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green
valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hang-
ing woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-
pouring floods!

Chorus.

My heart's in the Highlands, my
heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chas-
ing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following
the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands, wher-
ever I go!

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

[The song traces back to one composed
about 1560. Improved by Burns.]

I.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

II.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,

And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.

[An old Jacobite song, improved by Burns.]

Chorus.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

I.

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
An' wither'd a' our posies.

II.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,
An' write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!

III.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing.
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

IV.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him waukin—
Gude help the day when Royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

Chorus.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

["This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either the air or words were in print before." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes.
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie!

I.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad:
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

II.

'Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

III.

'I was bred up in nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
An' a' the day to sit in dool,
An' naebody to see me.'

IV.

'Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms thou'll lie and sleep,
An' ye sall be my dearie.'

V.

'If ye 'll but stand to what ye 've said,
I 'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.'

VI.

'While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sac hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.'

Chorus.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie!

O, MERRY HAE I BEEN.

["The tune was called 'The Rob o' Dum-blane,' and a song with this title appears in Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany' (1727)."]
(R. B.)

I.

O, MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon!
O, merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done!
O, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle an' sing!
O, a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king!

II.

Bitter in dool, I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave.
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her
linens,
And blythe be the bird that sings
on her grave!

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms, and kiss me
again!

Drucken or sober, here 's to thee, Katie,
And blest be the day I did it again!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

["The words were composed to commemorate the much lamented and premature death of James Ferguson, Esq., Junior of Craigdarroch."] (R. B.)

I.

FATE gave the word — the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart,
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

II.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young:
So I for my lost darling's sake
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow!
Now foud I bare my breast!
O, do thou kindly lay me low,
With him I love at rest!

THE WHITE COCKADE.

[Adapted from "The Ranting Roving Lad" in Herd.]

Chorus.

O, he's a ranting, roving lad!
He is a brisk an' a bonie lad!
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy with the White
Cockade!

I.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The boniest lad that e'er was seen;

But now he makes our hearts fu' sad—
He takes the field wi' his White Cock-
ade.

II.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My guid gray mare and hawkit cow,
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the White Cock-
ade.

Chorus.

O, he's a ranting, roving lad!
He is a brisk an' a bonie lad!
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the White
Cockade!

THE BRAES O' BALLOCH-
MYLE.

["I composed the verses on the amiable
and excellent family of Whitefoord's leav-
ing Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfor-
tunes had obliged him to sell the estate."
(R. B.)]

I.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine
lea;
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e;
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang:
'Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

II.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies, dumb in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air;
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile:
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr!
Fareweel! fareweel, sweet Balloch-
myle!

THE RANTIN DOG, THE
DADDIE O'T.

["I composed this song pretty early in
life, and sent it to a young girl, a very par-
ticular acquaintance of mine, who was at
the time under a cloud." (R. B.)]

I.

O, WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O, wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin dog, the daddie o't!

II.

O, wha will own he did the faut?
O, wha will buy the groanin maut?
O, wha will tell me how to ca't?—
The rantin dog, the daddie o't!

III.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair—
The rantin dog, the daddie o't!

IV.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?—
The rantin dog, the daddie o't!

THOU LINGERING STAR.

[Enclosing this very famous lament in
a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, November 8, 1789,
Burns described it as "made the other
day." He also asked her opinion of it, as
he was too much interested in the subject
to be "a critic in the composition."]

I.

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning
ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend
 his breast ?

II.

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity cannot efface
 Those records dear of transports
 past,
 Thy image at our last embrace —
 Ah ! little thought we 't was our
 last !

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled
 shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening
 green ;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn
 hoar
 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd
 scene ;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be
 prest,
 The birds sang love on every
 spray.
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd
 day.

IV.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry
 wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser-care.
 Time but th' impression stronger
 makes,
 As streams their channels deeper
 wear.
 O Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend
 his breast ?

EPPIE ADAIR.

[No. 281 in Johnson, unsigned. The
 Ms. is in the Hastie Collection.]

Chorus.

An' O my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?

I.

By love and by beauty,
 By law and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair !

II.

A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair !

Chorus.

An' O my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?

THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-
MUIR.

[This song is condensed from a ballad
 by the Rev. John Barclay.]

I.

'O, CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
 Or did the battle see, man ?'
 'I saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh ;
 My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
 O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three,
 man.

II.

'The red-coat lads wi' black cockaids
 To meet them were na slaw, man :
 They rush'd and push'd and bluid
 outgush'd,
 And monie a bouk did fa', man !
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin
 kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-
 swords clash'd,
 And thro' they oash'd, and hew'd and
 smash'd,
 Till fey men died awa, man.

III.

But had ye seen the philibegs
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they daur'd our
 whigs
 And Covenant trueblues, man !
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the
 sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
 They fled like frightened dows, man !

IV.

'O, how Deil ! Tam, can that be true ?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man !
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horseman back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their
 flight ;
 But, curs'd lot ! the gates were shut,
 And monie a huntit poor red-coat,
 For fear amais't did swarf, man !

V.

'My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man :
 She swoor she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man !

Their left-hand general had nae skill ;
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' bluid to spill ;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at
 blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

VI.

'They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Among the Highland clans, man !
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for
 right,
 But monie bade the world guid-night :
 Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to Hell
 Flew off in frightened bands, man !

YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE
BLYTHEST LAD.

[Stenhouse remarks that the whole song,
 "excepting three or four lines, is the pro-
 duction of Burns."]]

I.

YOUNG Jockie was the blythest lad,
 In a' our town or here awa :
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

II.

He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;
 An' ay my heart cam to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

III.

My Jockie toils upon the plain
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost
 and snaw ;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockie's owsen hameward
 ca'.

IV.

An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a',
An' ay he vows he 'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

["I picked up the old song and tune
from a country girl in Nithsdale. I never
met with it elsewhere in Scotland." (R. B.)]

I.

'WHARE are you gaun, my bonie
lass?
Whare are you gaun, my hinnie?'
She answer'd me right saucilie:—
'An errand for my minnie!'

II.

'O, whare live ye, my bonie lass?
O, whare live ye, my hinnie?'
'By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie!'

III.

But I foor up the glen at e'en
To see my bonie lassie,
And lang before the grey morn cam
She was na hauf sae saucy.

IV.

O, weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her
sleep
A wee blink or the dawin.

V.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her.
And wi' a meikle hazel-rung
She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

VI.

'O, fare-thee-weel, my bonie lass!
O, fare-thee-weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
But thou has a waukrife minnie!'

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS.

["This song is mine, all except the
chorus." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

For a' that, an' a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonie lass that I loe best,
She 'll be my ain for a' that!

I.

THO' women's minds like winter
winds
May shift, and turn, an' a' that,
The noblest breast adores them
maist—
A consequence, I draw that.

II.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.

III.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that,
But for how lang the fle may stang,
Let inclination law that!

IV.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me
daft,
They've taen me in an' a' that,
But clear your decks, and here's:—
'The Sex!'
I like the jads for a' that!

Chorus.

For a' that, an' a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonie lass that I loe best,
She'll be my ain for a' that!

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O'
MAUT.

["The air is Masterton's; the song mine."
(R. B.)]

Chorus.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e!
The cock may crawl, the day may
daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley-
bree!

I.

O, WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see.
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang
night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

II.

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And monie a night we've merry
been,
And monie mae we hope to be!

III.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie:
She shines sae bright to wyle us
hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a
wee!

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three!

Chorus.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e!
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley-bree!

KILLIECRANKIE.

["The battle of Killiecrankie was the last
stand made by the clans for James after his
abdication. Here the gallant Lord Dun-
dee fell in the moment of victory." (R. B.)
The battle was fought on July 17, 1689.]

Chorus.

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O!
An ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O!

I.

'WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?'

II.

'I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O

III.

'The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athole gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O!'

Chorus.

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O!
An ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O!

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

[Burns enclosed this song in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Oct. 2, 1783, writing: "How do you like the following song, designed for and composed by a friend of mine, and which he has christened 'The Blue-Eyed Lassie'?"]

I.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue:
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonie blue!
'T was not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white:
It was her een sae bonie blue.

II.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she
wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist na
how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
But 'spare to speak, and spare to
speed'—
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum" by Burns. An early draft was sent to Mrs. Dunlop.]

I.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high
command.
When shall I see that honor'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear?
Must windyward Fortune's adverse
hand
For ever—ever keep me here?

II.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where bounding hawthorns gaily
bloom,
And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the
broom!
Tho' wandering now must be my
doom
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume
Amang my friends of early days!

TAM GLEN.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum" by Burns.]

I.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len'.
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

II.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might mak a fen'.
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

III.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller:
'Guid day to you,' brute! he comes
ben.
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam
Glen?

IV.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men.
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

V.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten.

But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

VI.

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written 'Tam
Glen'!

VII.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken —
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam
Glen!

VIII.

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry!
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

[“This song was composed on a passion
which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of
mine, had for a Miss Lommer, afterwards a
Mrs. Whelpdale.” (R. B.)]

• Chorus.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee,
dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee!
O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he
sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond
thee!

I.

SWEET closes the ev'ning on Craigie-
burn Wood
And blythely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride o' the spring on the
Craigieburn Wood
Can yield me naught but sorrow.

II.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;

But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

III.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
I daur na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie;
But O, what will my torment be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!

V.

To see thee in another's arms
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen —
My heart wad burst wi' anguish!

VI.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Chorus.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee,
dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee!
O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he
sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond
thee!

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND
LAND I LOVE.

[“I added the four last lines by way of
giving a turn to the theme of the poem,
such as it is.” (R. B.)]

I.

FRAE the friends and land I love
Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight!

Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

II.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore.
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
Till Revenge wi' laurell'd head
Bring our banish'd hame again,
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas, and win his ain !

O JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

[Altered and expanded from a fragment
in Herd.]

Chorus.

O John, come kiss me now, now,
now !
O John, my love, come kiss me
now !
O John, come kiss me by and by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo !

I.

O, SOME will court and compliment,
And ither some will kiss and daut ;
But I will mak o' my guidman,
My ain guidman — it is nae faut !

II.

O, some will court and compliment,
And ither some will prye their mou',
And some will hause in ither's arms,
And that's the way I like to do !

Chorus.

O John, come kiss me now, now,
now !
O John, my love, come kiss me
now !
O John, come kiss me by and by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo !

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

[Redacted from the older set in Herd.]

I.

WHEN first my brave Johnie lad
came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted
the crown,
But now he has gotten a hat and a
feather —
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your
beaver !

II.

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu'
sprush !
We'll over the border and gie them a
brush :
There's somebody there we'll teach
better behaviour —
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your
beaver !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[The last half of stanza II., according to
Cromek, was found in Burns's holograph
as part of an old song.]

I.

O, MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my
beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my
kin ;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms
for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the
tree,
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the
bee !
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi'
the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me !

II.

Your proffer o' luve 's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad
buy;

But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may
try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten
wood,

Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten
tree:

Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless
thread,

An' ye'll crack your credit wi'
mair nor me!

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE
LAWIN.

["The chorus of this is part of an old
song." (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin!

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

I.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the
night,

But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the risin sun.

II.

There's wealth and ease for gentle-
men,

And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk 's a lord.

III.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and
dool,

And Pleasure is a wanton trout:
An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out!

Chorus.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin!

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE
TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

["This tune is sometimes called 'There
are Few Gude Fellows when Willie's Awa.'
But I have never been able to meet with
anything else of the song than the title."
(R. B.)]

I.

BY yon castle wa' at the close of the
day,

I heard a man sing, tho' his head it
was grey,

And as he was singing, the tears doon
came:—

'There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame!

II.

'The Church is in ruins, the State is
in jars,

Delusions, oppressions, and murder-
ous wars,

We dare na weel say 't, but we ken
wha's to blame—

There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame!

III.

'My seven braw sons for Jamie drew
sword,

But now I greet round their green
beds in the yerd;

It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu'
auld dame—

There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame!

IV.

Now life is a burden that bows me
down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his
crown;
But till my last moments my words
are the same —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame !'

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE

[A derivative, "The Old Man Killed with the Cough." This derivative Burns seems to have known, and to have borrowed its rhythmus, as well as its general tone and sentiment.]

I.

WHAT can a young lassie,
What shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie
Do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny
That tempted my minnie
To sell her pair Jenny
For siller an' lan' !

II.

He's always compleenin
Frae mornin to eenin;
He hoasts and he hirples
The weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin;
His blude it is frozen —
O, dreary's the night
Wi' a crazy auld man !

III.

He hums and he hankers,
He frets and he cankers,
I never can please him
Do a' that I can.
He's peevish an' jealous
Of a' the young fellows —
O, dool on the day
I met wi' an auld man !

IV

My auld auntie Katie
Upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour
To follow her plan :
I'll cross him an' wrack him
Until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass
Will buy me a new pan.

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

[It is supposed to refer to old Armour's extrusion of his daughter in the winter of 1788.]

I.

O, how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

II.

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e
To think on him that's far awa.

III.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part —
The bonie lad that's far awa.

IV.

A pair o' glooves he bought to me
And silken snoods he gae me twa,
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

V

O, weary Winter soon will pass,
And Spring will cleed the birken
shaw,

And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa!

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

[“This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.” (R. B.)]

I.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luv,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart
could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art so thrifless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

II.

See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile,
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like onie common weed, an' vile.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARM- ING.

[Written for Johnson's “Museum” by Burns.]

I.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Thou, my friend, can'st truly tell!
But Distress with horrors arming
Thou alas! hast known too well!

II.

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray:

Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate in the clay.

III.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
But alas! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies!

IV.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUN- TAINS.

[“The song alludes to a part of my private history which is of no consequence to the world to know.” (R. B.)]

I.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty
and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth
o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys
thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as
he pipes on his reed.

II.

Not Gowrie's rich valley nor Forth's
sunny shores
To me hae the charms o' yon wild,
mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd
stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought
and my dream.

III.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still
be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green,
narrow strath;

For there wi' my lassie the lang day
I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flie the swift
hours o' love.

IV.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is
fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her
share;
Her parentage humble as humble
can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because
she lo'es me.

V.

To Beauty what man but maun yield
him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes,
and sighs?
And when Wit and Refinement hae
polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to
our hearts.

VI.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the
fond-sparkling e'e
Has lustre outshining the diamond to
me,
And the heart beating love as I'm
clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquer-
ing charms!

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN.

[Founded on an old Jacobite rhyme.]

I.

I HAE been at Crookieden —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
Viewing Willie and his men —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!

There our foes that burnt and slew —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie
There at last they gat their due —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!

II.

Satan sits in his black neuk —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
The bloody monster gae a yell —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
And loud the laugh gaed round a'
Hell —
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE
FACE.

["Originally English verses: I gave them
their Scots dress." (R. B.)]

I.

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find;
But, dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

II.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest:
Content am I, if Heaven shall
give
But happiness to thee,
And, as wi' thee I wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to dee.

MY EPPIE MACNAB.

["The old song with this title has more wit than decency." (R. B.)]

I.

O, SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?

O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?

'She's down in the yard, she's
kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock
Rab !'

II.

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab !

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab !

Whate'er thou hast done, be it late,
be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain
Jock Rab.

III.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?

'She lets thee to wit that she has
thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain
Jock Rab.'

IV.

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab !

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab !

As light as the air and as fause as
thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain
Jock Rab !

WHA IS THAT AT MY
BOWER DOOR.

[Without any manner of doubt, Burns's original was "Who But I, Quoth Findlay," "A new song, much in request, sung with its own proper tune."]

I.

'WHA is that at my bower door?'

'O, wha is it but Findlay !'

'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be
here.'

'Indeed maun I !' quo' Findlay.

'What mak ye, sae like a thief?'

'O, come and see !' quo' Findlay.

'Before the morn ye'll work mis-
chief?'

'Indeed will I !' quo' Findlay.

II.

'Gif I rise and let you in'—

'Let me in !' quo' Findlay—

'Ye'll keep me wauken wi' your din?'

'Indeed will I !' quo' Findlay.

'In my bower if ye should stay'—

'Let me stay !' quo' Findlay—

'I fear ye'll bide till break o' day?'

'Indeed will I !' quo' Findlay.

III.

'Here this night if ye remain'—

'I'll remain !' quo' Findlay—

'I dread ye'll learn the gate again?'

'Indeed will I !' quo' Findlay.

'What may pass within this bower'

('Let it pass !' quo' Findlay !)

'Ye maun conceal till your last hour'—

'Indeed will I !' quo' Findlay.

BONIE WEE THING.

["Composed on my little idol, 'the charming lovely Davies.'" (R. B.)]

Chorus.

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom
Lest my jewel it should tine.

I.

WISHFULLY I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

II.

Wit and Grace and Love and Beauty
In ae constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Chorus.

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom
Lest my jewel it should tine.

THE TITHER MORN.

[“This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.” (R. B.)]

I.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow I'd see my jo
Beside me gin the gloaming,
But he sae trig lap o'er the rig,
And dawt'ingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck, did least expect
To see my lad sac near me!

II.

His bonnet be a thought ajee
Cock'd spunk when first he clasp'd
me;
And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
'Deil tak the war!' I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;

But now as glad I'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

III.

Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I car'd na by, sae sad was I
In absence o' my deary.
But praise be blest! my mind's at
rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnie!
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's onie.

AE FOND KISS.

[Burns wrote to Mrs. M'Lehose (“Clarrinda”), Dec. 27, 1791: “I have just ten minutes before the post goes, and these I shall employ in sending you some songs I have just been composing to different tunes for the ‘Collection of Songs,’ of which you have three volumes, and of which you shall have the fourth.” The germ of “Ae Fond Kiss,” is found in “The Parting Kiss,” by Robert Dodsley (1703-1764).]

I.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves
him,
While the star of hope she leaves
him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,

Never met — or never parted —
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

III.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss and then we sever !
Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

LOVELY DAVIES.

[This was composed in honor of the lady who inspired "The Bonnie Wee Thing."
"We know not much about the *Lovely Davies*, but in Burns's stanzas she is the very sovereign of Nature." — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

O, how shall I, unskilfu', try
The Poet's occupation?
The tunefu' Powers, in happy hours
That whisper inspiration,
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse in equal verse
The charms o' lovely Davies.

II.

Each eye. it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning !
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart, when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

III.

Her smile 's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes.
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is :
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering lovely Davies.

IV.

My Muse to dream of such a theme
Her feeble powers surrenders ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendours.
I wad in vain essay the strain —
The deed too daring brave is !
I'll drap the lyre, and, mute, admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[Buchan furnished Hogg and Motherwell with several stanzas of a "very old song, which perhaps Burns had in view when he composed the above."]

Chorus.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow !
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I.

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As guid as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae puir pund o' tow.

II.

There sat a bottle in a bole
Beyond the ingle low ;
And ay she took the tither souk
To drouk the stourie tow.

III.

Quoth I:—‘For shame, ye dirty
dame,

Gae spin your tap o' tow !'
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brake it o'er my pow.

IV.

At last her feet — I sang to see't ! —
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

Chorus.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow !
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

— — — — —

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

[Composed a few days after Burns's
marriage.]

I.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody:
I'll take cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

II.

I hae a penny to spend,
There — thanks to naebody !
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

III.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody.
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

IV.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody.
Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN, SHE
BOBBED.

[The first two stanzas differ very slightly
from the first two of an old set. The others
are pure Burns.]

I.

O, WHEN she cam ben, she bobbèd
fu' law !
O, when she cam ben, she bobbèd
fu' law !
And when she cam ben, she kiss'd
Cockpen,
And syne she deny'd she did it at a' !

II.

And was na Cockpen right saucy
witha' ?
And was na Cockpen right saucy
witha'.
In leaving the dochter o' a lord,
And kissin a collier lassie an' a' ?

III.

O, never look down, my lassie, at a' !
O, never look down, my lassie, at a' !
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure
complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

IV.

'Tho' thou hast nae silk, and hol-
land sae sma',
Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland
sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain
handywark,
And Lady Jean was never sac braw.'

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY,
TAM.

[Perhaps suggested by a song in "The
Pretty Maiden's Amusement," and other
undated song-books.]

Chorus.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty,
 Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

I.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me
 down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam ;
 But three short years will soon wheel
 roun' —
 And then comes ane-and-twenty,
 Tam !

II.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam.
 At kith or kin I needua spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

III.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie — there's my
 loof :
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam !

Chorus.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty,
 Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA,
WILLIE.

[William Gordon, sixth Viscount Ken-
 mure, took up the Jacobite cause in 1715.
 He was taken prisoner at Preston Pans,
 Nov. 14, and beheaded on Tower Hill, Feb.
 24, 1716.]

I.

O, KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,
 O, Kenmure's on and awa !

An' Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw !

II.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
 Success to Kenmure's band !
 There 's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

III.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
 Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine !
 There ne'er was a coward o' Ken-
 mure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

IV.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O, Kenmure's lads are men !
 Their hearts and swords are metal
 true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

V.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live or die wi' fame !
 But soon wi' sounding Victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame !

VI.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa !
 And here's the flower that I lo'e
 best —
 The rose that's like the snaw !

O, LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN-
WHEEL.

[This charming song was no doubt
 suggested by "The Loving Lass and Spin-
 ning-Wheel" in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Mis-
 cellany."]

I.

O, LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel !
 And leeze me on my rock and reel,

Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warin at e'en !
I'll set me down, and sing, and spin,
While laigh descends the summer

sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and
meal—
O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel !

II.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot.
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes' caller rest.
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

III.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale.
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays.
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

IV.

Wi' sma to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envý,
O, wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel ?

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

[“I do not know a blither old song than
this.” (R. B.)]

I.

‘O, WHARE live ye, my bonie lass,
And tell me how they ca' ye ?’

‘My name,’ she says, ‘is Mistress
Jean,
And I follow the collier laddie.’

II.

‘O, see you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be
thine,
Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie !

III.

‘An' ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie !’

IV.

‘Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my collier laddie.

V.

‘I can win my five pennies in a day,
An' spend it at night fu' brawlie,
And make my bed in the collier's
neuk
And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

VI.

‘Loove for loove is the bargain for
me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud
me,
And the world before me to win my
bread—
And fair fa' my collier laddie !’

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME
HAME.

[William Lord Maxwell, who was sen-
tenced to decapitation on Tower Hill, Feb.

24, 1716, for his share in the "Fifteen," but escaped the night before the execution.]

I.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border;
And they'll gae big Terreagles'
towers,
And set them a' in order;
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they choose it:
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't!

II.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather;
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

IN SIMMER, WHEN THE HAY
WAS MAWN.

[The stanza is modified from the ballad octave. The Burns Ms. is in the Hastie Collection.]

I.

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn
And corn wad' green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the
ley,
And roses blaw in ilka bield,
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel
Says:—'I'll be wed, come o't what
will!'
Out spake a dame in wrinkled
eild:—
'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

II.

'It's ye hae woovers monie ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken!
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.

There Johnnie o' the Buskie-Glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre.

'Tak this frae me, my bonie hen:
It's plenty beets the lover's fire!'

III.

'For Johnnie o' the Buskie-Glen
I dinna care a single flic:
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me.
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's c'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-Glen and a' his gear.'

IV.

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught!
The canniest gate, the strife is sair.
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin best:
A hungry care's an unco care.
But some will spend, and some will
spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will.
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the
yill!'

V.

'O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and
kye!
But the tender heart o' leesome loove
The gowd and siller canna buy!
We may be poor, Robie and I;
Light is the burden luvie lays on;
Content and loove brings peace and
joy:
What mair hae Queens upon a
throne?'

FAIR ELIZA.

[Two copies in Burns's hand are in the Hastie Collection. In the earlier the lady's name is Robina.]

I.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza!
Ae kind blink before we part!

Rew on thy despairing lover—
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

II.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee.
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe.
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow!

III.

Not the bee upon the blossom
 In the pride o' sinny noon,
 Not the little sporting fairy
 All beneath the simmer moon,
 Not the Poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

["If a reference to the French Revolution is meant, it is extremely obscure. The 'man undone,' if Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, is intended, had, of course, no party, except the Laird of Gask, in 1792, when the song was published."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

YE Jacobites by name,
 Give an ear, give an ear!
 YE Jacobites by name,
 Give an ear!
 YE Jacobites by name,
 Your fautes I will proclaim,
 Your doctrines I maun blame—
 You shall hear!

II.

What is Right, and what is Wrang,
 By the law, by the law?
 What is Right, and what is Wrang,
 By the law?
 What is Right, and what is Wrang?
 A short sword and a lang,
 A weak arm and a strang
 For to draw!

III.

What makes heroic strife
 Famed afar, famed afar?
 What makes heroic strife
 Famed afar?
 What makes heroic strife?
 To whet th' assassin's knife,
 Or hunt a Parent's life
 Wi' bluidy war!

IV.

Then let your schemes alone,
 In the State, in the State!
 Then let your schemes alone,
 In the State!
 Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate!

THE POSIE.

["The Posie' in the 'Museum' is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country, but the old words are trash." (R. B.)]

I.

O, LUVE will venture in where it daur
 na weel be seen!
 O, luve will venture in, where wisdom
 ance hath been!
 But I will down yon river rove amang
 the wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my aia
 dear May!

II.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling
o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem
o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and
blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May!

III.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœ-
bus peeps in view,
For it's like a haumy kiss o' her
sweet, bonie mou.
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its
unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May!

IV.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is
fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place
the lily there.
The daisy's for simplicity and un-
affected air—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May!

V.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks
o' siller gray,
Where, like an agèd man, it stands
at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the
bush I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May!

VI.

The woodbine I will pu' when the
e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall
be her een sae clear!
The violet's for modesty, which weel
she fa's to wear—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May!

VII.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken
band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and
I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the
band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain
dear May!

THE BANKS O' DOON.

["An Ayrshire Legend," according to
Allan Cunningham, "says the heroine of
this affecting song was Pegg Kennedy of
Daljarroch."]

I.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and
fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou war-
bling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering
thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

II.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine
twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luvèr staw my rose—
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIE WASTLE.

[The heroine is said to have been the
wife of a farmer who lived near Ellisland.
A cottage in Peeblesshire was known by the

name of Linkumdoddie, but probably it was so named after Burns wrote his song.]

I.

WILLIE WASTIE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie.
Willie was a wabster guid
Could stown a clue wi' onie bodie.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither !
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

II.

She has an e'e (she has but ane),
The cat has twa the very colour,
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

III.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shin'd,
Ae limp leg a hand-breed shorter:
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

IV.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hush-ion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN.

[An old ballad in the northern and western parts of Scotland. Burns got the germ of his song from a fragment in the Herd Ms.]

I.

O, LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the
Castle wa',
She saw three bonie boys playing at
the ba',
The youngest he was the flower
amang them a'—
My bonie laddie's young, but he's
growin yet !

II.

'O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the colleg
yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about
his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to
marry yet !'

III.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the
dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonie was
its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the
sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be
bonier yet.

IV.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout
of an aik;
Bonie and bloomin and straucht was
its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its
sake,
And it will be the brag o' the
forest yet.

V.

The simmer is gane when the leaves
they were green,
And the days are awa that we hae
seen;
But far better days I trust will come
again,
For my bonie laddie's young, but
he's growin yet.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES
IN A NATION.

[The refrain is borrowed from the name
of the old air to which it is adapted.]

I.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story!
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province
stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

II.

What force or guile could not subdue
Thro' many warlike ages
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

III.

O, would, or I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll mak this declaration:—
'We're bought and sold for English
gold'—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

KELLYBURN BRAES.

[The Kelly burn (*i.e.*, brook) forms the
northern boundary of Ayrshire, and the
ballad has no connection with Nithsdale
or Galloway. Burns derived his material,
probably, from an old English blackletter
ballad, "The Devil and the Scold."]

I.

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn Braes
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme!),
And he had a wife was the plague o'
his days
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and
rue is in prime!).

II.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang
glen
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme!),
He met wi' the Devil, says:— 'How
do you sen?'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and
rue is in prime!).

III.

'I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my
complaint
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme!),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're
a saint'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and
rue is in prime!).

IV.

'It's neither your stot nor your staig
I shall crave
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme!),
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I
must have'
(And the thyme it is wither'd,
and rue is in prime!).

v.

'O welcome most kindly !' the blythe
 carl said
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 'But if ye can match her ye're waur
 than ye're ca'd'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

vi.

The Devil has got the auld wife on
 his back
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried
 his pack
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

vii.

He's carried her hame to his ain hal-
 lan-door
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and
 a whore
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

viii.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick
 o' his band
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 Turn out 'on her guard in the clap o'
 a hand
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

ix.

The carlin gaed thro' them like onie
 wud bear
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !):
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam ne'er
 her nae mair

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

x.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa'
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !): —
 'O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin
 us a' !'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

xi.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his
 knife
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 He pitied the man that was tied to a
 wife
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

xii.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and
 the bell
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n,
 but in Hell
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

xiii.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his
 pack
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),
 And to her auld husband he's carried
 her back
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and
 rue is in prime !).

xiv.

'I hae been a Devil the feck o' my
 life
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'
 thyme !),

But ne'er was in Hell till I met wi' a
wife'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and
rue is in prime!).

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

[The original is probably a blackletter broadside, "The Trappan'd Maiden, or The Distressed Damsel."]

I.

It was in sweet Senegal
That my foes did me enthrall
For the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O!
Torn from that lovely shore,
And must never see it more,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!

II.

All on that charming coast
Is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O!
There streams for ever flow,
And the flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!

III.

The burden I must bear,
While the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O!
And I think on friends most dear
With the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!

THE SONG OF DEATH.

["I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of her truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology." (R. B.)]

I.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green
earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting
sun!

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye
dear tender ties —

Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors! thou
Life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and
slave!

Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant,
but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

II.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant — he
sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a
name!
Thou strik'st the young hero — a
glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour, our
swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to
save,
While victory shines on Life's last
ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the
brave?

SWEET AFTON.

[There has been no little discussion as to the date, the heroine, and the scene of this song. Burns, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Feb. 5, 1789, declares that it was written as a "compliment" to the "small river Afton, that flows into Nith, near New Cumnock, which has some charming, wild romantic scenery on its banks."]

I.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes!
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in
thy praise!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream!

II.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds
thro' the glen.
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
thoray den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy
screaming forbear —
I charge you, disturb not my slumber-
ing fair!

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neigh-
bouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear,
winding rills!
There daily I wander, as noon rises
high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot
in my eye.

IV.

How pleasant thy banks and green
vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the
primroses blow
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over
the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my
Mary and me

V.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely
it glides,
And winds by the cot where my
Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy
feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she
steams thy clear wave!

VI.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes!
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of
my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream —

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream!

BONIE BELL.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum" by
Burns. Nothing is known of the heroine.]

I.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoic-
ing,
And surly Winter grimly flies.
Now crystal clear are the falling
waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth
the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell:
All creatures joy in the sun's return-
ing,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

II.

The flowery Spring leads sunny
summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy
Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes
tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

[Supposed by some to refer to Armour's
visit to Paisley in the spring of 1786. Pub-
lished in Thomson, with "sailor" substi-
tuted for "weaver."]

I.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea
By monie a flower and spreading tree
There lives a lad, the lad for me —
He is a gallant weaver!

O, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

II.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer
showers,
I love my gallant weaver.

HEY, CA' THRO'.

[Probably suggested by some old rhymes
on the coast towns of Fife, which Burns
picked up in Edinburgh.]

Chorus.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado!
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado!

I.

Up wi' the carls o' Dysart
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo
And the lassies o' Leven!

II.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

III.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win!

T

Chorus.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado!
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado!

O, CAN YE LABOUR LEA.

[An old song preserved in "The Merry
Muses," retouched and enlarged by Burns.]

Chorus.

O, can ye labour lea, young man,
O, can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again—
Ye'se never scorn me!

I.

I FEE'D a man at Martinmas
Wi' airle-pennies three;
But a' the faut I had to him
He couldna labour lea.

II.

O, clappin' 's guid in Febarwar,
An' kissin' 's sweet in May;
But what signifies a young man's
love,
An't dinna last for ay?

III.

O, kissin' is the key o' love
An' clappin' is the lock;
An' makin' o' 's the best thing
That e'er a young thing got!

Chorus.

O, can ye labour lea, young man,
O, can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again—
Ye'se never scorn me!

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY
DADDIE.

[Adapted by Burns from an old song.]

I.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco
shout : —

'The deuk's dang o'er my dad-
die, O !

'The fien-ma-care,' quo' the feirrie
auld wife,

'He was but a paidlin body, O !

He paidles out, and he paidles in,

An' he paidles late and early, O !

This seven lang years I hae lien by
his side,

An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O !'

II.

'O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld
wife,

O, haud your tongue, now Nan-
sie, O !

I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,

'Ye wad na been sae donsie, O.

I've seen the day ye butter'd my
brose,

And cuddl'd me late and early, O ;

But downa-do's come o'er me now,

And och, I find it sairly, O !'

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

[The general allusion is to the girl who
jilted Alexander Cunningham.]

I.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my
smart ;

I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;

She's broken her vow, she's broken
my heart ;

And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,

And I hae tint my dearest dear ;

But Woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang !

II.

Whae'er ye be that Woman love,

To this be never blind :

Nae ferlie 't is, tho' fickle she prove,

A woman has 't by kind.

O Woman lovelly, Woman fair,

An angel form's faun to thy share,

'T wad been o'er meikle to gien thee
mair ! . . .

I mean an angel mind.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH'
EXCISEMAN.[Burns states that he composed and sung
this song at an Excise dinner in Duinfries.]

Chorus.

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,

The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman !

He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,

He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman !

I.

THE Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,

And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,

And ilka wife cries : — 'Auld Mahoun,

I wish you luck o' the prize, man !

II.

'We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew
our drink,

We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice,
man,

And monie braw thanks to the meikle
black Deil,

That danc'd awa wi' th' Excise-
man !

III.

There's threesome reels, there's four-
some reels,

There's hornpipes and strathspeys,
man,

But the ae best dance ere cam to the
land
*Was The Deil's Awa wi' th' Excise-
man.*

Chorus.

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman!
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Excise-
man!

THE LOVELY LASS OF
INVERNESS.

[The song commemorates Culloden,
April 16, 1746.]

I.

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en to morn she cries 'Alas!'
And ay the saut tear blin's her
e'e:—

II.

'Drumossie moor, Drumossie day—
A wae fu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

III.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growin green to
see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

IV.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be,
For monie a heart thou hast made
sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or
thee!

A RED, RED ROSE.

[Derived by Burns from old blackletter
ballads.]

I.

O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

II.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

III.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

IV.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

AS I STOOD BY YON ROOF-
LESS TOWER.

[The "roofless tower" was part of the
ruins of Lincluden Abbey, situated at the
junction of the Cluden with the Nith.]

Chorus.

A lassie all alone was making her
moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the
sea:—
'In the bluidy wars they fa' and our
honor's gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.'

I.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flow'r scents the
dewy air,
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy
bower,
And tells the midnight moon her
care :

II.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky,
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

III.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise
and fa'.

IV.

The cauld blae North was streaming
forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din :
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

V.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia
rear'd,
When low ! in form of minstrel auld
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

VI.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead
to hear,
But O, it was a tale of woe
As ever met a Briton's ear !

VII.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times :
But what he said — it was nae play ! —
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

Chorus.

A lassie all alone was making het
moan.
Lamenting our lads beyond the
sea : —
'In the bluidy wars they fa', and our
honor's gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.'

O, AN YE WERE DEAD,
GUIDMAN.

[Revised and shortened from an old set in
Herd.]

Chorus.

Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung
she ran,
An' round about the fire wi' a rung
she ran : —
'Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
An' I shall bang your hide, guidman !'

I.

O AN ye were dead, guidman,
A green turf on your head, guidman !
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rautin Highlandman !

II.

There 's sax eggs in the pan, guidman,
There 's sax eggs in the pan, guidman :
There 's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman !

III.

A sheep-head 's in the pot, guidman,
A sheep-head 's in the pot, guidman :
The flesh to him, the broo to me,
An' the horns become your brow,
guidman !

Chorus.

Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung
she ran,
An' round about the fire wi' a rung
she ran : —
'Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
An' I shall bang your hide, guidman !'

AULD LANG SYNE.

[Sent to Mrs. Dunlop, Dec. 17, 1788: "*Apropos*, is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Langsyne* exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul," etc.]

"Burns said that this famous lyric was traditional. The chorus 'lang syne' does occur in a Jacobite ditty, attributed to 'a skulker in the year 1746.' Why Burns should have disclaimed the poem, if it was his, is hard to conjecture."—ANDREW LANG.]

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

I.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne.

II.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

III.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne!

IV.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

V.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,

And we'll tak a right guid-willie
waught
For auld lang syne!

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY
THEE.

[Probably made soon after his marriage, and certainly before the Revolution of 1795.]

I.

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor beggar louns to me!
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

II.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me,
Kings and nations—swith awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye.

HAD I THE WYTE.

[Burns's original was certainly a fragment in the Herd Ms. The inference is irresistible that the fragment in Herd suggested two songs to Burns,—one for publication, and the other *not*.]

I.

HAD I the wyte? had I the wyte?
Had I the wyte? she bade me!
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me!
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me.

II.

Sae craftlie she took me ben
 And bade me mak nae clatter :—
 'For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
 Is o'er ayont the water.'
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
 When I did kiss and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say I was the fautor !

III.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refus'd her?
 And wadna manhood been to blame
 Had I unkindly used her?
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blae and bluidy bruis'd her—
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but wad excus'd her !

IV.

I dightet ay her een sae blue,
 An' bann'd the cruel randy,
 And, weel I wat, her willin mou'
 Was sweet as sugarcandie.
 At gloamin-shot, it was, I wot,
 I lighted—on the Monday,
 But I cam thro' the Tyseday's dew
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE.

[This is an old song dressed up a little
 by the poet.]

Chorus.

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry :
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye !

I.

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,
 Comin thro' the rye,
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye !

II.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?

III.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the warld ken ?

Chorus.

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry :
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye !

YOUNG JAMIE.

["Conceivably an appeal to the offended
 Mrs. Riddell."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless King of Love.

II.

But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and
 breers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 His sad complaining dowie raves :—

III.

'I, wha sae late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my
 love—
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear.

IV.

The slighted maids my torments
see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornful Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair.'

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

["How do you like this thought in a
ballad which I have just now on the tapis,
'I look to the west'?" (R. B. to Alexan-
der Cunningham, March 12, 1791.)]

I.

OUT over the Forth, I look to the
north —
But what is the north, and its
Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to
my breast,
The far foreign land or the wide
rolling sea!

II.

But I look to the west, when I gae to
rest,
That happy my dreams and my
slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I loe
best,
The man that is dear to my babie
and me.

WANTONNESS FOR EVER-
MAIR.

["The triolet is not uncommon in old
Scots verse, and 'Wantonness for Ever-
mair,' as passed through Burns, has an odd
look of a triolet — Once upon a Time —
which has been violently carried away from
the grace of its first state by a ravisher who
knew nothing of the form."]

WANTONNESS for evermair,
Wantonness has been my ruin.

Yet for a' my dool and care
It's wantonness for evermair.
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown;
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden!
A' the colours in the town —
I hae won their wanton favour.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

[The song was probably suggested by
some Jacobite fragment. There is another
set by Lady Nairne.]

Chorus.

An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling —
The Young Chevalier!

I.

'T WAS on a Monday morning
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town —
The Young Chevalier!

II.

As he was walking up the street
The city for to view,
O, there he spied a bonie lass
The window looking thro'!

III.

Sae light's he jumpèd up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in!

IV.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawlie weel he kend the way
To please a bonie lass.

V.

It's up yon heathery mountain
And down yon scroggy glen,

We daurna gang a-milking
For Charlie and his men !

Chorus.

An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling —
The young Chevalier !

THE LASS O' ECCLEFECHAN.

[Burns, in the course of his "duty as supervisor," was accustomed to "visit this unfortunate wicked little village," and slept in it on Feb. 7, 1795 (R. B. to Thomson), about two months after the birth of Thomas Carlyle. It was long a favorite resort of such vagabonds as are pictured in "The Jolly Beggars," which may — or may not — account in some measure for Carlyle's affection for that admirable piece.]

I.

'GAT ye me, O, gat ye me,
Gat ye me wi' naething ?
Rock an' reel, an' spinning wheel,
A mickle quarter basin :
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A heich house and a laich ane,
A' forbye my bonie sel,
The toss o' Ecclefechan !'

II.

'O, haud your tongue now, Lucky
Lang,
O, haud your tongue and jauner !
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander :
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure ;
But your green grafi, now Lucky
Lang,
Wad airt me to my treasure.'

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

[In the Ms. (Hastie Collection) Burns directs it to be sung to the tune, "Bab at

the Bowster," which he states "is to be met with everywhere."]

Chorus.

We'll hide the cooper 'behint the
door,
Behint the door, behint the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

I.

THE Cooper o' Cuddy came here awa,
He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a',
An' our guidwife has gotten a ca',
That's anger'd the silly guidman, O.

II.

He sought them out, he sought them
in.
Wi' 'Deil hae her !' an' 'Deil hae
him !'
But the body he was sae doited and
blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

III.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd
at morn,
Till our guidman has gotten the
scorn :
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they sall
stan', O !

Chorus.

We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,
Behint the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the
door
And cover him under a mawn, O.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOME-
BODY.

[It is evident that the idea of this charming lyric came to Burns through Allan

Ramsay and "The Tea-Table Miscellany."]

I.

MY heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody:
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around
For the sake o' Somebody.

II.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous
love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frac ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' Somebody

THE CARDIN O'T.

[Suggested, perhaps, by Alexander Ross's
'There was a wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad 'gac try the spinning o't.']

Chorus.

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't!
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

I.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a wab to Johnie o't,
For Johnie is my only jo—
I lo'e him best of onie yet!

II.

For tho' his locks be lyart gray,
And tho' his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.

Chorus.

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't!
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

THERE'S THREE TRUE GUID
FELLOWS.

[The stanza following the chorus, says
Stenhouse, was "hastily penned by Burns
at the request of the publisher" (Johnson),
to enable him to include it.]

I.

THERE's three true guid fellows,
There's three true guid fellows,
There's three true guid fellows,
Down ayont yon glen!

II.

It's now the day is dawin,
But or night do fa' in,
Whase cock's best at crawin,
Willie, thou sall ken!

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER
RINGLETS.

["Do you know, my dear sir, a black-guard Irish song called 'Oonagh's Water-fall'? . . . The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for *my* humble, rustic muse, to expect that *every* effort of hers must have merit; still I think that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favorite air, than none at all." (R. B.)
The heroine was Miss Lorimer.]

I.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.

Her smiling, sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe !
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto those rosy lips to grow !
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
 When first that bonie face I saw,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm —
 She says she lo'es me best of a' !

II.

Like harmony her motion,
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion
 Wad make a saint forget the sky !
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air,
 Ilk feature — auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could dae nae
 mair !
 Hers are the willing chains o' love
 By conquering beauty's sovereign
 law,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm —
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

III.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon !
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon,
 Fair beaming, and streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang,
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his
 sang !
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED.

[Composed on an amour of Charles
 II., when skulking in the North about

Aberdeen in the time of the Common-
 wealth.]

I.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin cauld,
 As to the North I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.
 By my guid luck a maid I met
 Just in the middle o' my care,
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

II.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 An' bade her mak a bed to me.
 She made the bed baith large and
 wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it
 down,
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank : — 'Young man, now
 sleep ye soun'.'

III.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi'
 speed,
 But I call'd her quickly back again
 To lay some mair below my head :
 A cod she lay below my head,
 And serv'd me with due respect,
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

IV.

'Haud aff your hands, young man,'
 she said,
 'And dinna sae uncivil be ;
 Gif ye hae onie luv for me,
 O, wrang na my virginittie !'
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

V.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me!
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say,
 I laid her 'tween me an the wa'—
 The lassie thocht na lang till day.

VI.

Upon the morrow, when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie,
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
 And said:—'Alas, ye've ruin'd
 me!'
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her
 syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in
 her e'e.
 I said:—'My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.'

VII.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
 An' made them a' in sarks to me.
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me!
 The bonie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me!
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

SAE FAR AWA.

[“Burns's name is attached to this pretty little song, which would seem to have been composed for the old air ‘O'er the Hills, and Far Awa’; but as that tune had already been given in an early volume of the ‘Museum,’ set to its well-known Anglo-Scottish verses, another air was found to fit the poet's words.”—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

O, SAD and heavy should I part
 But for her sake sae far awa,

Unknowing what my way may
 thwart—
 My native land sae far awa.

II.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That formed this Fair sae far awa,
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa!

III.

How true is love to pure desert!
 So mine in her sae far awa,
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, O, she is sae far awa!

IV.

Nane other love, nane other dart
 I feel, but hers sae far awa;
 But fairer never touched a heart,
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

THE REEL O' STUMPIE.

[“The exact share of Burns in this song is not now to be determined.”]

I.

WAP and rowe, wap and rowe,
 Wap and rowe the feetie o't;
 I thought I was a maiden fair,
 Till I heard the greetie o't!

II.

My daddie was a fiddler fine,
 My minnie she made mantie, O,
 And I myself a thumpin quine,
 And danc'd the Reel o' Stumpie, O.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

[Adapted by Burns from an old song.]

Chorus.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town
 And by yon garden green again!

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

I.

THERE 's nane shall ken, there 's nane
can guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stow'n'ins we sall meet again.

II.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith ! she 's doubly dear again.

Chorus.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town
And by yon garden green again !
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

[Begun at Ecclefechan, where Burns was storm-stayed, Feb. 7, 1795. Some time afterwards Burns produced a complete copy, at Brechin Castle. In the set sent to Johnson, Jeanie — either Jean Armour or Jean Lorimer — is the heroine. In that sent to Thomson the name is Lucy, who was the wife of Mr. Richard Oswald.]

Chorus.

O, wat ye wha's in yon town
Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?
The dearest maid's in yon town
That e'enin sun is shining on !

I.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
She wanders by yon spreading tree.
How blest ye flowers that round her
blaw !
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

II.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year !
And doubly welcome be the Spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear !

III.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Among the broomy braes sae green ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

IV.

Without my Love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !

V.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging Winter rent the air,
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there

VI.

O, sweet is she in yon town
The sinkin sun 's gane down upon !
A fairer than 's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon

VII.

If angry Fate be sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O, spare me Jeanie
dear !

VIII.

For, while life's dearest blood is
warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er
depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

Chorus.

O, wat ye wha 's in yon town
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The dearest maid 's in yon town
That e'enin sun is shining on.

WHEREFORE SIGHING ART
THOU, PHILLIS?

[Suggested, probably, by an old English song beginning:

"Do not ask me, charming Phillis."]

I.

WHEREFORE sighing art thou, Phillis?
Has thy prime unheeded past?
Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
Were not made for ay to last?

II.

Know, thy form was once a treasure—
Then it was thy hour of scorn!
Since thou then denied the pleasure,
Now 't is fit that thou should'st
mourn.

O MÂY, THY MORN.

[Supposed to commemorate the parting
with Clarinda.]

I.

O MÂY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December!
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber,
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

II.

And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum!
And here's to them that wish us
weel—
May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em!

And here 's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIR-
NEY MOUNT.

[Probably suggested by old Jacobite ballads, "Highland Laddie," etc.]

Chorus.

O, my bonie Highland lad!
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland
laddie!
Wha wad mind the wind and rain
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie!

I.

As I came o'er the Cairney mount
And down among the blooming
heather,
Kindly stood the milking-shiel
To shelter frae the stormy weather.

II.

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs
were bleating;
But he wan my heart's consent
To be his ain at the neist meeting.

Chorus.

O, my bonie Highland lad!
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland
laddie!
Wha wad mind the wind and rain
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie!

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[Chiefly an abridgment of the Jacobite ditty, "The Highland Lad and the Highland Lass."]

I.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw -
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie!

Wore a plaid and was fu' braw —
 Bonnie Highland laddie !
 On his head a bonnet blue —
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
 His royal heart was firm and true —
 Bonnie Highland laddie !

II.

'Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie ! —
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie !
 Glory, Honour, now invite —
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie ! —
 For freedom and my King to fight,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie !'

III.

'The sun a backward course shall
 take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonnie Highland laddie !
 Go, for yoursel' procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie !'

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

[Evidently made in honor of Miss Janet
 Miller of Dalswinton.]

I.

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When Sorrow wrings thy gentle
 heart,
 O, wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul —
 That's the love I bear thee —
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie !
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie !

II.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou 'lt refuse me !
 If it winna, canna be.
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me !
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me !

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

[Polly or Mary Stewart was daughter
 of William Stewart, factor at Closeburn.
 She died in Italy at the age of seventy-
 two.]

Chorus.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
 May,
 That's half so fair as thou art !

I.

THE flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it ;
 But Worth and Truth eternal youth
 Will gie to Polly Stewart !

II.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy
 charms
 Possess a leal and true heart !
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart !

Chorus.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
 May,
 That's half so fair as thou art !

THE HIGHLAND BALOU.

[Stenhouse states that it is "a versification by Burns of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady."]

I.

HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald !
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.

II.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie !
An thou live, thou'lt steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow !

III.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur,
Herry the louns o' the laigh Coun-
trie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me !

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

[No doubt suggested by a song on the Duke of Argyll (the great Duke, born 1678, died 1743), entitled, "The Highlandman Speaking of His Maggy and the Bannocks of Barley Meal."]

Chorus.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !

I.

WHA in a brulyie
Will first cry 'a parley' ?
Never the lads
Wi' the bannocks o' barley !

II.

Wha, in his wae days,
Were loyal to Charlie ?
Wha but the lads
Wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Chorus.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !

WAE IS MY HEART.

[The last stanza is closely imitated from the last of Lady Grizzel Bailie's "Were Na My Heart Licht I Wad Die."]

I.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in
my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger
to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden
I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er
sounds in my ear.

II.

Love, thou hast pleasures — and deep
hae I lov'd !
Love, thou has sorrows — and sair hae
I prov'd !
But this bruised heart that now bleeds
in my breast,
I can feel by its throbblings, will soon
be at rest.

III.

O, if I were where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonie
castle green !
For there he is wand'ring and musing
on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his
Phillis' e'e !

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

[Framed on a Jacobite song for James VIII. (the "Old Pretender").]

I.

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor,
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here 's his health in water !
O, wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawly 's he could flatter !
Till for his sake I 'm slighted sair
And dree the kintra clatter !
But, tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here 's his health in water !

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

[Doubtless suggested by a song of the same title to be found in "The Goldfinch," Edinburgh, 1777.]

I.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day ;
Thro' gentle showers the laughing
flowers
In double pride were gay ;
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa,
Yet maiden May in rich array
Again shall bring them a'.

II.

BUT my white pow— nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of Age !
My trunk of eild, but buss and bield,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
O, Age has weary days
And nights o' sleepless pain !
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again ?

THE TAILOR.

[Suggested probably by "The Tailor" in Herd's Collection.]

I.

THE tailor he cam here to sew,
And weel he kend the way to woo,
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou',
As he gae'd but and ben, O.
For weel he kend the way, O,
The way, O, the way, O !
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O !

II.

THE tailor rase and shook his duds,
The flacs they flew awa in cluds !
And them that stay'd gat fearfu'
thuds —
The Tailor prov'd a man, O !
For now it was the gloamin,
The gloamin, the gloamin !
For now it was the gloamin,
When a' the rest are gaur, O !

THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER-BUSH.

[Stenhouse states, that "with the exception of a few lines, which are old," this song was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum."]

I.

THERE grows a bonie brier-bush in
our kail-yard,
There grows a bonie brier-bush in
our kail-yard ;
And below the bonie brier-bush
there 's a lassie and a lad,
And they 're busy, busy courting in
our kail-yard.

II.

WE 'll court nae mair below the buss
in our kail-yard,

We'll court nae mair below the buss
in our kail-yard:
We'll awa to Athole's green, and
there we'll no be seen,
Where the trees and the branches will
be our safeguard.

III.

Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's
ha'?
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's
ha',
Where Sandy and Nancy I'm sure
will ding them a'?
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle-
ha'!

IV.

What will I do for a lad when Sandie
gangs awa!
What will I do for a lad when Sandie
gangs awa!
I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a
pennie fee,
And see an onie lad will fancy me.

V.

He's comin frae the north that's to
marry me,
He's comin frae the north that's to
marry me,
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon
at his knee—
He's a bonie, bonie laddie, an yon
be he!

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH.

[Regarded as traditional by Mrs. Begg
(Burns's sister). Mr. Scott Douglas accepts
it as a genuine contribution to Johnson's
"Museum," and internal evidence is in his
favor.]

I.

HERE'S to thy health my bonie lass!
Guid night and joy be wi' thee!
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door
To tell thee that I lo'e thee:

O, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye!

II.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry,
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy freens try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee
(Depending on some higher chance),
But fortune may betray thee.

III.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me,
For I'm as free as any he—
Sma' siller will relieve me!
I'll count my health my greatest wealth
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it.
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want
As lang's I get employment.

IV.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And, ay until ye try them,
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care—
They may prove as bad as I am!
But at twel at night, when the moon
shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee,
For the man that loves his mistress
weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHT-
FU' KING.

["The third verse of this beautiful song
is found in a stall-ballad (Mally Stewart),
but the date of the ballad is not ascertained."
—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear —
We e'er saw Irish land.

II.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain,
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear —
For I maun cross the main.

III.

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear —
And adieu for evermore !

IV.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love
Never to meet again,
My dear —
Never to meet again.

V.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear —
The lee-lang night and weep.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[Burns supplied the music for Johnson's "Museum," which he got from a lady in the north of Scotland. The refrain is borrowed from an old song, said to have been a lament for Glencoe.]

I.

O, I AM come to the low countrie —
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ! —

Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

II.

It was na sae in the Highland hills -
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ! —
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

III.

For then I had a score o' kye —
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ! —
Feeding on yon hill sae high
And giving milk to me.

IV.

And there I had three score o' yowes -
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ! —
Skipping on yon bonie knowes
And casting woo' to me.

V.

I was the happiest of a' the clan —
Sair, sair may I repine ! —
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

VI.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last
Sae far to set us free :
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

VII.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield :
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

VIII.

Ochon ! O Donald, O !
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me !

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER.

[The first two stanzas were sent to Clarinda on Dec. 27, 1791, as a song to "a charming plaintive Scots tune."]

I.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy
December!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow
and care!

Sad was the parting thou makes me
remember:

Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet
mair!

II.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful
pleasure,

Hope beaming mild on the soft
parting hour;

But the dire feeling, O farewell for
ever!

Anguish unmingled and agony
pure!

III.

Wild as the winter now tearing the
forest,

Till the last leaf o' the summer is
flown—

Such is the tempest has shaken my
bosom,

Till my last hope and last comfort
is gone!

IV.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy
December,

Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and
care;

For sad was the parting thou makes
me remember:

Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet
mair!

MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY
PEGGY'S FORM.

["Written for Miss Margaret Chalmers. Both she and Miss Hamilton were probably friends rather than 'flames' of Burns."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form
The frost of hermit Age might warm.
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind
Might charm the first of human kind.

II.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art;
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

III.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye —
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay?

IV.

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms —
These are all immortal charms.

O, STEER HER UP, AN' HAUD
HER GAUN.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum" by Burns. The first half stanza is Ramsay's, from a set founded on an old improper ditty.]

I.

O, STEER her up, an' haud her gaun —
Her mither's at the mill, jo,
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.

First shore her wi' a gentle kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo,
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

II.

O, steer her up, an' be na blate,
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then leave the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo !
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do 't,
Ye 'll fin' anither will, jo.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

[“A child's song, with an appearance of popular antiquity.” — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

WEE Willie Gray an' his leather
wallet,
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots
and jacket !
The rose upon the brier will be him
trouse and doublet —
The rose upon the brier will be him
trouse and doublet !

II.

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wal-
let,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark
and gravat !
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his
bonnet —
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his
bonnet !

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

[This ditty is a medley of two old songs
with variations and amendments.]

Chorus.

We're a' noddin,
Nid nid noddin,

We're a' noddin
At our house at hame !

I.

‘GUID e'en to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do ?’
‘Hiccup !’ quo' kimmer,
‘The better that I'm fou !’

II.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen-broo.
Deil tak Kate
As she be na noddin too !

III.

‘How's a' wi' you, kimmer ?
And how do you fare ?’
‘A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair !’

IV.

‘How's a' wi' you, kimmer ?
And how do ye thrive ?’
How monie bairns hae ye ?’
Quo' kimmer, ‘I hae five.’

V.

‘Are they a' Johnie's ?’
‘Eh ! atweel na :
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnie was awa !’

VI.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo ;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.

Chorus.

We're a' noddin,
Nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin
At our house at hame !

O, AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum" to a tune in Oswald's collection, "My Wife She Dang Me."]

Chorus.

O, ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me!
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

I.

ON peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.

II.

Some sairie comfort at the last,
When a' thir days are done, man:
My 'pains o' hell' on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.

Chorus.

O, ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me!
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

SCROGGAM.

[Founded on an older ditty, or perhaps gathered from more than one.]

I.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam!
She brew'd guid ale for gentlemen:
Sing Auld Cowl, lay you down by
me—
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!

II.

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam!
The priest o' the parish fell in anither:
Sing Auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!

III.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam!
That the heat o' the tane might cool
the tither:
Sing Auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!

O, GUID ALE COMES.

[Partly traditional. Stenhouse states that only the chorus is old.]

Chorus.

O, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon!

I.

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
And they drew a' weel eneugh:
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon!

II.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon!

Chorus.

O, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon!

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

[Sent by Burns to Robert Ainslie with the remark: "I have brushed up the following old favorite song a little, with a view to your worship. I have only altered a word here and there; but if you like the humor of it, we shall think of a stanza or two to add to it."]

Chorus.

Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him:
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I.

I GAED up to Dunse
To warp a wab o' plaiden
At his daddie's yett
Wha met me but Robin!

II.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cottar?
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the Eller's dochter!

III.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle:
Fient haet he had but three
Guse feathers and a whittle!

Chorus.

Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him:
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL IN-
VASION THREAT?

[Written for the Dumfries Volunteers.
Burns, if sincere, changed his mind about

the Revolution, like Coleridge and Wordsworth.] — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir!
There's wooden walls upon our seas
And volunteers on shore, Sir!
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

II.

O, let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united!
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!

III.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't;
But Deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't!
Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heav'n's! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

IV.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn
brother,
Who would set the mob above the
throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing *God save the King*
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing *God save the King*,
We'll ne'er forget the People!

O ONCE I LOV'D A BONIE
LASS.

[Of this song Burns says: "The following composition was the first of my performances and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. . . . The subject of it was a young girl, who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed upon her.]

I.

O ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,
Ay, and I love her still!
And whilst that virtue warms my
breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

II.

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
And monie full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

III.

A bonie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e;
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

IV.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw.

V.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her
gait
Gars onie dress look weel.

VI.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;

But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

VII.

'T is this in Nelly pleases me,
'T is this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without controul.

MY LORD A-HUNTING.

[Stenhouse says: "Johnson long hesitated to admit this song into his work; but being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place there."]

Chorus.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't!

I.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

II.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

III.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather
pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

IV.

Sae sweetly move her genty limb,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns!
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton
swims!

V.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak him blest !

Chorus.

My lady's gown, there 's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't,
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't !

SWEETEST MAY.

[An imitation, open and unabashed, of
Ramsay's "My Sweetest May, let Love
incline Thee."]

I.

SWEETEST May, let Love inspire thee !
Take a heart which he designs thee :
As thy constant slave regard it,
For its faith and truth reward it.

II.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy but the bonie,
Not the high-born but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

MEG O' THE MILL.

[Suggested, doubtless, by an older ditty.]

I.

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten?

~~And~~ ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten?

A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that 's what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten !

II.

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es
dearly?

An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es
dearly?

A dram o' guid strunt in a morning
early,

And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es
dearly !

III.

O, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
married?

An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
married?

The priest he was oter'd, the clark
he was carried,

And that's how Meg o' the Mill was
married !

IV.

O, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
bedded?

An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was
bedded?

The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald
beside it,

And that's how Meg o' the Mill was
bedded !

JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PART-
ING KISS.

["Probably written in sickness."—AN-
DREW LANG.]

I.

JOCKIE 's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,

And with him is a' my bliss—
Nought but griefs with me remain.

II.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain !

Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

III.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be !

IV.

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockie's heart is still at hame.

O, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE,
LASS.

[" Perhaps Miss Lewars is the heroine."
—ANDREW LANG.]

Chorus.

O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain !

I.

A SLAVE to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me mcikle wae ;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

II.

There's monie a lass has broke my
rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

Chorus.

O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain !

CAULD IS THE E'ENIN
BLAST.

[The tune, " Peggy Ramsay," is as old as Shakespeare's time. Sir Toby Belch in " Twelfth Night " says " Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay."]

I.

CAULD is the e'enin blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
An' dawin, it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

II.

O, cauld blaws the e'enin blast,
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost !

III.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS.

[A cento of old catchwords.]

I.

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie,
bonie lass,
And she loed her bonie laddie dear,
Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie
frae her arms
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.

II.

Over sea, over shore, where the can-
nons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear,
And nocht could him quail, or his
bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he loed sae dear.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES,
NEWS.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum." The original is evidently a fragment in the Herd Ms.]

Chorus.

The wean wants a cradle,
And the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

I.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Guid news I've to tell!
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell!

II.

'Father,' quo' she, 'Mither,' quo' she,
'Do what you can:
I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a man!'

III.

I hae as guid a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again.

Chorus.

The wean wants a cradle,
And the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

O, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN
MARRIED.

[Burns quotes all that is old of this song in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 1795. His quotation includes stanza I. and the chorus.]

Chorus.

Once crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day!

Gin ye crowdie onie mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

I.

O, THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care!
Now I've gotten wife an' bairns,
An' they cry 'Crowdie' evermair.

II.

Wae fu' Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But ay I'm eerie they come ben.

Chorus.

Once crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day!
Gin ye crowdie onie mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S
SWEET.

[Written for Johnson's "Museum."]

Chorus.

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

I.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet!

II.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon!
An' 't were more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon!

III.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes tumbling down her swan-
white neck,
And her twa eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae
wreck.

Chorus.

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[Adapted by Burns from an old ballad,]

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering
Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa
hame!
Come to my bosom, my ae only
dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my
Willie the same.

II.

Loud tho' the Winter blew cauld at
our parting,
'T was na the blast brought the tear
in my e'e:
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome
my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie
to me!

III.

Rest, ye wild storms in the cave o'
your slumbers—
How your wild howling a lover
alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, fow gently, ye
billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair
to my arms.

IV.

But O, if he's faithless, and minds na
his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-
roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow
it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's
my ain!

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

[Sent to Thomson's "Scottish Airs."
Burns got his lyrical idea from one of "Five
Excellent New Songs" in a very old chap.]

I.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
They rove among the blooming
heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

II.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

III.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla
Water.

IV.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was
wealth,
That coft contentment, ~~peace~~ and
pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that's the chiefest world's treas-
ure!

AULD ROB MORRIS.

[Burns, writing to Thomson, says: "I have partly taken your idea of 'Auld Rob Morris.' I have adopted the first two verses, and am going on with the song on a new plan, which promises pretty well."]

I.

THERE 's Auld Rob Morris that wons
in yon glen,
He 's the king o' guid fellows and
wale of auld men :
He has gowd in his coffers, he has
owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his dautie and
mine.

II.

She 's fresh as the morning the fairest
in May,
She 's sweet as the ev'ning amang the
new hay,
As blythe and as artless as the lambs
on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to
my e'e.

III.

But O, she 's an heiress, auld Robin 's
a laird,
And my daddie has nocht but a cot-
house and yard !
A wooer like me maunna hope to
come speed :
The wounds I must hide that will
soon be my dead.

IV.

The day comes to me, but delight
brings me nane ;
The night comes to me, but my rest
gane ;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled
ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst
in my breast.

V.

O, had she but been of a lower de-
gree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd
upon me !
O, how past describing had then been
my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can
express !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O.

[It is doubtful how far Burns is indebted to an original, for none has ever been found. In Thomson it is headed, "As altered for this work by Burns," and the air is marked as Irish.]

I.

O, OPEN the door some pity to shew,
If love it may na be, O !
Tho' thou hast been false, I 'll ever
prove true —
O, open the door to me, O !

II.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale
cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O :
The frost, that freezes the life at my
heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O !

III.

The wan moon sets behind the white
wave,
And Time is setting with me, O :
False friends, false love, farewell ! for
mair
I 'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O !

IV.

She has open'd the door, she has
open'd it wide,
She sees the pale corse on the
plain, O,

'My true love !' she cried, and sank
down by his side —
Never to rise again, O !

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST.

[Sent to Thomson by Burns, who says,
"I send you also a ballad to the tune of
'The Mill and the Mill, O.'" Thomson
made certain changes in the song; but on
a copy sent to Miss Graham of Fintry,
Burns restored the old readings.]

I.

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was
blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless
And monie a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

II.

A leal, light-heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
And ay I mind't the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

III.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported.
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And turn'd me round to hide the
flood
That in my een was swelling !

IV.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I : — ' Sweet
lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O, happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my king and country lang —
Take pity on a sodger.'

V.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever.
Quo' she : — ' A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never.
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it ;
That gallant badge — the dear cock-
ade —
Ye're welcome for the sake o't !'

VI.

She gaz'd, she reddened like a rose,
Syne, pale like onie lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried —
' Art thou my ain dear Willie ?'
' By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ! And thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

VII.

'The wars are o'er and I'm come
hame,
And find thee still true-hearted.
Tho' poor in gear we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.'
Quo' she : — ' My grandsire left me
gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly !
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !'

VIII.

For gold the merchant ploughs the
main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;

But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour !
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger :
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

DUNCAN GRAY.

[Of this song and "Auld Rob Morris" Burns says to Thomson: "The foregoing I submit, my dear sir, to your better judgment; acquit them or condemn them as seemeth good in thy sight. 'Duncan Gray' is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature."]

I.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !)
 On blythe Yule-Night when we were fou
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

II.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !),
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't an blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

III.

Time and Chance are but a tide
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !):
 Slighted love is sair to bide
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).
 'Shall I like a fool,' quoth he,
 'For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me !'—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

IV.

How it comes, let doctors tell
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't):
 Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings.
 And O! her een they spak sic things!—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

V.

Duncan was a lad o' grace
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o't !)
 Maggie's was a piteous case
 (Ha, na, the wooing o't !):
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they 'fe crouse and canty baith—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

[*"Pastiche of little merit on an old song."*
 —ANDREW LANG.]

I.

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle Fair can give thee
 Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee:
 The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The cloud's uncertain motion,
 They are but types of Woman !

II.

O, art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If Man thou wouldst be namèd,
 Despise the silly creature !
 Go, find an honest fellow,
 Good claret set before thee,
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory !

HERE IS THE GLEN.

[Burns, writing to Thomson, says of this song: "I know you value a composition because it is made by one of the great ones as little as I do. However, I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, which she calls the 'Banks of Cree.' Cree is a beautiful, romantic stream, and, as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it."]

I.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the birchen shade,
The village-bell has toll'd the hour—
O, what can stay my lovely maid?
'T is not Maria's whispering call—
'T is but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall
The dewy star of eve to hail!

II.

It is Maria's voice I hear!—
So calls the woodlark in the grove
His little faithful mate to cheer:
At once 't is music and 't is love!
And art thou come? And art thou
true?
O, welcome, dear, to love and me,
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree!

LET NOT WOMEN E'ER
COMPLAIN.

[Burns says: "These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish. I have been at 'Duncan Gray,' to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid."]

I.

LET not women e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love!

Let not women e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove!
Look abroad thro' Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change:
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

II.

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow.
Sun and moon but set to rise.
Round and round the seasons go.
Why, then, ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant, while we can—
You can be no more, you know!

LORD GREGORY.

[Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) wrote English verses for Thomson on the same theme. In relation to this, Burns writes: "I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it."]

I.

O, MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar!
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

II.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for sake o' thee,
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

III.

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the
grove
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

IV.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine !
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

V.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou bolt of Heaven that flashest by,
O, wilt thou bring me rest !

VI.

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see,
But spare and pardon my fause love
His wangs to Heaven and me !

O POORTITH CAULD.

[Gilbert Burns told Thomson that Burns's heroine was a Miss Jane Blackstock, afterwards Mrs. Whittier of Liverpool. But it was probably Jean Lorimer, who was then contemplating the marriage of which she instantly repented.]

Chorus.

O, why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

I.

O POORTITH cauld and restless Love,
Ye wrack my peace between ye !
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 't were na for my Jeanie.

II.

The world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o' t' —
My curse on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o' t' !

III.

Her cen sae bonie blue betray
How she repays my passion ;
But prudence is her o'erword ay :
She talks o' rank and fashion.

IV.

O, wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O, wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

V.

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate !
He woos his artless dearie —
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
Can never make him eerie.

Chorus.

O, why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shini

O, STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK.

[“ If this piece had an occasion, nothing is known about it.” — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

O, STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark,
stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray !
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art !
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin.

II.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
O, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken !

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark despair—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken !

SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

["Bonie Lesley" was Miss Leslie Baillie, daughter of Mr. Baillie of Mayfield, Ayrshire. She married in June, 1749, Mr. Robert Cumming of Logie, and died in July, 1843.]

I.

O, saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further !

II.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither !

III.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley —
Thy subjects, we before thee !
Thou art divine, fair Lesley —
The hearts o' men adore thee.

IV.

The Deil he could na skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee:
He'd look into thy bonie face.
And say — 'I canna wrang thee !'

V.

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha' na steer thee:
Thou 'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

VI.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

x

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

["How will the following do for 'Craigieburn Wood'?" (Burns to Thomson, Jan. 15, 1795.) See "Craigieburn Wood," p. 253.]

I.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' Spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

II.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And Care his bosom is wringing?

III.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the
tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither.

YOUNG JESSIE.

["The lady was Miss Jessie Staig (daughter of Provost Staig of Dumfries, on whose recovery from illness Burns wrote the epigram "To Dr. Maxwell.")]

I.

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain
o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks
of the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's
winding river

Are lovers as faithful and maidens
as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotia all
over—
To equal young Jessie you seek it
in vain!
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her
lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the
chain.

II.

Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy
morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening
close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely
young Jessie
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the
rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard en-
snaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers
his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a
stranger:
Her modest demeanour's the jewel
of a'.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

["Miss Phillis is a Miss Phillis M'Murdo,
sister to the 'Bonie Jean' which I sent you
some time ago." (Burns to Thomson, Au-
gust, 1793.)]

Chorus.

Awa wi' your belles and your beau-
ties—
They never wi' her can compare!
Whae'er hae met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the Queen o' the Fair!

I.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander
To mark the sweet flowers as they
spring.
ADOWN winding Nith I did wander
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

II.

The Daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild:
'Thou emblem,' said I, 'o' my Phil-
lis'—
For she is Simplicity's child.

III.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my
charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis
prest.
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.

IV.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the wood-
bine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

V.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spread-
ing grove,
When Phebus peeps over the moun-
tains
On music, and pleasure, and love.

VI.

But Beauty, how frail and how fleet-
ing!
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While Worth in the mind o' my
Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Chorus.

Awa wi' your belles and your beau-
ties—
They never wi' her can compare!
Whae'er hae met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the Queen o' the Fair!

A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

["The other day I strung up a kind of rhapsody to another Hibernian melody that I admire much." (Burns to Thomson, February, 1796.) The "Hibernian melody" was "Balinamona Ora."]

Chorus.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me !

I.

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's
alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in
your arms !
O, gie me the lass that has acres o'
charms !
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit
farms !

II.

Your Beauty's a flower in the morn-
ing that blows,
And withers the faster the faster it
grows ;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie
green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi'
bonie white yowes !

III.

And e'en when this Beauty your
bosom has blest,
The brightest o' Beauty may cloy
when possess'd ;
But the sweet, yellow darlings wi'
Geordie impress'd,
The langer ye hae them, the mair
they're carest !

Chorus.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me !

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON
YON HILL.

[Burns writes this "is one of the finest songs I ever made in my life, and is composed on a young lady, positively the most beautiful lovely woman in the world." She was Miss Leslie Baillie.]

I.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill
As the lambs before me,
Careless ilka thought, and free
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me :
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

II.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring !
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r
Sighing, dumb despairing !
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

BY ALLAN STREAM.

[Written in August, 1793. The poem pleased Burns, who writes, "I may be wrong, but I think it is not in my worst style."]

I.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phebus sank beyond Ben-
ledi ;
The winds were whispering thro' the
grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready ;
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
An' thought on youthful pleasures
monie,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang :—
'O, my love Annie's very bonie !

II.

'O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie!
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said:—"I'm thine
 for ever!"
 While monie a kiss the seal imprest—
 The sacred vow we ne'er should
 sever.'

III.

The haunt o' Spring 's the primrose-
 brae.
 The Summer joys the flocks to
 follow.
 How cheery thro' her short'ning day
 Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless
 pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's
 treasure?

CANST THOU LEAVE ME!

["Well, I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not far amiss. You see, I am determined to have my quantum of applause from somebody." (Burns to Thomson, Nov. 20, 1794.)]

Chorus.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for
 pity?

I.

Is this thy plighted, fond regard:
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward:
 An aching broken heart, my Katie?

II.

Farewell! And ne'er such sorrows
 tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee
 dear,
 But not a love like mine, my Katie.

* *Chorus.*

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
 Well thou know'st my aching heart.
 And canst thou leave me thus for
 pity?

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

["A mosaic. Lines written many years earlier, in 'Peggy Alison,' are added to verses suggested by Jean Louimer."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur!
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone,
 That I may live to love her.

II.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' her charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure,
 I'll seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure!
 And by thy een sae bonie blue
 I swear I'm thine for ever,
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

["I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prepare a vignette . . . to my song 'Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair,'

in order the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together." (Burns to Thomson, May, 1795.)]

I.

CONTENTED wi' little and cantie wi'
mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and
Care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin
along,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld
Scottish sang.

II.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome
Thought;
But Man is a soger, and Life is a faught.
My mirth and guid humour are coin in
my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae
monarch daur touch.

III.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be
my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers
it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey
at last,
Wha the Deil ever thinks o' the road
he has past?

IV.

Blind Chance, let her snapper and
stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the
jade gae!
Come Ease or come Travail, come
Pleasure or Pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and
welcome again!"

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

[The heroine was Maria Riddell, to whom Burns sent a copy. To this he added this note (first published in the Centenary edi-

tion), "On reading over the song, I see it is but a cold, inanimated composition. It will be absolutely necessary for me to get in love, else I shall never be able to make a line worth reading on the subject." "The poet having, meanwhile, had a difference with that lady, he disguised the song by changing the name from 'Maria' to *Eliza*, and by giving it a new opening line, with directions to have it set to a different tune."—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding
flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O Mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein
Nor dare disclose my anguish!

II.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, un-
known,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

III.

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me!
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me!
Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

HAD I A CAVE. . .

["That crinkum-crankum tune, 'Robin Adair,' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt ["Phillis

the Fair," p. 345]. that I ventured in my morning's walk one essay more." (Burns to Thomson, August, 1793.)]

I.

HAD I a cave

On some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl

To the wave's dashing roar,

There would I weep my woes,

There seek my lost repose,

Till grief my eyes should close,

Ne'er to wake more !

II.

Falsest of womankind,

Can'st thou declare

All thy fond, plighted vows

Flecting as air?

To thy new lover hie,

Laugh o'er thy perjury,

Then in thy bosom try

What peace is there !

HERE'S A HEALTH.

[The heroine, Jessie Lewars, sister of John Lewars, a fellow-excise-man, was of great service to the Burns household during the last illness. She married Mr. James Thomson, of Dumfries, and died May 26, 1855.]

Chorus.

Here's a health to ane I loe dear !

Here's a health to ane I loe dear !

Thou art sweet as the smile when
fond lovers meet.

And soft as their parting tear,

Jessy —

And soft as their parting tear !

I.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,

Altho' even hope is denied,

'T is sweeter for thee despairing

Than ought in the world beside,

Jessy —

Than ought in the world beside !

II.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,

As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;

But welcome the dream o' sweet
slumber !

For then I am lockt in thine arms,

Jessy —

For then I am lockt in thine arms !

Chorus.

Here's a health to ane I loe dear !

Here's a health to ane I loe dear !

Thou art sweet as the smile when
fond lovers meet,

And soft as their parting tear,

Jessy —

And soft as their parting tear !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE
PARENTS.

["A song altered from an old English one," (R. B.) found in several London publications, 1733-1756.]

I.

How cruel are the parents

Who riches only prize,

And to the wealthy booby

Poor Woman sacrifice !

Meanwhile the hapless daughter

Has but a choice of strife :

To shun a tyrant father's hate

Become a wretched wife !

II.

The ravening hawk pursuing,

The trembling dove thus flies :

To shun impending ruin

Awhile her pinion tries,

Till, of escape despairing,

No shelter or retreat,

She trusts the ruthless falconer,

And drops beneath his feet.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE
YOUR STRIFE

* [Sent to Thomson, December, 1793.]

I.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir!
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.
'One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy!
Is it Man or Woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?'

II.

'If 't is still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so goodbye allegiance!
'Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy!
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy!'

III.

'My poor heart, then break it must,
My last hour I am near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, how will you bear it?'
'I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy!
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy.'

IV.

'Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you:
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you!'
'I'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy!
Then all Hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy!'

IT WAS THE CHARMING
MONTH.

[Abridged from a song in "The Tea-Table Miscellany." Burns writes to Thomson, November, 1794: "You may think meanly of this; but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it."]

Chorus.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe!

I.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and
gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—
The youthful, charming Chloe!

II.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree!
With notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe,
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Chorus.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe!

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

[Sent to Thomson, July 3, 1795. A corrupt set was published in Johnson's "Museum," 1803.]

I.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down
the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave
me.
I said there was naething I hated
like men :
The deuce gae wi' m' to believe me,
believe me —
The deuce gae wi' m' to believe me !

II.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie
black cen.
And vow'd for my love he was
diein.
I said, he might die when he liket for
Jean :
The Lord forgie me for liein, for
liein —
The Lord forgie me for liein !

III.

A weel-stocket mailen, himsel for the
laird,
And marriage aff-hand were his
proffers :
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or
car'd,
But thought I might hae waur
offers, waur offers —
But thought I might hae waur
offers.

IV.

But what wad ye think ? In a fort-
night or less
(The Deil tak his taste to gae néar
her !)
He up the Gate-Slack to my black
cousin, Bess !

Guess ye how, the jad ! I could
bear her, could bear her —
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could
bear her.

V.

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi'
care,
I gae'd to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was
there ?
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a
warlock —
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

VI.

But owre my left shouther I gae him
a blink,
Lest neebours might say I was
saucy.
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in
drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie,
dear lassie —
And vow'd I was his dear lassie !

VII.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and
sweet :
Gin she had recover'd her hearin' ?
And how her new shoos fit her auld,
shachl'd feet ?
But heavens ! how he fell a swearin,
a swearin —
But heavens ! how he fell a swearin !

VIII.

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be
his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in
life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow,
to-morrow —
I think I maun wed him to-morrow !

MY NANIE'S AWA.

[Sent to Thomson, December 9, 1794.
"Mrs. MacLachose was one of Burns's
Nanies or Nancies. The lines may or
may not refer to her."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

Now in her green mantle blythe
Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat
o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka
green shaw,
But to me it's delightless — my
Nanie's awa.

II.

The snawdrap and primrose our
woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the
morn.
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly
they blaw:
They mind me o' Nanie — and
Nanie's awa!

III.

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the
dews of the lawn
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-
breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails
the night-fa',
Give over for pity — my Nanie's awa.

IV.

Come Autumn, sae pensive in yellow
and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's
decay!
The dark, dreary Wintèr and wild-
driving snaw
Alane can delight me — now Nanie's
awa.

NOW ROSY MAY.

["The words 'Dainty Davie' glide so
sweetly in the air, that to a Scots ear, any
song to it, without Davie being the hero,
would have a lame effect." (R. B. to
Thomson, August, 1793.)]

Chorus.

Meet me on the Warlock Knowe,
Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie!
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear Dainty Davie.

I.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading
bowers;
And now comes in the happy hours
'To wander wi' my Davie.

II.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi my Davie.

III.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dew I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

IV.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loe the best:
And that's my ain dear Davie!

Chorus.

Meet me on the Warlock Knowe,
Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie!
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear Dainty Davie.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD.

[Inscribed to Allan Cunningham, and dated Aug. 3, 1795.]

I.

Now spring has clad the grove in
green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O, why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe!

II.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I,
But Love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorched my fountains dry.

III.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

IV.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling
springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
In Morning's rosy eye:
As little reck't I Sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching Love in luckless hour
Made me the thrall o' care!

V.

O, had my fate been Greenland snows
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' Man and Nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch, whose doom is 'hope nae
mair,'
What tongue his woes can tell,
Within whose bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

["'This is No My Ain House,' puzzles me a good deal; in fact, I think to change the old rhythm of the first, or chorus part of the tune, will have a good effect. I would have it something like the gallop of the following." (Burns to Thomson, June, 1795.)]

Chorus.

O, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be:
Weel ken I my ain lassie —
Kind love is in her e'e.

I.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

II.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and
tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in the e'e.

III.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen!
But gleg as light are lover's een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

IV.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

Chorus.

O, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be:
Weel ken I my ain lassie—
Kind love is in her e'e.

O, WAT YE WHA THAT
LO'ES ME.

[Sent to Mr. Cleghorn, in January, 1796,
after an illness of the poet's.]

Chorus.

O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer!
O, that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

. I.

O, WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O, sweet is she that lo'es me
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

II.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming:—

III.

If thou hadst heard her talking
(And thy attention's plighted),
That ilka body talking

But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all-delighted:—

IV.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted:—

Chorus.

O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer!
O, that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

SCOTS, WHA HAE.

[Varying accounts are given of the time and circumstances of the origin of this song. John Syme connects it with a tour with Burns in Galloway in July, 1793: "I told you that in the midst of the storm on the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was rapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell." Burns tells a different tale. After some remarks to Thomson (Aug. or Sept., 1793) on the old air "Hey Tutti Taiti," and on the tradition that "it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn," he introduces "Scots Wha Hae:" "This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, roused me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." The two statements are irreconcilable; and we must conclude either that Syme misdated the tour, and that the "yesternight" of Burns was the night of his return to Dumfries, or that Burns did not give Syme a copy until some time after his return, and that, like some other circum-

stances he was pleased to father, his "yes-ternight's evening walk" need not be literally interpreted.]

I.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

II.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

III.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?—
Let him turn, and flee!

IV.

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

V.

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!

VI.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

["The Irish air, 'Humours of Glen,' is a great favorite of mine; and as, except the silly verses in 'The Poor Soldier,' there are

not any decent words for it, I have written for it as follows." (Burns to Thomson, April, 1795.)]

I.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let
foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers
exalt the perfume!
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o'
green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the
lang, yellow broom;
Far dearer to me are yon humble
broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk
lowly, unseen;
For there, lightly tripping among the
wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders
my Jean.

II.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay,
sunny vallies,
And could Caledonia's blast on the
wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that
skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the
tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests and gold-
bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi'
disdain:
He wanders as free as the winds of
his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the
chains o' his Jean.

THINE AM I.

[Intended as English words to "The Quaker's Wife." Burns afterwards introduced "Chloris" into the song.]

I.

THINE am I, my faithful Fair,
Thine my lovely Nancy!

Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy !
To thy bosom lay my heart
There to throb and languish.
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

II.

Take away those rosy lips
Rich with balmy treasure !
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure !
What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning !
Love the cloudless summer's sun,
Nature gay adorning.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER,
JAMIE.

["I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which 'Patie Allan's mither de'ed'—that was 'about the back o' midnight'—and by the leeside of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the *Hautbois* and the *Muse*." (Burns to Thomson, September, 1793.)]

I.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever !
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever !
Aften hast thou vow'd that Death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou 'st left thy lass for ay—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I 'll see thee never !

II.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken !
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken !
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking.

Soon my weary een I 'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken !

HIGHLAND MARY.

["The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 't is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." (Burns to Thomson, Nov. 14, 1792.)]

I.

YE banks and braes and streams
around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There Summer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry !
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary !

II.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green
birk.
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie :
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

III.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But O, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

IV.

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling
glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shali live my Highland Mary.

MY CHLORIS, MARK.

[“On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration) she suggested an idea which on my return from the visit I wrought into the following song.” (Burns to Thomson, November, 1794.)]

I.

My Chloris, mark how green the
groves,
The primrose banks how fair !
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

II.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings :
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

III.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly, lighted ha' :
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.

IV.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

V.

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale —
But is his heart as true ?

VI.

Here wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to
deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtier's gems may witness
love —
But 't is na love like mine !

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

[Burns's last song. “I tried my hand on ‘Rothiemurichie’ this morning. The measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines.” (Burns to Thomson, July 12, 1796.)]

Chorus.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do ?

I.

FULL well thou know'st I love thee
dear —
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear !
O, did not Love exclaim — ‘Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so !’

II.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wanted smiles, O, let me share,
And by thy beauteous self I swear
No love but thine my heart shall
know !

Chorus.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do !

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE
LOCKS.

[The "Chloris," who did duty as Burns's Muse for some time after his break with Maria Riddell, was the daughter of William Lorimer. She was unfortunate in her married relations, and her misfortunes so touched the poet that he became exceedingly enamoured of her.]

Chorus.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks —
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

I.

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me.
And say thou 't be my dearie, O?

II.

The primrose bank, the wimpling
burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.

III.

And when the welcome simmer
shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine-
bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

IV.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

V.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,

Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Chorus.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks —
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

LONG, LONG THE NIGHT.

[A song on Chloris Being Ill. "It appears that Mrs. Burns was not jealous of Chloris. A letter of Burns's avers that she asked Chloris to dinner."—ANDREW LANG.]

Chorus.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

I.

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish!

II.

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror:
Slumber e'en I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.

III.

Hear me, Powers Divine:
O, in pity, hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

Chorus.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

LOGAN WATER.

[The refrain of an old ballad. Burns says: "If I have done anything like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's lucubrations in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."]

I.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride,
And years sin syne hae o'er us run
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlic winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his
faes
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

II.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and vallies gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing
flowers;
Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears o' joy:
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

III.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn
bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush:
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile.
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

IV.

O, wae upon you. Men o' State,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
As ye make monie a fond heart
mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!

Ye mindna 'mid your cruel joys
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries,
But soon may peace bring happy
days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

YON ROSY BRIER.

[Sent to Thomson in August, 1795.]

I.

O, BONIE was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae far frae haunt o'
man,
And bonie she—and ah, how dear!—
It shaded frae the e'enin sun!

II.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
Flow pure among the leaves sae
green!
But purer was the lover's vow,
They witnessed in their shade yes-
treen.

III.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose how sweet and
fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

IV.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine,
And I the world nor wish nor scorn—
Its joys and griefs alike resign!

WHERE ARE THE JOYS.

[“Saw Ye My Father?” is one of my
greatest favorites. The evening before last
I wandered out, and began a tender song

in what I think is its native style." (Burns to Thomson, September, 1793.)]

I.

WHERE are the joys I hae met in
the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early
sang?
Where is the peace that awaited my
wand'ring
At e'ning the wild-woods amang?

II.

Nae mair a-winding the course o'
yon river
And marking sweet flowerets sae
fair,
Nae mair I trace the light footsteps
o' Pleasure,
But Sorrow and sad-sighing Care.

III.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our
valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the
gay roses
Proclaim it the pride o' the year.

IV.

Fain wad I hide what I fear to dis-
cover,
Yet lang, lang, too well hae I
known:
A' that has caus'd the wreck in my
bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone!

V.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are
immortal,
Not Hope dare a comfort bestow.
Come then, enamor'd and fond of my
anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe!

Y

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

["The following song I have composed for 'Oran Gaol,' the Highland air that you tell me in your last you have resolved to give a place in your book. I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint. If it suit you, well! if not, 'tis also well!" (Burns to Thomson, September, 1793.)]

I.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, the darling of my
heart!
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But Fate has will'd and we must
part.
I'll often greet the surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:—
'E'en here I took the last farewell;
'There, latest mark'd her vanish'd
sail.'

II.

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me
cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:—
'Happy, thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
'Where now my Nancy's path may
be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to
stray,
O, tell me, does she muse on me?'

FORLORN MY LOVE.

["How do you like the foregoing? I have written it within this hour; so much for the *speed* of my Pegasus, but what say you to his *bottom*?" (Burns to Thomson, May, 1795.)]

Chorus.

O, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

I.

FORLORN my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love.

II.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy,
And shelter, shade, nor home have I
Save in these arms of thine, love.

III.

Cold alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart!
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love!

IV.

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O, let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love!

Chorus.

O, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

SECOND SET.

[The chorus from an older song. (See p. 245.)]

Chorus.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

I.

HARK, the mavis' e'ening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.

II.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

III.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine's midnight
hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery.

IV.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear—
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.

Chorus.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

HOW CAN MY POOR HEART.

[Thomson did not think this one of Burns's "happiest productions," and told him so. To which Burns replied: "Making a poem is like begetting a son; you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool, until you produce him to the world and try him."]

I.

How can my poor heart be glad
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love.

Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away —
Nightly dreams and thoughts by
day,
Are ay with him that's far away.

II.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun.
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away —
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

III.

At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless
power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can — I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
All I can — I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.

IV.

Peace, thy olive wand extend
And bid wild War his ravage end;
Man with brother man to meet,
And as brother kindly greet!
Then may Heaven with prosperous
gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away!

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away!

IS THERE FOR HONEST
POVERTY.

[This famous song is very plainly an effect of the writer's sympathies with the spirit and the fact of the French Revolution, and of that estrangement from wealthier loyalist friends with which his expression of these sympathies had been visited.]

I.

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by —
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

II.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine —
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

III.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord.'
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word.
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

IV.

A priuce can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that !
 But an honest man's aboon his
 might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
 Are higher rank than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray that come it may
 (As come it will for a' that)
 That Sense and Worth o'er a' the
 earth
 Shall bear the gree an' a' that !
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's comin yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

MARK YONDER POMP.

[A "reverie" on Chloris. "Well, this is not amiss." (Burns to Thomson, May, 1795.)]

I.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
 Round the wealthy, titled bride !
 But, when compar'd with real pas-
 sion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.

II.

What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and
 art !
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the
 heart !

III.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array,
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening
 flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day :

IV.

O, then, the heart alarming
 And all resistless charming,
 In love's delightful fetters she claims
 the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown !
 Ev'n Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel thro' every vein love's rap-
 tures roll !

O, LET ME IN THIS AE
NIGHT.

[Founded on old ballads. Burns made four trials before he produced this song, which he sent to Thomson in February, 1795.]

Chorus.

O, let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night !
 O, let me in this ae night,
 And rise, and let me in !

I.

O LASSIE, are ye sleepin yet,
 Or are ye waukin, I wad wit ?
 For Love has bound me hand an'
 fit,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

II.

Thou hear'st the winter wind an'
 weet :
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving
 sleet !
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

III.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart's the
cause
Of a' my care and pine, jo.

Chorus.

O, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night!
O, let me in this ae night,
And rise and let me in!

HER ANSWER.

Chorus.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

I.

O, TELL me na o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo!

II.

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer
pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

III.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the
mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed—
Let simple maid the lesson read!
The weird may be her ain, jo.

IV.

The bird that charm'd his summer
day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey,

Let that to witless woman say:—
'The gratefu' heart of man,' jo.

Chorus.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

[Burns began this song in September, 1794. He finished it in November, "though a keen blowing frost," in his walk before breakfast. The portion written in September consisted of stanzas IV. and V.]

Chorus.

He and She. For a' the joys that
gowd can gie,
I dinna care a single flie!
The { lad } I love's the { lad } for
{ lass } { lass } me,
And that's my ain dear { Willy. }
{ Philly. }

I.

He. O PHILLY, happy be that day
When, roving thro' the gather'd
hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown
away,
And by thy charms, my Philly!
She. O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden
love,
Whilst thou did pledge the
Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

II.

He. As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She. As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes, and fairer
blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

III.

He. The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi'
joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my
eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She. The little swallow's wanton
wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery
spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

IV.

He. The bee, that thro' the sunny
hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She. The woodbine in the dewy
weet,
When ev'ning shades in silence
meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

V.

He. Let Fortune's wheel at random
rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves
may win!
My thoughts are a' bound up on
ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

She. What's a' the joys that gowd
can gie?
I dinna care a single flie!
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

Chorus.

He and She. For a' the joys that
gowd can gie,
I dinna care a single flie!
The { lad } I love 's the { lad } for
{ lass } { lass } me,
And that 's my ain dear { Willy. }
{ Philly. }

O, WERE MY LOVE.

[Adapted by Burns from an old song,
and sent to Thomson, June, 1793.]

I.

O, WERE my love von lilac fair
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing,
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom
renew'd.

II.

O, gin my love were von red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel a drap o' dew
Into her bonie breast to fa',
O, there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light!

SLEEP'ST THOU.

[Burns sent a copy to Thomson, Oct. 19,
1794, and a revised copy on Oct. 27.]

I.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wauk'st thou, fairest
creature?
Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud, which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.

Now to the streaming fountain
 Or up the heathy mountain
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-
 wanton stray;
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnct pours;
 The laverock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless
 the day!

II.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning:
 Such to me my lovely maid!
 When frae my Chloris parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 The night's gloomy shades, cloudy,
 dark, o'ercast my sky;
 But when she charms my sight
 In pride of Beauty's light,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart,
 'Tis then — 'tis then I wake to life
 and joy!

VARIATION

On the preceding poem, as given in the
 Chambers Edition.

Now to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-
 wanton stray.
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnct pours;
 The lavrock, to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless
 the day.

When frae my Chloris parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 The night's gloomy shades, cloudy,
 dark, o'ercast my sky:
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of Beauty's light;

When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart;
 'Tis then — 'tis then I wake to life
 and joy!

THERE WAS A LASS.

[The heroine was Jean M'Murdo,
 daughter of Burns's friend, John M'Murdo.
 The finished ballad was sent to Thomson,
 July, 1793.]

I.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair!
 At kirk and market to be seen
 When a' our fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

II.

And ay she wrought her country wark,
 And ay she sang sae merrilie:
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she!

III.

But hawks will rob the tender joys.
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest,
 And frost will blight the fairest
 flowers,
 And love will break the soundest
 rest.

IV.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen,
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

V.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the gryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
 And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was
 stoun!

VI.

As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy
e'en,
So, trembling pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean.

VII.

And now she works her country's
wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain,
Yet wist na what her ail might be.
Or what wad make her weel again.

VIII.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

IX.

While monie a bird sang sweet o'
love,
And monie a flower blooms o'er
the dale,
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And whisper'd thus his tender
tale:—

X.

'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear.
O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

XI.

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

XII.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na!
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

THE LEA-RIG.

[Suggested by an older song. Ferguson also wrote a song to this refrain.]

I.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen trac the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O,
Down by the burn, where scented
birks
Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

II.

At midnight hour in mirkest glen
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

III.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher takes the glen
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey—
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

["The following I made *extempore*; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." (Burns to Thomson, Nov. 8, 1792.)]

Chorus.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine !

I.

I NEVER saw a fairer, •
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

II.

The world's wrack, we share o't;
 The warstle and the care o't,
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

Chorus.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

MARY MORISON.

[This little masterpiece of feeling and expression was sent to Thomson, March 20, 1793. Burns says of it: "The song prefixed is one of my juvenile works. I do not think it very remarkable either for its

merits or demerits." Thomson suppressed it for twenty-five years. The heroine was probably Elison Begbie.]

I.

O MARY, at thy window be !
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour.
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor.
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure —
 The lovely Mary Morison !

II.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd and said among them a': —
 'Ye are na Mary Morison !'

III.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown:
 A thought ungentele canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

A RUINED FARMER.

[Probably written during the crisis of William Burness's difficulties at Mount Otiphant. "The farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the curse, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my 'Tale of Two Dogs.'" (R. B.)]

I.

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
 All creatures retirèd to rest,

While here I sit, all sore beset
 With sorrow, grief, and woe:
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

II.

The prosperous man is asleep,
 Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
 But Misery and I must watch
 The surly tempests blow:
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

III.

There lies the dear Partner of my
breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest !
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low ? —
And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

IV.

There lie my sweet babies in her
arms ;
No anxious fear their little hearts
alarms ;
But for their sake my heart does
ache,
With many a bitter throe :
And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

V.

I once was by Fortune carest,
I once could relieve the distrest ;
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow :
And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

VI.

No comfort, no comfort I have !
How welcome to me were the grave !
But then my wife and children dear —
O, whither would they go !
And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

VII.

O, whither, O, whither shall I turn,
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn ?
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know :
And it's O fickle Fortune, O !

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

[Peggy was a housekeeper at Coilsfield House in Burns's Tarbolton period.]

I.

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
Among the heather, in my plaidie,

Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomerie's
Peggy.

II.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and
rainy,
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's
Peggy.

III.

Were I a Baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting
ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me —
The sharin' t' with Montgomerie's
Peggy.

THE LASS OF CESSNOCK BANKS.

[The heroine is supposed to have been Elison Begbie, the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Galston, to whom Burns made what was probably his first offer of marriage.]

I.

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,
Could I describe her shape and
mien !
Our lassies a' she far excels —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

II.

She's sweeter than the morning
dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the
lawn —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

III.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes be-
tween,

And drinks the stream with vigour
fresh —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

IV.

She's spotless like the flow'ring
thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves
so green,
When purest in the dewy morn —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines
serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogue-
ish een !

VI.

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at
e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

• VII.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams inter-
vene,
And gild the distant mountain's
brow —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

VIII.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

IX.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,

While hid the murm'ring streamlets
flow —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

X.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas
screen :
They tempt the taste and charm the
sight —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

XI.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

XII.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd
bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the
seas —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

XIII.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks
unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the
bush —
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish
een !

XIV.

But it's not her air, her form, her
face,
Tho' matching Beauty's fabled
Queen :
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry
grace —
An' chiefly in her rogueish een !

THO' FICKLE FORTUNE.

[This piece "was an extempore under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether." (R. B.)]

I.

THO' fickle Fortune has deceived me
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd
but ill),
Of mistress, friends, and wealth be-
reaved me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me
still.

II.

I'll act with prudence as far as I'm
able;
But if success I must never find,
Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee
welcome—
I'll meet thee with an undaunted
mind!

RAGING FORTUNE.

[Composed about the same time as
"Tho' Fickle Fortune."]

I.

O, RAGING Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low!
O, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low!

II.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow.

III.

But luckless Fortune's northern
storms
Laid a' my blossoms low!

But luckless Fortune's northern
storms
Laid a' my blossoms low!

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

["The following song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over." (R. B.) In-
scribed in the "First Common Place Book,"
April, 1784.]

I.

My father was a farmer upon the
Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency
and order, O.
He bade me act a manly part, though
I had ne'er a farthing, O,
For without an honest, manly heart
no man was worth regarding, O.

II.

Then out into the world my course I
did determine, O:
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet
to be great was charming, O.
My talents they were not the worst,
nor yet my education, O—
Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend
my situation, O.

III.

In many a way and vain essay I
courted Fortune's favour, O:
Some cause unseen still steeped between
to frustrate each endeavour, O.
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd,
sometimes by friends forsaken, O,
And when my hope was at the top, I
still was worst mistaken, O.

IV.

Then sore harass'd and tir'd at last
with Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes like idle dreams,
and came to this conclusion, O:—

The past was bad, and the future hid ;
its good or ill untried, O,
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
and so I would enjoy it, O.

v.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
nor person to befriended me, O ;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
and labour to sustain me, O !
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
my father bred me early, O :
For one, he said, to labour bred was a
match for Fortune fairly, O.

vi.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay in
everlasting slumber, O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
might breed me pain or sorrow, O,
I live to-day as well's I may, regard-
less of to-morrow, O !

vii.

But, cheerful still, I am as well as a
monarch in a palace, O,
Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me
down, with all her wonted
malice, O :
I make indeed my daily bread, but
ne'er can make it farther, O,
But, as daily bread is all I need, I do
not much regard her, O.

viii.

When sometimes by my labour I earn
a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune comes
gen'rally upon me, O :
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or
my good-natur'd folly, O —
But, come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

ix.

All you who follow wealth and power
with unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss, you
leave your view the farther, O.
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or
nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will
prefer before you, O !

O, LEAVE NOVELS.

[Burns never published this poem. He
was " Rob Mossgiel " from 1784 to 1786.]

i.

O, LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline
belles —
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel !
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.

ii.

Your fine *Tom Jones* and *Grandisons*
They make your youthful fancies
reel !
They heat your brains, and fire your
veins,
And then you're prey for Rob
Mossgiel.

iii.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly
hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel !
That feeling heart but acts a part —
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

iv.

The frank address, the soft caress
Are worse than poisoned darts of
steel :
The frank address and politesse
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

["Possibly the Mauchline *belle* of this snatch is Jean Armour, afterwards the poet's wife."]

I.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady :
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had ay.

II.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline
toun,
Not dreading anybody,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

["A fragment, probably of May, 1785."
—ANDREW LANG.]

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder
Upon an auld tree-root :
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas ;
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the trees.

THERE WAS A LAD.

[Not published by Burns. The tune
is an old one.]

Chorus.

Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin Robin !

I.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

II.

Our monarch's hindmost year but
ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'T was then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hanel in on Robin.

III.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho : — 'Wha lives will see the
proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof :
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

IV.

'He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a'.
He'll be a credit till us a' :
We'll a' be proud o' Robin !

V.

'But sure as three times three mak
nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin !

VI.

'Guid faith,' quo' scho, 'I doubt you,
stir,
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar ;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur —
So blessins on thee, Robin !'

Chorus.

Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin Robin !

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES,
MY MARY.

["In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl." (Burns to Thomson, October, 1792.) Probably refers to Highland Mary.]

I.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic roar?

II.

O, sweet grows the lime and the
orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

III.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my
Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be
true,
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

IV.

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand!
O, plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand!

V.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part
us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

["If Miss Whitefoord is the heroine, she may well have admired the audacity of the singer."—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing.
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

II.

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew—
O, what a feast, her bonie mou!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner!

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

["Sent to Miss Wilhelmina Alexander of Ballochmyle, who did not reply, though, when old, she was proud of the tribute. 'You will easily see,' wrote Burns to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, 'the impropriety of exposing the song much, even in manuscript.'" —ANDREW LANG.]

I.

'T WAS even: the dewy fields were
green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along,
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All Nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes
rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.

Her look was like the Morning's
eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile.
Perfection whisper'd, passing by:—
'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!'

III.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn
mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child—
There all her charms she does com-
pile!
Even there her other works are
foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotia's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle!

V.

Then Pride might climb the slipp'ry
steep,
Where fame and honours lofty
shine,
And thrif of gold might tempt the
deep,
Or downward seek the Indian
mine!
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

[The manuscript was given to one of the daughters of Dr. Laurie of Newmilns; and commemorates a dance—when Burns for

the first time heard the spinet—in the manse of Newmilns, on the banks of Irvine.]

I.

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa',
The mavis sang, while dew-drops
hang
Around her on the castle wa':

II.

Sae merrily they danc'd the ring
Frae eenin' till the cock did craw,
And ay the o'erword o' the spring
Was:—'Irvine's bairns are bonie
a'!'

MASONIC SONG.

[Said to have been recited by Burns at his admission as an honorary member of the Kilwinning St. John's Lodge, Kilmar-nock, Oct. 26, 1786.]

I.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by
Willie
To follow the noble vocation,
Your thrifty old mother has scarce
such another
To sit in that honorèd station!
I've little to say, but only to pray
(As praying's the *ton* of your
fashion).
A prayer from the Muse you well
may excuse
(Tis seldom her favourite pas-
sion):—

II.

'Ye Powers who preside o'er the wind
and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border,
Who formèd this frame with benefi-
cent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order,
Within this dear mansion may way-
ward Contention

Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter !
 May Secrecy round be the mystical
 bound,
 And brotherly Love be the centre !'

THE BONIE MOOR-HEN.

[An adaptation from an old song. A favorite ditty of the old ballads.]

Chorus.

I rede you, beware at the hunting,
 young men !
 I rede you, beware at the hunting,
 young men !
 Take some on the wing, and some as
 they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonie moor-
 hen.

I.

THE heather was blooming, the mead-
 ows were mawn,
 Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at
 the dawn,
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and
 monie a glen :
 At length they discovered a bonie
 moor-hen.

II.

Sweet-brushing the dew from the
 brown heather bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon
 mossy fells !
 Her plumage outlusted the pride o'
 the spring,
 And O, as she wanton'd sae gay on
 the wing,

III.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd
 o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he tryèd his
 skill :

He level'd his rays where she bask'd
 on the brac—
 His rays were outshone, and but
 mark'd where she lay !

IV.

They hunted the valley, they hunted
 the hill,
 The best of our lads wi' the best o'
 their skill ;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their
 sight,
 Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at
 a flight.

Chorus.

I rede you, beware at the hunting,
 young men !
 I rede you, beware at the hunting,
 young men !
 Take some on the wing, and some as
 they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonie moor-
 hen.

HERE'S A BOTTLE.

[Gilbert Burns expressed his doubts of
 Robert's authorship of this trifle.]

*There's nae that's b'est of human kind
 But the cheerful and the gay, man.*

I.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest man !
 What wad ye wish for mair, man ?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be o' care,
 man ?

II.

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man !
 Believe me, Happiness is shy,
 And comes not ay when sought,
 man

THE BONIE LASS OF ALBANIE.

[Charlotte Stuart, daughter of Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender," by Clementina Walkinshaw. She was legitimized by the "Parlement of Paris," December 6, 1787, when she took the style of Duchess of Albany. She died soon after her father.]

I.

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
An' the bonie lass of Albanie.

II.

This noble maid's of royal blood,
That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three;
But O, alas for her bonie face!
They hae wranged the lass of Albanie.

III.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame, whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albanie.

IV.

But there is a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she
should be.
We'll send him o'er to his native
shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albanie!

V.

Alas the day, and woe the day!
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and
lands,
The royal right of Albanie.

VI.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
That the time may come, with pipe
and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albanie.

AMANG THE TREES.

[Written in honor of Niel Gow (1727-1807), the famous fiddler, whom Burns met during his Northern tour in 1787.]

I.

AMANG the trees, where humming
bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O.
'T was Pibroch, Sang, Strathspeys
and Reels—
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam' a yell o' foreign
squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O!

II.

Their capon craws an' queer 'ha,
ha's,'
They made our lugs grow eerie, O.
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,
Till we were wae and weary, O.
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was
cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a Fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O!

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

["The Chevalier was dead (March, 1788) when the song was written. Prince Charles is accused by d'Alembert, in his *Éloge on the Earl Marischal*, of indifference

to the fate of his supporters." — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

THE small birds rejoice in the green
leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds
clear thro' the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of
the morning,
And wild scatter'd crowslips bedeck
the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or
what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are
number'd by care?
No flow'rs gaily springing,
Nor birds sweetly singing
Can soothe the sad bosom of
joyless despair!

II.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit
their malice,
A king and a father to place on his
throne?
His right are these hills, and his
right are those valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter,
tho' I can find none!
But 'tis not my suff'rings thus
wretched, forlorn —
My brave gallant friends, 'tis
your ruin I mourn!
Your faith prov'd so loyal
In hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better
return?

YESTREEN I HAD A PINT
O' WINE.

[The Anna of the song was Anne Park, niece of Mrs. Hyslop of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries. She bore a daughter to Burns, March 31, 1791, which was first sent to Mossiel, and afterwards fostered by Mrs.

Burns along with her baby, William Nicol, born ten days after it.]

I.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

II.

The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna
Was naething to my hiney bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

III.

Ye monarchs take the East and West
Frae Indus to Savannah:
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna!

IV.

There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take wi' Anna!

V.

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

VI.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn
a'),
And bring an Angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

I.

The Kirk an' State may join, and tell
To do sic things I maunna:
The Kirk an' State may gae to Hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.

II

She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna :
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

SWEET ARE THE BANKS.

[First published in this form by Scott Douglas. Burns writes to Cunningham from Ellisland, March 11, 1791: "I have this evening sketched out a song which I have a good mind to send you. . . . It is intended to be sung to a Strathspey reel of which I am very fond, called 'Ballindalloch's Reel' and 'Camdeltmore.'" — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

SWEET are the banks, the banks o'
Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,
And everything is blythe and glad,
But I am fu' o' care.
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie
bird,
That sings upon the bough !
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie
bird,
That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate !

II.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon its thorny tree,
But my fause luvver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June.
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon.

YE FLOWERY BANKS.

["While here I sit, sad and solitary, by the side of a fire in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes, in pops a poor fellow of a sodger, and tells me he is going to Ayr. By Heavens! says I to myself, with a tide of good spirits which the magic of that sound 'Auld Toun of Ayr' conjured up, I will send my last song to Mr. Ballantine." (R. B.)]

I.

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

II.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie
bird,
That sings upon the bough :
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true !

III.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie
bird,
That sings beside thy mate :
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate !

IV.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

V.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvver staw my rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

CALEDONIA.

[Sent to Johnson Jan. 23, 1789; but Johnson did not publish the song.]

I.

THERE was on a time, but old Time
was then young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of
her line,
From some of your northern deities
sprung
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine).
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would.
Her heav'nly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

II.

A lambkin in peace but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew.
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore:—
'Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!'
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

III.

Long quiet she reign'd, till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand.
Repeated, successive, for many long years,

They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land.
Their pounces were murder, and horror their cry;
They'd conquer'd and ravag'd a world beside.
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders, they fled or they died!

IV.

The Camelcon-Savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife.
Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robbed him at once of his hopes and his life.
The Anglian Lion, the terror of France,
Oft, prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood,
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learn'd to fear in his own native wood.

V.

The fell Harpy-Raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian Boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

VI.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,

Her bright course of glory for ever
shall run,
For brave Caledonia immortal must
be,
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as
the sun:—
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll
chuse;
The upright is Chance, and old
Time is the base,
But brave Caledonia's the hypothe-
nuse;
Then, *ergo*, she'll match them, and
match them always!

YOU'RE WELCOME, WILLIE STEWART.

[Originally inscribed on a crystal tumbler, now at Abbotsford. The song is modelled on the same Jacobitism as "O Lovely Polly Stewart."]

Chorus.

You're welcome, Willie Stewart!
You're welcome, Willie Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!

I.

COME, bumpers high! express your
joy!
The bowl we maun renew it—
The tappet hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart!

II.

May foes be strong, and friends be
slack!
Ilk action, may he rue it!
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

Chorus.

You're welcome, Willie Stewart!
You're welcome, Willie Stewart!

There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!

WHEN FIRST I SAW.

[Chambers states that the heroine of it was a Miss Jean Jeffrey, whom Burns celebrated in "The Blue-eyed Lassie."]

Chorus.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blithe and cheerie,
She's aye sae bonie, blithe and gay,
O, gin I were her dearie!

I.

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ail'd me:
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost fail'd me.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover!
Ae look depriv'd me o' my heart,
And I became her lover.

II.

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in,
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining;
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her,
And, prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.

III.

But sair I fear some happier swain,
Has gain'd my Jeanie's favour.
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her!
But gang she east, or gang she west,
"Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover.

Chorus.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blithe and cheerie,
She's aye sae bonie, blithe and gay,
O, gin I were her dearie !

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

FIRST SET.

[Sent to Clarinda, Dec. 27, 1791.]

I.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat, arrive !
My dearest Nancy, O, farewell !
Sever'd frae thee, can I survive,
Frae thee whom I hae lov'd sae well ?

II.

Endless and deep shall be my grief,
Nae ray of comfort shall I see,
But this most precious, dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me.

III.

Along the solitary shore,
Where fitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

IV.

'Happy thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
'Where now my Nancy's path shall
be !
While thro' your sweets she holds her
way,
O, tell me, does she muse on me ?'

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM
THAT'S AWA.

[Founded on an old Jacobite song.]

I.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's
awa !

And wha winna wish guid luck to our
cause,
May never guid luck be their
fa' !
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause
And bide by the buff and the
blue.

II.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's
awa !
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief
o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma' !
May Liberty meet wi' success,
May Prudence protect her frae
evil !
May tyrants and Tyranny tine i' the
mist
And wander their way to the
Devil !

III.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's
awa !
Here's a health to Tammie, the Nor-
lan' laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the
Law !
Here's freedom to them that wad
read,
Here's freedom to them that
would write !
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth
should be heard
But they whom the truth would
indite !

IV.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa !
Here's to Maitland and Wycombe !
Let wha does na like 'em
Be built in a hole in the wa' !
Here's timmer that's red at the
heart,

Here's fruit that is sound at
the core,
And may he that wad turn the buff
and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the
door!

V.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's
awa!
Here's chieftain M^cLeod, a chieftain
worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o'
snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the
Firth,
And friends on baith sides o'
the Tweed,
And wha wad betray old Albion's
right,
May they never eat of her
bread!

AH, CHLORIS.

["Esteem for Miss Lorimer may have
been a genuine sentiment."—ANDREW
LANG.]

I.

AH, Chloris, since it may not be
That thou of love wilt hear,
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear!

II.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell,
My passion I will ne'er declare—
I'll say, I wish thee well.

III.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

PRETTY PEG.

[A fragment by Burns. Authorship of
the whole not certain.]

I.

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,
When day was waxin weary,
Wha did I meet come down the street
But pretty Peg, my dearie?

II.

Her air so sweet, her shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting—
The Queen of Love could never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting!

III.

With linkèd hands we took the sands
Down by yon winding river;
And O! that hour, and shady bow'r,
Can I forget it? Never!

MEG O' THE MILL.

SECOND SET.

["Much of a peculiar sort of the old
Scotch humor which inspired 'The Hag-
gis in Dunbar' and similar rude lyrics."—
ANDREW LANG.]

I.

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has
gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has
gotten?
She's gotten a coof wi' a claute o
siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley
miller!

II.

The miller was strappin, the miller
was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a
lady.

The laird was a widdifu', bleerit
knurl—
She's left the guid fellow, and taen
the churl!

III.

The miller, he hecht her a heart leal
and loving.
The laird did address her wi' matter
more moving:
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear, chainèd
bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonie side
saddle!

IV.

O, wae on the siller—it is sae pre-
vailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on
a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's
parl,
But gie me my love and a fig for the
warl!

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

[Sent to Thomson, August, 1793. The
heroine is Miss Phillis M'Murdo.]

I.

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Viewing the breathing Spring,
Forth I did fare.
Gay, the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
'Such thy bloom,' did I cry—
'Phillis the fair!'

II.

In each bird's careçless song,
Glad, I did share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there.

Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
'Such thy bloom,' did I say—
'Phillis the fair!'

III.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare.
So kind may Fortune be!
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair!

O SAW YE MY DEAR, MY
PHILLY.

[Sent to Thomson, Oct. 19, 1794. -A
degradation of "My Eppie Macnab."]

I.

O, SAW ye my Dear, my Philly?
O, saw ye my Dear, my Philly?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a
new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

II.

What says she, my Dear, my Philly?
What says she, my Dear, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit she has thee for-
got,
And for ever disowns thee, her
Willy.

III.

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's
fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy
Willy.

**'T WAS NA HER BONIE BLUE
E'E.**

[Sent to Thomson, April, 1795, but not published by him.]

I.

'T WAS na her bonie blue e'e was my
ruin :

Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my
undoin.

'T was the dear smile when naebody
did mind us.

'T was the bewitching, sweet, stoun
glance o' kindness !

II.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied
me,

Sair do I fear that despair maun abide
me ;

But tho' fell Fortune should fate us to
sever,

Queen shall she be in my bosom for
ever.

III.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sin-
cerest,

And thou hast plighted me love o' the
dearest,

And thou'rt the angel that never
can alter --

Sooner the sun in his motion would
falter !

**WHY, WHY TELL THY
LOVER.**

[Written for the tune "Caledonian Hunt's Delight." Burns writes to Thomson, July 3, 1795 : " Such is the d--d peculiarity of the rhythm of this air that I find it impossible to make another stanza to suit it.]

I.

WHY, why tell thy lover

Bliss he never must enjoy ?

Why, why undeceive him

And give all his hopes the lie ?

II.

O, why, while Fancy, raptur'd, slum-
bers,

'Chloris, Chloris,' all the theme,

Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,

Wake thy lover from his dream ?

THE PRIMROSE.

[Altered from an old English song, " Ask Me Why I Send You Here." Sent to Thomson, 1793.]

I.

DOST ask me, why I send thee here

The firstling of the infant year :

This lovely native of the vale,

That hangs so pensive and so pale ?

II.

Look on its bending stalk, so weak,

That, each way yielding, doth not
break,

And see how aptly it reveals

The doubts and fears a lover feels.

III.

Look on its leaves of yellow hue

Bepearl'd thus with morning dew,

And these will whisper in thine

ears : --

'The sweets of loves are wash'd with
tears.'

**O, WERT THOU IN THE
CAULD BLAST.**

[Written during his last illness, in honor of Miss Jessie Lewars.]

I.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast

On yonder lea, on yonder lea,

My plaidie to the angry airt,

I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

II.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and
 bare,

The desert were a Paradise.
 If thou wert there, if thou wert
 there.

Or were I monarch of the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to
 reign,

The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my
 queen.

INTERPOLATIONS.

YOUR FRIENDSHIP.

[Included in a poem of Clarinda's, "Talk
 Not of Love."]

I.

Your friendship much can make me
 blest—

O, why that bliss destroy?
 Why urge the only, one request
 You know I will deny?

II.

Your thought, if Love must harbour
 there,
 Conceal it in that thought,
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought.

FOR THEE IS LAUGHING
NATURE.

[Written to complete a song by Clarinda,
 an additional quatrain being necessary to
 fill the tune.]

For thee is laughing Nature gay,
 For thee she pours the vernal day:
 For me in vain is Nature drest,
 While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

NO COLD APPROACH.

[Inserted in the song, "The Tears I
 Shed," by Miss Cranstoun, to complete

the last octave, and so fit it for the
 tune.]

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion
 start,

No pause the dire extremes between:
 He made me blest—and broke my
 heart.

ALTHO' HE HAS LEFT ME.

[Inserted by Burns in a song from Herd's
 Collection, "As I Was a Waiking."]

ALTHO' he has left me for greed o' the
 siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can
 win:

I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my
 sorrow
 Than ever nae acted sae faithless
 to him.

LET LOOVE SPARKLE.

[Inserted by Burns in "Jocky Fou and
 Jenny Fain," to complete an octave.]

ITHERS seek they ken na what,
 Features, carriage, and a' that;
 Gie me love in her I court,
 Love to love maks a' the sport.

Let loove sparkle in her e'e,
 Let her lo'e nae man but me :
 That's the tocher guid I prize,
 There the luv'er's treasure lies.

AS DOWN THE BURN.

[Sent to Thomson in September, 1793,
 as a substitute for the final stanza of

Robert Crawford's song, "Down the Burn,
 Davie."]

As down the burn they took their way,
 And thro' the flowery dale ;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was ay the tale,
 With — ' Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew ?'
 Quoth Mary — ' Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.'

IMPROBABLES.

[The authorship of these verses, credited to Burns by many of his editors, is not authenticated, and the quality of most of them is not worthy of his genius.]

ON ROUGH ROADS.

[According to Scott Douglas, "It is very familiarly quoted in Ayrshire, as a stray impromptu of Burns's."]

I'm now arriv'd — thanks to the
 Gods ! —
 Through pathways rough and
 muddy :
 A certain sign that makin' roads
 Is no this people's study.
 Yet, though I'm no wi' scripture
 cramm'd,
 I'm sure the Bible says
 That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,
 Unless they mend their ways.

ELEGY ON STELLA.

["Conceivably the piece may have been inspired by a memory of Highland Mary. The authorship is dubious. The present editor is inclined to regard the piece as Burns's own." — ANDREW LANG.]

I.

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod,
 From whence my sorrows flow ;
 And soundly sleeps the ever dear
 Inhabitant below.

II.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,
 While o'er the turf I bow !
 Thy earthly house is circumscrib'd,
 And solitary now !

III.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name
 Or make thy virtues known !
 But what avails to thee — to me —
 The sculpture of a stone ?

IV.

I'll sit me down upon this turf,
 And wipe away this tear.
 The chill blast passes swiftly by,
 And flits around thy bier.

V.

Dark is the dwelling of the dead,
 And sad their house of rest :
 Low lies the head by Death's cold arm
 In awful fold embraced.

VI.

I saw the grim Avenger stand
 Incessant by thy side ;
 Unseen by thee, his deadly breath
 Thy lingering frame destroy'd.

VII.

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek,
And wither'd was thy bloom,
Till the slow poison brought thy youth
Untimely to the tomb.

VIII.

Thus wasted are the ranks of men —
Youth, health, and beauty fall !
The ruthless ruin spreads around,
And overwhelms us all.

IX.

Behold where, round thy narrow house,
The graves unnumber'd lie !
The multitude that sleep below,
Existed but to die.

X.

Some with the tottering steps of Age
Trode down the darksome way ;
And some in Youth's lamented prime,
Like thee, were torn away.

XI.

Yet these, however hard their fate,
Their native earth receives :
Amid their weeping friends they died,
And fill their fathers' graves.

XII.

From thy lov'd friends, when first thy
heart,
Was taught by Heaven to glow,
Far, far remov'd, the ruthless stroke
Surpris'd, and laid thee low.

XIII.

At the last limits of our Isle,
Wash'd by the western wave,
Touch'd by thy fate, a thoughtful
Bard
Sits lonely on thy grave !

XIV.

Pensive he eyes, before him spread,
The deep, outstretch'd and vast.
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast.

XV.

And while, amid the silent dead,
Thy hapless fate he mourns,
His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
And all his grief returns.

XVI.

Like thee, cut off in early youth
And flower of beauty's pride,
His friend, his first and only joy,
His much-lov'd Stella died.

XVII.

Him, too, the stern impulse of Fate
Resistless bears along,
And the same rapid tide shall overwhelm
The Poet and the Song.

XVIII.

The tear of pity, which he shed,
He asks not to receive :
Let but his poor remains be laid
Obscurely in the grave !

XIX.

His grief-worn heart with truest joy
Shall meet the welcome shock ;
His airy harp shall lie unstrung
And silent on the rock.

XX.

O my dear maid, my Stella, when
Shall this sick period close,
And lead the solitary Bard
To his lov'd repose ?

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

[Currie (1800), from a Ms. in Burns's hand; but Gilbert Burns strongly doubted its authenticity, and internal evidence shows that it may have been written by some contemporary of Allan Ramsay.]

I.

HAIL, Poesie ! thou Nymph reserv'd !
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae
 swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers !
And och ! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd
 'Mid a' thy favours !

II.

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp along
 To death or marriage,
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-
 sang
 But wi' miscarriage ?

III.

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare
 drives ;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him
 rives
 Horatian fame ;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame !

IV.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's
 catches !
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin
 patches
 O' heathen tatters !
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That aye their betters.

V.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle
 mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace,
And wi' the far-fun'd Grecian share
 A rival place ?

VI.

Yes ! there is ane — a Scottish callan !
There's ane ! Come forrit, honest
 Allan !
Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
 A ciuel sae clever !
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tan-
 tallan,
 But thou's for ever.

VII.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines
In thy sweet Caledonian lines !
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles
 twines,
 Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the
 vines,
 Her griefs will tell :

VIII.

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonie lasses bleach their claes,
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's
 lays
 At close o' day.

IX.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel' :
Nae bombast spates o' nonsens:
 swell,
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet
 spell
 O' witchin love,
That charm that can the strongest
 quell,
 The sternest move.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF
DRUMLANKIG WOODS.

[First published in the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1803, where it is stated that the verses had been found "written on the window-shutter of a small inn on the banks of the Nith," and that they were "supposed to have been written by Burns."]

I.

As on the banks of winding Nith
Ae smiling simmer morn I stray'd.
And trac'd its bonie holms and
haughs,
Where linties sang, and lammies
play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When from the eddying deep below
Up rose the Genius of the Stream.

II.

Dark like the frowning rock his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep as sighs the hoding wind
Amang his caves the sigh he gave.
'And come ye here, my son,' he
cried,
'To wander in my birken shade ?
To muse some favourite Scottish
theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish
maid ?

III.

'There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide ;
When hanging beech and spreading
elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and
cool ;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the
pool ;

IV.

'When, glinting thro' the trees, ap-
pear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peaceful rose its ingle reek,
That, slowly curling, clamb the hill
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy bield for ever gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane.'

V.

'Alas !' quoth I, 'what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees ?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare ?
Has stripp'd the cleeding aff your
braes ?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring ?
Or was't the wil'fire scorch'd their
boughs ?
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting ?'

VI.

'Nae eastlin blast,' the Sprite re-
plied —
'It blaws na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to
dwell :
Man ! cruel man !' the Genius sigh'd,
As through the cliffs he sank him
down :
'The worm that gnaw'd my bonie
trees,
That reptile wears a Ducal crown.'

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

[This performance (No. 98 in Johnson, 1787) is attributed to Burns, but he never acknowledged it. There are many black-letter ballads — most of them unsavory enough — on scolding wives.]

I.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November :

She made me weary of my life
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended,
But to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended !

II.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together.
At length from me her course she
steer'd
And gone I know not whither.
Would I could guess, I do profess :
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never would come at her !

III.

Her body is bestow'd well —
A handsome grave does hide her.
But sure her soul is not in Hell —
The Devil would ne'er abide her !
I rather think she is aloft
And imitating thunder,
For why ? — Methinks I hear her
voice
Tearing the clouds asunder !

WHY SHOULD WE IDLY WASTE OUR PRIME.

[Attributed by Cunningham to Burns.]

I.

WHY should we idly waste our prime
Repeating our oppressions ?
Come rouse to arms ! 'Tis now the
time
To punish past transgressions.
'Tis said that Kings can do no
wrong —
Their murderous deeds deny it,
And, since from us their power is
sprung,
We have a right to try it.

Now each true patriot's song shall
be : —
'Welcome Death or Libertie !'

II.

Proud Priests and Bishops we'll trans-
late
And canopize as Martyrs ;
The guillotine on Peers shall wait ;
And Knights shall hang in garters.
Those Despots long have trod us
down.
And Judges are their engines :
Such wretched minions of a Crown
Demand the people's vengeance !
To-day 'tis *theirs*. To-morrow we
Shall don the Cap of Libertie !

III.

The Golden Age we'll then revive :
Each man will be a brother ;
In harmony we all shall live,
And share the earth together,
In Virtue train'd, enlighten'd Youth
Will love each fellow-creature ;
And future years shall prove the truth
That Man is good by nature :
Then let us toast with three times
three
The reign of Peace and Libertie !

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

[Chambers credits these verses to Burns on the authority of a MS. then in the possession of Mr. James Duncan, Morefield, Glasgow. The MS. has not been heard of since 1838.]

I.

HEARD ye o' the Tree o' France,
And wat ye what's the name o' t ?
Around it a' the patriots dance —
Weel Europe kens the fame o' t !
It stands where ance the Bastille
stood —
A prison built by kings, man,

When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings,
man.

II.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man :
It raises man aboon the brute,
It mak's him ken hinself, man !
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

III.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth :
To comfort us 't was sent, man,
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak' us a' content, man !
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Mak's high and low guid friends,
man,
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

IV.

My blessings ay attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the Deil,
Frae 'yont the western waves, man !
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms
there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

V.

But vicious folk ay hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man :
The courtly vermin 's bann'd the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man !
King Louis thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man ;
For this the watchman crack'd his
crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

VI.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak' a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime—
I wat they pledg'd their faith,
man !
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wish'd they'd been at hame,
man.

VII.

Fair Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons, did loudly ca', man.
She sang a sang o' Liberty,
Which pleas'd them ane and a',
man.
By her inspir'd, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man.
The hirelings ran—her foes gied
chase,
And bang'd the despot weel, man.

VIII.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar, and her pine, man !
Auld Britain ance could crack her
joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine,
man !
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 't will be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found
Twixt London and the Tweed,
man.

IX.

Without this tree alake this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man,
A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man ;
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man,
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man.

X.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The warld would live in peace,
 man.
 The sword would help to mak' a
 plough,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

XI.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome, dainty cheer, man!
 I'd gie the shoon frae all my feet,
 To taste the fruit o't here, man!
 Syne let us pray, Auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
 And blythe we'll sing, and herald the
 day
 That gives us liberty, man.

TO A KISS.

[Published in a Liverpool paper called the "Kaleidoscope," and there attributed to Burns. It originally appeared in "The Oracle," Jan. 29, 1796. The authorship is practically unknown.]

I.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connections,
 Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss!

II.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth and infant's play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste confession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day!

III.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 Ling'ring lips:—no more must join!
 Words can never speak affection,
 Thrilling and sincere as thine!

DELIA.

AN ODE.

[“The lines, if authentic, are obviously a parody.”—ANDREW LANG.]

I.

FAIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of op'ning rose:
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

II.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear:
 But, Delia, more delightful still
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

III.

The flower-enamoured busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip:

IV.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
 O, let me steal one liquid kiss!
 For O! my soul is parch'd with
 love!

TO THE OWL.

[Found among Burns's Ms., in his own handwriting, with occasional interlinations, such as occur in all his primitive effusions, but attributed by him to John McCreddie, of whom nothing is known.]

I.

SAD bird of night, what sorrow calls
 thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus in the
 midnight hour?

Is it some blast that gathers in the
north,
Threat'ning to nip the verdure of
thy bow'r ?

II.

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn strips the
shade,
And leaves thee here, unshelter'd
and forlorn ?
Or fear that Winter will thy nest in-
vade ?
Or friendless Melancholy bids thee
mourn ?

III.

Shut out, lone bird, from all the
feather'd train,
To tell thy sorrows to th' unheed-
ing gloom,
No friend to pity when thou dost
complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude
thy home,

IV.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless
thy strain,
And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy
song.
Sing on, sad mourner ! To the night
complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes
along.

V.

Is Beauty less, when down the glow-
ing cheek
Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows
fall ?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids
it break ?
Less happy he who lists to Pity's
call ?

VI.

Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less
sweet,

That Sadness tunes it, and that
Grief is there ?
That Spring's gay notes, unskill'd,
thou can't repeat,
That Sorrow bids thee to the gloom
repair !

VII.

Nor that the treble songsters of the
day,
Are quite estranged, sad bird of
night, from thee !
Nor that the thrush deserts the even-
ing spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy
reverie !

VIII.

From some old tower, thy melancholy
dome,
While the gray walls and desert
solitudes
Return each note, responsive to the
gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding
woods :

IX.

There hooting, I will list more pleased
to thee,
Than ever lover to the nightingale,
Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with
misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling
tale !

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

[Found among the poet's papers.]

'T WAS where the birch and sounding
thong are ply'd,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;
Where Ignorance her darkening va-
pour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening
blows !

Upon a time, Sir A B C the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to
mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to
account.

First enter'd A. a grave, broad, solemn
wight,
But, ah ! deform'd, dishonest to the
sight !
His twisted head look'd backward on
his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he
grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in ; a piteous case,
The justling tears ran down his honest
face !
That name, that well-worn name, and
all his own,
Pale, he surrenders at the tyrant's
throne !
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman
sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can
compound ;
And next the title following close
behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch
assign'd.

The cobwebb'd gothic dome re-
sounded, Y !
In sullen vengeance, I disdain'd reply :
The Pedant swung his felon cudgel
round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to
the ground !
In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe :
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries
of his art.
So grim, deform'd, with horrors enter-
ing, U
His dearest friend and brother scarcely
knew !

As trembling U stood staring all
aghast,
The Pedant in his left hand clutch'd
him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd
his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from
his sight.

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

["It is hard to believe that Burns, though
his taste in English was none of the finest,
could ever transcribe such immitigable rub-
bish." — *Centenary Edition.*]

I.

Now health forsakes that angel face.
Nae mair my dearie smiles.
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

II.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak' for thee :
Ye Heavens ! how great's my despair !
How can I see him die !

ON THE DEATH OF A FA- VOURITE CHILD.

[Burns's daughter, Elizabeth Riddell,
died in the autumn of 1795. But this fact
can scarce be regarded as proof of the
authenticity of the verses.]

I.

O, SWEET be thy sleep in the land of
the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever !
For ever ? — O no ! let not man be
a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever !

II.

Though cold be the clay, where thou
pillow'st thy head
In the dark, silent mansions of sor-
row,
The spring shall return to thy low,
narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-
morrow.

III.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy
sweet seraph form
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in
blossom,
When thou shrank frae the scowl of
the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that
bosom.

IV.

O, still I behold thee, all lovely in
death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,

When the tear-trickle bright, when
the short stifled breath
Told how dear ye were ay to each
other.

V.

My child, thou art gone to the home
of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can
harm thee:
Where the songs of the Good, where
the hymns of the Blest
Through an endless existence shall
charm thee!

VI.

While he, thy fond parent, must sigh-
ing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of
sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being
to mourn,
And sigh for this life's latest mor-
row.

POEMS OF DOUBTFUL AUTHENTICITY.

The following poems are not considered sufficiently authenticated—or perhaps for other reasons—to be included in the "Centenary Edition." They are printed either in the Wallace-Chambers edition or in the edition of Andrew Lang, or in both, as well as in some of the earlier editions. The notes prefixed to each poem will sufficiently explain the occasion of their production.

A TIPPLING BALLAD.

ON THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S
BREAKING UP HIS CAMP, AND
THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS,
BY DUMOURIER, NOVEMBER, 1792.

[“The title explains the occasion: Burns's political sentiments supply the rest.”—ANDREW LANG. Parts of this ballad are printed in the Chambers and Globe Editions.]

WHEN Princes and Prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A' Europe had set in a low, a low,

The poor man lies down,
Nor envies a crown,
And comforts himself as he dows, as
he dows,
And comforts himself as he dows.

The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe,
In the braes o' Gemappe,
He fell in a trap,
E'en let him come out as he dows, dows,
dows,
E'en let him come out as he dows.

* * * * *

But truce with commotions,
 And new-fangled notions,
 A bumper, I trust you'll allow;
 Here's George our good king,
 And Charlotte his queen,
 And lang may they ring as they dow,
 dow, dow,
 And lang may they ring as they dow.

THE WREN'S NEST.

[“Burns communicated to Johnson, for the fifth volume of the ‘Museum,’ the following fragment of a musey ballad on the loves of Robin and the Wren, taken from Jean Armour's singing. It appears to be part of another fragment on same subject, preserved by David Herd.”—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

THE Robin to the Wren's nest
 Cam keekin in, cam keekin in;
 O weel's me on your auld pow,
 Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
 Thou's ne'er get leave to lie without,
 And I within, and I within,
 As lang's I hae an auld clout
 To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

MY GIRL SHE'S AIRY.

[“The date is 1784; the girl may be anybody. The remaining lines of this piece have never been printed in full.”—ANDREW LANG. Printed also in Chambers.]

My girl she's airy, she's buxom and
 gay;
 Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms
 in May;
 A touch of her lips it ravishes quite:
 She's always good natur'd, good
 humor'd, and free;
 She dances, she glances, she smiles
 upon me;
 I never am happy when out of her
 sight.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S LIFE.

[“Possibly this is a scrap from tradition, which Burns may have written down, with no idea of claiming it for his own.”—ANDREW LANG. Printed also in Chambers.]

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in
 spring,
 I heard a young ploughman sae
 sweetly to sing;
 And as he was singin', thir words he
 did say,—
 There's nae life like the ploughman's
 in the month o' sweet May.

The lav'rock in the morning she'll
 rise frae her nest,
 And mount i' the air wi' the dew on
 her breast.
 And wi' the merry ploughman she'll
 whistle and sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest
 back again.

SOUND BE HIS SLEEP.

[Said to have been found on a window in the Cross Keys Inn at Falkirk, where Burns had spent the night. Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

SOUND be his sleep and blithe his
 morn
 That never did a lassie wrang;
 Who poverty ne'er held in scorn—
 For misery ever tholed a pang.

WHEN PLEASURE FASCINATES.

[In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Jan. 31, 1796. Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

WHEN pleasure fascinates the mental
 sight,
 Affliction purifies the visual ray,

Religion hails the drear, the untried,
night,
And shuts, for ever shuts ! life's
doubtful day.

ON THOMAS KIRKPATRICK,
LATE BLACKSMITH IN
STOOP.

[Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

HERE lies, 'mang ither usceless matters,
Auld Thomas wi' his endless clatters.

SICK OF THE WORLD.

[Enclosed in a letter to Clarinda, Jun. 21,
1788. Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

SICK of the world and all its joy,
My soul in pining sadness mourns ;
Dark scenes of woe my mind employ,
The past and present in their turns.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

[" This anonymous quatrain appeared in
the 'Dumfries Weekly Journal' of July 7,
1795. Circumstantial and internal evidence
are proof that it is from the pen of Burns." —
Chambers Edition.]

LONG have the learnèd sought, with-
out success,
To find what you alone, O Pitt,
possess !
Thou only hast the magic power to
draw
A guinea from a head not worth a
straw.

NOW, GOD IN HEAVEN.

[Enclosed in a letter to M. Fyffe, Sur-
geon, Edinburgh. Printed in the Chambers
Edition.]

NOW, God in heaven bless REEKIE'S
town
With plenty, joy, and peace !

And may her wealth and fair renown
To latest times encrease !!! —
AMEN.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

[Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

WILL ye go to the Hiellands, Leezie
Lindsay?
Will ye go to the Hiellands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hiellands, Leezie
Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

IT MAY — DO — MAUN — DO.

[Enclosed in a letter to John Arnot, of
Dalquhatswood, Esq., April, 1786. Printed
in the Chambers Edition.]

IT may — do — maun — do, Sir, wi'
them wha
Maun please the great folk for a
wame-fou ;
For me, sae laigh I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit ! I can plough :
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit ! I can beg. —

DEAR SIR, OUR LUCKY
HUMBL Y BEGS.

[Enclosed in a letter to Mr. Alexander
Findlater, June 17, 1791. Printed in the
Chambers Edition.]

DEAR SIR, Our Lucky humbly begs
Ye 'll prie her caller, new-laid eggs :
Lord grant the cock may keep her legs,
Aboon the chuckies ;

* * * * *

Nae cursèd, clerical excise
On honest Nature's laws and ties :
Free as the vernal breeze that flies
At early day,

We 'd tasted Nature's richest joys
But stint or stay.

But as this subject 's something kittle,
Our wisest way 's to say but little,
Yet, while my Muse is at her mettle,
I am, most fervent,
Or may I die upon a whittle!
Your friend and servant,
ROBERT BURNS.

I LOOK TO THE WEST.

[Enclosed in a note to Alexander Cunningham, March 12, 1791. Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

I LOOK to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my
slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best —
The lad that is dear to my babie
and me!

AH, CHLORIS!

[The two following stanzas were enclosed in a letter to Mr. Alexander Findlater, September, 1794. Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

"AH, Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
Nor happiness nor pain."

KIST YESTREEN, KIST YESTREEN.

"KIST yestreen, kist yestreen,
O as I was kist yestreen,
I'll ne'er forget while the hollin grows
green.
The bonie sweet lassie I kist yestreen."

COME FILL ME A BUMPER.

[Adapted by Burns. Printed in the Chambers Edition.]

COME fill me a bumper, my jolly,
brave boys,
Let's have no more female impertinence and noise;
I've tried the endearments and witchcraft of love,
And found them but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.

Chorus.

Truce with your love! no more of
your love;
The bottle henceforth is my mistress,
by Jove.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

[In answer to a card from an intimate friend of Burns, wishing him to spend an hour at a tavern.]

THE king's poor blackguard slave
am I,
And scarce dow spare a minute;
But I'll be with you by and bye,
Or else the devil's in it!

THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY.

[“Adapted from lines ‘on the Thanksgiving Day for Perth and Preston, 17th June, 1716’ (Maidment’s ‘Scottish Pasquils,’ 1868). The victory Burns celebrated was doubtless Howe’s, off Ushant, 1st June, 1794.” — CHAMBERS, revised by WILLIAM WALLACE.]

YE hypocrites, are these your pranks?
To murder men and give God thanks?
Desist, for shame! Proceed no
further:
God won't accept your thanks for
murder.

POEMS REJECTED BY LATEST EDITORS OF BURNS.

The following poems have been printed in nearly all the earlier editions of Burns, and many of them are reprinted in late editions, as being undoubtedly the poet's productions. Other editors have been more critical, and have rejected them as being either spurious, or not verified. But as the readers of Burns have been so long accustomed to see them in the pages of their favorite poet, it has been considered best to print them, with this explanation. The volumes in which they have appeared are the *Kilmarnock* (William Scott Douglas), the edition edited by Alexander Smith, Oxford (edited by Logie Robertson, M.A.), the London edition of Bliss, Sands, & Co., and the Albion edition, published by F. Warne & Co.

THE HERMIT OF ABERFELDY.

FIRST COLLECTED IN HOGG'S AND
MOTHERWELL'S EDITION, 1834-35.

[“Very few readers of Burns can be persuaded that these verses were composed by him. They were furnished to Motherwell by Peter Buchan of Peterhead. The poet reached Aberfeldy towards evening, on 30th August, 1787, stayed half an hour, and was back to Dunkeld for supper. He described the Falls in undying song, as all the world knows; but when were these heavy lines composed? The term, ‘desert drear,’ used in the opening verse, shows that this *Hermit* belonged to some other quarter than Aberfeldy, where all is as ‘light-some’ as the poet’s song.” — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

WHOE’ER thou art, these lines now
reading,
Think not, though from the world
receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear —
That fell remorse, a conscience bleed-
ing
Hath led me here !

II.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;
Free-will’d I fled from courtly bowers ;

For well I saw in halls and towers
That lust and pride —
The arch-fiend’s dearest, darkest
powers,
In state preside.

III.

I saw mankind with vice incrust’d ;
I saw that honor’s sword was rusted, —
That few for aught but folly lusted, —
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend ;
And hither came, with men disgust’d,
My life to end.

IV.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent, gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

V.

This rock my shield when storms are
blowing,
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food ;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

VI.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace—and with thoughts still
soaring

To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice im-
ploring.

This wish I sigh :

VII.

'Let me, O Lord ! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty, worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire, —

And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire, —
To God I fly.'

VIII.

Stranger ! if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at

The hermit's prayer ;
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care —

IX.

If thou hast known false love's vexa-
tion,

Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,

Oh ! how must thou lament thy sta-
tion,

And envy mine !

PASTORAL VERSES TO CLARINDA.

["This piece — omitted in all collections of the poet's works that we are aware of, except Blackie's edition of 1861 — is not contained, although apparently referred to, in the 'Clarinda Correspondence,' edited by the lady's grandson, in 1843. The verses seem to bear some marks of authenticity,

although certainly they are not in the poet's best style." — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blythe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from spray to spray.

II.

But now, dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind ;
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find.

III.

In plaintive notes, my lays rehearse
The woes which fail to move ;
And every tree records a verse
In praise of her I love :

IV.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight —
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite —
Another happy reigns.

V.

Ah, though my looks my love betray,
I envy his success ;
Yet love to *friendship* shall give
way, —
I cannot wish it less.

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT

["Allan Cunningham has not the questionable merit of this fabrication : to William Motherwell we must accord that honor. Tempted by Allan's success, he tried his hand on *doctoring* a piece at p. 51 of the 'Crochallan' volume. Verses 1, 4, and 5 are entirely Motherwell's own ; while 2, 3, 6, and 7 are very nearly Burns's words. In consideration of the pathetic beauty of the song we think it proper to reprint Mother-

well's adaptation." — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

O MEIKLE do I rue, fause love,
O sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering
tongue,
That e'er your face I knew.

II.

O I hae tint my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma';
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'.

III.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quine;
When gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.

IV.

Whene'er my father thinks on me
He stares into the wa';
My mither, she has ta'en the bed
Wi' thinking on my fa'.

V.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain;
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain.

VI.

Alake! sae sweet a tree as love
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alake! that e'er a merry heart
Should draw a sauty tear!

VII.

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got,
Or leaves the merry lass he lo'ed,
To wear a ragged coat.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

A BALLAD.

[Printed in Globe Edition (Alexander Smith) and Bliss & Sands'.]

I.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome
plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I
rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in
woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd

II.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my
heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

[Printed in edition of Bliss, Sands, & Co.]

I.

HERE around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Tho' the northern wind blows freez-
ing,
Friendship warms baith you and me.

Chorus.

Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a',
Time shall see us a' the blyther,
Ere we rise to gang awa'.

II.

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
That around us here we see?

III.

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own;
 His claes are spun an' edged wi'
 vermin,
 Tho' he stan' afore a throne!

IV.

Thus then let us a' be tassing
 Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
 An' while roun' the board 't is pass-
 ing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

V.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

Chorus.

Happy we've been a' thegither.
 Happy we've been yin an' a',
 Time shall find us a' the blyther
 When we rise to gang awa'.

COME REDE ME, DAME.

[Printed in edition of Bliss, Sands, & Co.,
 and Albion Edition.]

I.

COME rede me, dame, come tell me,
 dame,
 And nane can tell mair truly,
 What color maun the man be of,
 To love a woman dully.

II.

The carlin clew baith up and down,
 And leugh and answer'd ready,
 I learn'd a sang in Annandale,
 A dark man for my lady.

III.

But for a country quean like thee,
 Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
 That wi' the white I've made a shift,
 And brown will do fu' rarely.

IV.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
 The flaxen ne'er grows youden,
 There's kiss and hause me in the
 brown,
 And glory in the gowden.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER
 VIOLENT GRIEF.

[“We have little faith in the authenticity of this production, which is said to have first been printed in the *Sanx* newspaper, in April, 1823. It is supposed to have been originally written on a presentation copy of his Kilmarnock volume, in the summer of 1786.”—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
 Wad on thy worth be pressin';
 Remembrance oft may start a tear,
 But oh! that tenderness forbear,
 Though 't wad my sorrows lessen.

II.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
 I thought sair storms wad never
 Bedew the scene; but grief and care
 In wildest fury hae made bare
 My peace, my hope, for ever!

III.

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
 For a' the joy I borrow,
 In solitude—then, then I feel
 I canna to mysel' conceal
 My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

IV.

Farewell! within thy bosom free
 A sigh may whiles awaken;

A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's son — ance gay like
thee —
Now hopeless, comfortless, for-
saken!

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

["Burns has merely made some changes upon an old song." — CHAMBERS, *rev.* by Wallace.]

I.

As I was a-wandering ae midsummer
e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were
making their game;
Among them I spied my faithless
fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my
dolor again.

Chorus.

Weel, since he has left me, may
pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distressed, but I winna
complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken
for ane.

II.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for
greetin',
The tears trickled down like the
hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad
ha' broken,
For oh! love forsaken 's a torment-
ing pain.

III.

Although he has left me for greed o'
the siller,

I dinna envy him the gains he can
win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my
sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless
to him.¹

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

["This elegant composition is so want-
ing in some of the characteristic features of
Burns's lyrics, that, by many, it has been
doubted to be a product of his muse, and
some have suggested Dr. Beattie
probable author. Burns's Ms., how-
ever, is still in the possession of Johnson's re-
presentatives by purchase, and his name is
affixed to the song in the fifth volume of the
"Museum." — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUG-
LAS.]

I.

COULD aught of song declare my
pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labor'd
strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded
heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with an-
guish?

II.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh,
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover!
For well I know, thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of Nature prizing.

* * * *

¹ The last stanza appears on p. 347 of this edition.

ON HIMSELF.

[Printed in Globe Edition.]

HERE comes Burns
On Rosinante;
She 's d— poor,
But he 's d— canty!

EPITAPH ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

[Printed in edition of Bliss, Sands, & Co., and in Globe Edition.]

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom:
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation 's given—
She 's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

I MET A LASS, A BONIE LASS.

["This song is made up from two verses of a song in the 'Crochallan' volume."—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I MET a lass, a bonie lass,
Coming o'er the braes o' Couper,
Bare her leg and bright her een,
And handsome ilka bit about her.
Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our Mess John, wi' his lyart pow,
His haly lips wad lickit at her.

ON MARIA DANCING.

[Printed in the edition of Bliss, Sands, & Co., and in the Oxford Edition.]

How gracefully Maria leads the dance!
She 's life itself. I never saw a foot

So nimble and so elegant; it speaks,
And the sweet whispering poetry it
makes
Shames the musician.

JENNY M'CRAW.

[Printed in the Globe and Oxford Editions. Scott Douglas says: "The original song, at page 102 of the 'Crochallan' volume, consists of three verses to the tune of 'The Bonie Moor-hen,' of which Allan's six lines are a weak travesty."]

JENNY M'Craw, she has ta'en to the
heather,
Say, was it the covenant carried her
thither;
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is
gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a'
she has ta'en;
My head and my heart, now quo' she,
are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the Deil do
his best.

LASS, WHEN YOUR MITHER IS FRAE HAME.

[Extracted from Burns's "Common-Place Book," but the authenticity is doubtful. Printed in Globe and Oxford Editions.]

I.

LASS, when your mither is frae hame,
Might I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window,
And creep in frae the cauld,
As come to your bower-window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy sweet bosom;
Fair lass, wilt thou do that?

II.

Young man, gif ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower-window,
Whare I am laid my lane,

And warm thee in my bosom —
But I will tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk,
Young man, do you hear that?

LAMENT.

[Written at a time when the poet was about to leave Scotland. Printed in the Globe and Oxford Editions.]

I.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the
lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
W' it woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

II.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

III.

No more by the banks of the stream—
let we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

IV.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;

Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

O GIE MY LOVE BROSE,
BROSE.

[“This is the chorus and one of five verses—greatly altered—of a song in the ‘Crochallan’ volume.” Printed in the Globe Edition.]

O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.
The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muirhen lo'es the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

[Printed in the Globe and Oxford Editions. Scott Douglas considers the verses spurious.]

I.

O wat ye what my Minnie did,
My Minnie did, my Minnie did,
O wat ye what my Minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade gudeen to me, jo.

II.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
The parson did, the parson did,
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loosed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loosed on me a lang man,
That might hae worried me, jo.

III.

An' I was but a young thing,
 A young thing, a young thing,
 An' I was but a young thing,
 Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
 I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
 In the wyte, in the wyte,
 To pit a young thing in a fright,
 An' loose a man on me, jo.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES
ME?

[Printed in the Globe, Oxford, and Albion Editions.]

I.

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

Chorus.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

II.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
 O that's, etc.

III.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted;
 O that's, etc.

IV.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted;
 O that's, etc.

EVAN BANKS.

["Dr. Currie inserted this in his first edition, but withdrew it on finding it was the composition of Helen Maria Williams. Burns has copied it: his MS. is now in the British Museum."—GLOBE EDITION.]

I.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul
 desires.
 The sun from India's shore retires:
 To Evan Banks with temp'rate ray,
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.

II.

Oh Banks to me for ever dear!
 Oh stream, whose murmur still I hear!
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

III.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
 Whose image lives within my breast;
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
 And long pursued me with her eye:

IV.

Does she, with heart unchang'd as
 mine,
 Oft in the vocal towers recline?
 Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

V.

Ye lofty Banks that Evan bound,
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows
 throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below;

VI.

What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs !
Sweet Banks ! ye bloom by Mary's
side :
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to
Clyde.

VII.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost !
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight !

VIII.

Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart !
No more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to
Clyde.

POWERS CELESTIAL ! WHOSE
PROTECTION.

[“ These fine verses have no mark in the ‘Museum’ to indicate their authorship ; but, among the poet's MSS. after his death, they were found with the title, ‘ A Prayer for Mary.’ Intergal evidence shows that the date of composition was in 1786, between the final parting of the lovers in May, and the time fixed for the poet's departure for the West Indies, some four or five months thereafter.” — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

I.

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care :
Let her form so fair and faultless —
Fair and faultless as your own —
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down !

II.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;

Breathing in the breeze that fans her
Soothe her bosom into rest :
Guardian angels ! O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles
me,
Make her bosom still my home !

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS ?

[“ The beautiful air, along with the nursery words of this song, were communicated by Burns to Johnson, and, by the vocalism of Uzzani, it soon became highly popular.” — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

O CAN ye sew cushions ? and can ye
sew sheets ?
And can ye sing bal-lu-loo when
the bairn greets ?
And hee and baw birdie, and hee and
baw lamb !
And hee and baw birdie, my bonie
wee lamb !
Hec, O ! wee, O ! what would I do
wi' you ?
Black 's the life that I lead wi' you ;
Mony o' you, little for to gie you ;
Hc, O ! wee, O ! what would I do
wi' you ?

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING
IMPOUNDED,AND HIS MASTER BROUGHT BEFORE
THE MAYOR.

[“ This epigram is of doubtful authenticity, for we do not hear of the poet ever having been at Carlisle except once — namely, on 31st May, 1787, and the day following, while on his Border tour.” — WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted,
The maister drunk — the horse com-
mitted.
Puir harmless beast ! tak' thee rae
care,
Thou'lt be a horse when he's rae
mair (mayor).

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

[“Cromek assures us that two verses of ‘Hughie Graham’ are wholly by Burns, and that his corrections are visible in some others.”—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

O LOWSE my right hand free, he says,
And put my braid sword in the
same;

He’s no’ in Stirling toun this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

They’ve ta’en him to the gallows-
knowe.—

He looket to the gallows-tree;
Yet never the color left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his e’e.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi’ your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping’s sairer on my heart,
Than a’ that they can do to me.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their bluid;
And when they meet the bishop’s
cloak
To mak’ it shorter by the huid.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

[“Allan Cunningham records that this very characteristic ‘Grace before meat’ was uttered at the table of the Earl of Selkirk, while on his tour through Galloway with his friend Syme in July, 1793.”—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

SOME hae meat and canna eat.
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

[“This pretty double-verse appears to have been first published, in its present *modified* form, in the ‘Edinburgh Magazine’ for January, 1818. It is the middle one of three double verses of a very warm character, which narrate the exploits of

Damon and Sylvia on a *Summer morn*—this latter being the title of the piece in the ‘Crochallan’ volume, p. 49.”—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS. Printed in Globe and Oxford Editions.]

YON wandering rill that marks the hill
And glances o’er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower where many a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;
There Damon lay with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought no crime, Sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon’s heart beat time,
Sir.

WHAN I SLEEP I DREAM.

[Printed in Globe and Oxford Editions.]

I.

WHAN I sleep I dream,
Whan I wauk I’m eerie,
Sleep I canna get,
For thinkin’ o’ my dearie.

II.

Lanely night comes on,
A’ the house are sleeping,
I think on the bonie lad
That has my heart a keeping.
Ay waukin, O, waukin ay and
wearie,
Sleep I canna get, for thinkin’ o’
my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
A’ the house are sleeping,
I think on my bonie lad,
An’ I bleer my een wi’ greetin’!
Ay waukin, etc.

KATHARINE JAFFRAY.

[Printed in Globe, Oxford, and Albion Editions.]

I.

THERE liv’d a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O;

And Katharine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O.

II.

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O.

III.

He's tell'd her father and mother
baith,
As I hear sindry say, O;
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel';
Till on her wedding day, O.

IV.

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
All mounted in good order.

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

["This is in Johnson's second vol., p. 131, copied *verbatim* from Herd's Collection, 1776 (vol. ii. p. 202), so that it is quite an error to include it in Burns's works as some editors have done. Burns in his notes, records a 'concluding verse,' which appears very like his own manufacture:—

*'And ay she cam' at e'enin' fa',
Amang the yellow broom, sae eerie,
To seek the snood o' silk she tint,—
She fand na that, but met her dearie.'*"

—WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.]

[Printed in the Globe Edition.]

Chorus.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water!
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the
water.

I.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her
mou',
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.

II.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the
water.

III.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and
bleary.

Chorus.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water!
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the
water.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

[Printed in the Globe Edition.]

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths
among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and
sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming
eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath the hallow'd turf where
Wallace lies.
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of
death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence
sweep;

Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in Freedom's
war,

That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal
hate,

Crushing the despot's proudest
bearing,
That arm which, nerved with thunder-
ing fate,

Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness like the
sinking star,

And one the palsied arm of tottering,
powerless age.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

[Printed in the Globe and Albion Editions.]

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
'T was on a Hallowmass day.
And there was routh o' drink and
fun,

And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins
sang,

And the dames danced in the ha';
The bride went to bed wi' the silly
bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'.

THERE CAME A PIPER.

[Printed in the Globe and Albion Editions.]

THERE came a piper out o' Fife,
I wadna what they ca'd him;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him.
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

THERE'S NAETHIN LIKE THE HONEST NAPPY.

[Printed in the Globe Edition.]

THERE'S naethin like the honest
nappy!

Whaur 'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn.

I've seen me daez't upon a time;
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae hauf mutchkin does me prime,
Ought less is little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle!

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

[Printed in the Globe and Albion Editions.]

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

YE HAE LIEN A' WRANG, LASSIE.

[Printed in the Globe and Albion Editions.]

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

O ance ye danced upon the knowes,
And ance ye lightly sang—
But in herryng o' a bee byke,
I'm rad ye've got a stang.

JOHNNY PEEP.

[Printed in the Albion Edition.]

HERE am I, Johnny Peep:
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me;
Half-a-crown a-piece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

INNOCENCE.

[Allan Cunningham gives the lines as by Burns, and extols them highly. They are, however, probably quoted from some older poet.]

—INNOCENCE

Looks gaily-smiling on; while rosy
pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery
wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant; man-
tling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love
and Bliss!

VERSES

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS
OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

["These beautiful ruins are on the banks
of the river Cluden, near Dumfries."—
Albion Edition.]

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time;
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days!

As through your ruins, hoar and
gray—

Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly:
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering
eye.

And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display.

The high-arched windows, painted
fair,

Show many a saint and martyr there.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my
sight?

Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.

'T is the fair, spotless, vestal train,
Tha' seek in prayer the midnight-fane.
And, hark! what more than mortal
sound

Of music breathes the pile around?

'T is the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles pro-
long;

Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die;
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear;
Each worldly thought a while forbear
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern
gales;

The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scenes decayed.
In window fair the painted pane

No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches
high!

The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream!
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruined sad reality.

VERSES TO MY BED.

[Printed in the Albion Edition.]

THOU Bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature — Man!
And when again the fates decree
The place where I must cease to be;
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, or close mine
eye,

When cares surround me where I
weep,

Or lose them all in balmy sleep;
When sore with labor, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort;
Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind —
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou, where grief and
pain,

Disease and rest, alternate reign.
Oh, since within thy little space
So many various scenes take place;
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
As sages dictate — churchmen preach;
And man, convinced by thee alone,
This great important truth shall
own:—

That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill re-
side;

That nought is perfect here below;
But bliss still bord'ring upon woe.

BRUCE.

A FRAGMENT.

[Printed in the Albion Edition.]

HIS royal visage seamed with many
a scar,

That Caledonian reared his martial
form,

Who led the tyrant-quelling war,
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined
flood

Swelled with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads struck with
deep dismay,

And Scotia's troop of brothers win
their way.

(Oh, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's
band!

Oh, heavenly joy to free our native
land!)

While high their mighty chief poured
on the doubling storm.

SHELAH O'NEIL.

[Printed in the Albion Edition.]

WHEN first I began for to sigh and
to woo her,

Of many fine things I did say a
great deal,

But, above all the rest, that which
pleased her the best,

Was, oh! will you marry me,
Shelah O'Neil?

My point I soon carried, for straight
we were married,

Then the weight of my burden I
soon 'gan to feel,—

For she scolded, she fisted—O then
I enlisted,

Left Ireland, and whiskey, and
Shelah O'Neil.

Then tired and dull-hearted, O then
I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant
from home,
To Frederick's army, where none e'er
could harm me,
Save Shelah herself in the shape
of a bomb.

I fought every battle, where cannons
did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas ! and the
sharp-pointed steel ;
But, in all my wars round, thank my
stars, I ne'er found
Aught so sharp as the tongue of
cursed Shelah O'Neil.

MOTTO PREFIXED TO THE KILMARNOCK EDITION.

"THE simple Bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart :
And if inspired, 't is nature's pow'rs inspire —
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire."

NOTES.

HALLOWEEN.

[The following notes by Burns, alluded to in the note to the text, will explain the traditions upon which the poem is based, and render it more intelligible to the non-Scottish reader.]

¹ Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

² Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

³ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

⁴ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

⁵ The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the *custock*, that is the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

⁶ They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three different times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *tap-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

⁷ When the corn is in a doubtful state, it being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, etc., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *Fause-house*.

⁸ Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and the lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

⁹ Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and towards the latter end something will hold the thread; demand *Wha hands?* i.e., who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

¹⁰ Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

¹¹ Steal out unperceived and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or

her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "come after me and harrow thee."

¹² This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn* and open both doots, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the *beings* about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.

¹³ Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

¹⁴ You go out, one or more (for this is a social spell), to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and somewhere near midnight an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

¹⁵ Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in the other, and leave the third empty. Blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

¹⁶ Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

"THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT' is included in the list of poems mentioned by Burns in his letter to Richmond, 17th February, 1786; it was therefore composed between the beginning of November, 1785, and that date. Gilbert Burns relates that Robert first repeated it to him in the course of a walk one Sunday afternoon. He also states that the 'hint of the plan, and the title of the poem,' were taken from Fergusson's 'Farmer's Ingle.'

"This is true, but the piece as a whole is formed on English models. It is the most artificial and the most imitative of Burns's works. Not only is the influence of Gray's 'Elegy' conspicuous, but also there are echoes of Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, and even Milton; while the stanza, which was taken, not from Spenser, whom Burns had not then read, but from Beattie and Shennstone, is so purely English as to lie outside the range of Burns's experience and accomplishment. 'These English songs,' he wrote long afterwards (1794) to Thomson, 'gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish.' This is so far true as to make one wish that here, as elsewhere, he had chosen a Scots exemplar: that he had taken (say) not merely the scheme but also the stave — *a, b, à, b, c, d, c, d, d* — of 'The Farmer's Ingle,' and sought after effects which he could accomplish in a medium of which he was absolute master. As it is, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' is supposed to paint an essentially Scottish phase of life; but the Scottish element in the diction — to say nothing of the Scottish cast of the effect — is comparatively slight throughout, and in many stanzas is altogether wanting. In the '94 Edition the vernacular was a little coloured by a more general substitution of 'an' for 'and,' 'wi' for 'with,' and so on. But it may be that Tytler, rather than Burns, was responsible for this; and the earlier orthography, being

in better keeping with the general English cast, has been retained." — *The Centenary Edition*.

"The quiet households of the kingdom have received a sort of apotheosis in 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' It has been objected that the subject does not afford scope for the more daring forms of the author's genius; but had he written no other poem, this heartfelt rendering of a good week's close in a God-fearing home, sincerely devout, and yet relieved from all suspicion of sermonizing by its humorous touches, would have secured a permanent place in our literature. It transcends Thomson and Beattie at their best, and will smell sweet like the actions of the just for generations to come." — JOHN NICHOL, LL.D.

TAM O' SHANTER.

"ALLOWAY KIRK was originally the church of the *quoad civilia* parish of Alloway; but this parish having been annexed to that of Ayr in 1690, the church fell more or less to ruin, and when Burns wrote had been roofless for half a century. It stands some two hundred yards to the north of the picturesque Auld Brig of Doon, which dates from about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, and in Burns's time was the sole means of communication over the steep-banked Doon between Carrick and Kyle. The old road to Ayr ran west of the Kirk: the more direct road dating from the erection of the New Brig—a little west of the old one—in 1825.

"Burns's birthplace is about three-fourths of a mile to the north; so that the ground and its legends were familiar to him from the first. Writing to Francis Grose (first published in Sir Egerton Brydges, 'Censura Literaria,' 1796), 'Among the many witch-stories I have heard,' he says, 'relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three. Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail—in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in—a farmer, or farmer's servant, was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting

some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway; and being rather on the anxious lookout in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil, and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan, or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was, that he ventured to go up to, nay into, the very Kirk. As luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junta were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, etc., for the business of the night. It was, in for a penny, in for a pound with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the cauldron from the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story. Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows: On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway Kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the Kirk, yet, as it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the Kirkyard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches

of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty black-guard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of the horse, which was a good one, when he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing vengeful hags were so close at his heels that one of them actually sprang to seize him: but it was too late; nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

"The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it. On a summer's evening, about the time nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charge and was returning home. As he passed the Kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women who were busy pulling stems

of the plant ragwort. He observed that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it and called out, "Up horsie!" on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest, "Up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt was a merchant's wine-cellar in Bordeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals. The poor shepherd lad, being equa'y a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said such a one's herd in Alloway; and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

"The motto is the eighteenth verse of Gavin Douglas's sixth 'Prolong' (*Eneados*), and should read thus: 'Of browneis and of bogillis fuil this buke.'

"Probably Burns drew the suggestion of his hero, Tam o' Shanter, from the character and adventures of Douglas Graham — born 6th January, 1739, died 23rd June, 1811 — son of Robert Graham, farmer at Douglstown, tenant of the farm of Shanter on the Carrick Shore, and owner of a boat which he had named 'Tam o' Shanter.' Graham was noted for his convivial habits, which his wife's ratings tended rather to confirm than to eradicate. Tradition relates that once, when his long-tailed grey mare had waited even longer than usual for her master at the tavern door, certain humourists plucked her tail to such an extent as to leave it little better than a stump, and that Graham, on his attention being called to its state next morning, swore that it had been depilated by the witches at Alloway Kirk (MS. Notes by D. Auld of Ayr in Edinburgh University Library). The prototype — if prototype there were — of Souter Johnnie is

more doubtful; but a shoemaker named John Davidson—born 1728, died 30th June, 1806—did live for some time at Glenfoot of Ardlochan, near the farm of Shanter, whence he removed to Kirkoswald.

"In Alloway Kirk and its surroundings, apart from its uncanny associations, Burns cherished a special interest. 'When my father,' says Gilbert, 'feued his little property near Alloway Kirk the wall of the churchyard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasturing in it. My father and two or three other neighbours joined in an application to the Town Council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land, for liberty to rebuild it, and raised by subscription a sum for enclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall; hence he came to consider it as his burial-place, and we learned the reverence for it people generally have for the burial-place of their ancestors.' When, therefore, Burns met Captain Grose—then on his peregrinations through Scotland—at the house of Captain Riddell, he suggested a drawing of the ruin; and 'the captain,' Gilbert says, 'agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch story to be printed along with it.' It is probable that Burns originally sent the stories told above for insertion in the work, and that the narrative in rhyme was an afterthought. Lockhart, on Cromek's authority, accepts a statement, said to have been made by Mrs. Burns, that the piece was the work of a single day, and on this very slender evidence divers critics have indulged in a vast amount of admiration. Burns's general dictum must, however, be borne in mind: 'All my poetry is the effect of easy composition, but of laborious correction;' together with his special verdict on 'Tam o' Shanter' (letter to Mrs. Dunlop, April, 1791) that it 'showed a finishing polish,' which he despaired of 'ever excelling.' It appeared in Grose's 'Antiquities'—published in April, 1791—the captain's indebtedness being thus acknowledged: 'to my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obligated: he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the county honoured by his birth, but he

also wrote, expressly for this work, the pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church." — *Centenary Edition.*

"Lovers of rustic festivity may agree with Professor Craik in holding that the poet's greatest performance is his narrative of 'Halloween,' which for easy vigor, fullness of rollicking life, blended truth and fancy, is unsurpassed in its kind. Campbell, Wilson, Hazlitt, Montgomery, Burns himself, and the majority of his critics, have recorded their preference for 'Tam o' Shanter,' where the weird superstitious element that has played so great a part in the imaginative work of this part of our island is brought more prominently forward. Few passages of description are finer than that of the roaring Doon and Alloway Kirk glimmering through the groaning trees; but the unique excellence of the piece consists in its variety, and a perfectly original combination of the terrible and the ludicrous. Like Goethe's 'Walpurgis Nacht,' brought into closer contact with real life, it stretches from the drunken humours of Christopher Sly to a world of fantasies almost as brilliant as those of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' half solemnized by the severer atmosphere of a sterner clime. The contrast between the lines 'Kings may be blest,' etc., and those which follow, beginning 'But pleasures are like poppies spread,' is typical of the perpetual antithesis of the author's thought and life, in which, at the back of every revelry, he sees the shadow of a warning hand, and reads on the wall the writing, *Omnia mutantur*."—JOHN NICHOL, LL.D.

THE WHISTLE.

"THIS poem is thus prefaced by Burns: 'As the authentic *Prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the

potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle, as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."

"Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddell of Glenriddell, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton; Robert Riddell, Esq. of Glenriddell, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddell, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

"In this Prefatory Note Burns misdates the contest by a year, as is proved by (1) the date of a letter—16th October, 1789—to Captain Riddell, in which he refers to the contest of the evening; and (2) by the memorandum of the 'Bett,' now in the possession of Sir Robert Jardine of Castlemilk, first published in 'Notes and Queries,' Second Series, vol. x. (1860), p. 423:—

"DOQUET

"The original Bett between Sir Robert Laurie and Craigdarroch, for the noted Whistle, which is so much celebrated by Robert Burns' Poems—in which Bett I was named Judge—1789.

"The Bett decided at Carse—16th October, 1789.

"Won by Craigdarroch—he drank up, of 5 Bottles of Claret.

"MEMORANDUM FOR THE WHISTLE

"The Whistle gained by Sir Robert Laurie (now) in possession of Mr. Riddell of Glenriddell, is to be ascertained to the heirs of the said Sir Robert now existing, being Sir R. L., Mr. R. of G., and Mr. F. of C.—to be settled under the arbitration of Mr. Jn. M'Murdo: the business to be decided at Carse, the 16th of October, 1789.

"(Signed) ALEX. FERGUSON.

R. LAURIE.

ROBE. RIDDELL.

"COWHILL, 10th October, 1789.

"John M'Murdo accepts as Judge.

"Geo. Johnston witness, to be present.

"Patrick Miller witness, to be pre. if possible.

"Minute of Bett between Sir Robert Laurie and Craigdarroch, 1789."

"The question, whether or not Burns was present, has been hotly debated. The references in his letter on the day of the fight, as well as the terms of the 'Bett,' seem to show that, tradition notwithstanding, he was not. But there are no data for an absolute conclusion."—*Centenary Edition*.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

"THIS immortal poem was partly given in manuscript by Burns, 'as rich men give who care not for their gifts,' to one Richmond, in whose company, in 1785, he had watched a festival of vagrom men. In 1793, Burns had forgotten the Cantata, and kept no copy. Shakespeare was not more regardless of his works. The rest of the manuscript was presented by Burns to a Mr. David Woodburn, without Richmond's part, which has been added—it runs from 'Poor Merry-Andrew' to 'he's far dafter than I.' The whole MS. has wandered to the Azores, to Nova Scotia, and home again (Scott Douglas). Part of Tennyson's 'Vision of Sin' is clearly inspired by this Cantata. It is characteristic of Burns that he neither published nor took any pains to secure the future of this extraordinary piece, first printed in 1799, by Stewart and Meikle, without Richmond's portion, added in 1801 by Thomas Stewart."—ANDREW LANG.

"The form of the piece is a mere cantata, the theme the half-drunken snatches of a joyous band of vagabonds, while the grey leaves are floating on the gusts of the wind in the autumn of the year. But the whole is compacted, refined, and poured forth in one flood of liquid harmony. It is light, airy, and soft of movement, yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait, and the whole a group in clear photography. The blanket of the night is drawn aside; in full ruddy gleaming light these rough tatterdemalions are seen at their boisterous revel wringing from Fate another hour of wassail and good cheer."

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Over the whole is flung a half-humorous, half-savage satire—aimed, like a two-edged sword, at the laws and the law-breakers, in the acme of which the graceless crew are raised above the level of ordinary gipsies, footpads, and rogues, and are made to sit 'on the hills like gods together, careless of mankind,' and to launch their Titan thunders of rebellion against the world."—JOHN NICHOL, LL.D.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

"CLARINDA was Mrs. Agnes Macle hose, *née* Craig, daughter of Andrew Craig, surgeon, Glasgow. She was born in April, 1759—the same year as her Poet; and when he met her in Edinburgh (7th December, 1787) she had for some time been separated from her husband. The Bard, who was (as ever) by way of being a buck, accepted an invitation to take tea with her on the 9th; but an accident obliging him to keep his room, he wrote to express his regret, and at the same time intimated his resolve to cherish her 'friendship with the enthusiasm of religion.' Mrs. Macle hose responding in the same key, the 'friendship' proceeded apace. On Christmas Eve she sent him certain verses, signed 'Clarinda,' 'On Burns saying He had nothing else to Do, three of which he quoted in the 'Glenriddell Book':—

"When first you saw Clarinda's charms,
What rapture in your bosom grew!
Her heart was shut to Love's alarms,
But then—you 'd nothing else to do.

'Apollo oft had lent his harp,
But now 't was strung from Cupid's bow;
You sung—it reached Clarinda's heart—
She wish'd you 'd nothing else to do.

'Fair Venus smil'd, Minerva frown'd,
Cupid observed, the arrow flew:
Indifference (ere a week went round)
Show'd you had nothing else to do.'

Thus challenged, Sylvander—(he became Sylvander there and then)—replied as in the text; and the romantic terms in which the two went on to conduct their correspondence soon served the ardent youth as a pretext for the expression of fiercer sentiments than Clarinda's 'principles of reason and religion' should have allowed. She sent her Arcadian poems, which he amended for Johnson's *Museum*; and he fell so deeply enamoured that, on leaving Edinburgh (24th March) he must write thus to a friend:—'During these last eight days I have been positively crazy.' Clarinda (like Maman Vauquer) *avait des idées*—as what lady in the circumstances would not? And when Clarinda learned, in August, that Burns had married Armour, Clarinda resented her Sylvander's defection as an unpardonable wrong. They were partly reconciled in the autumn of 1791; and ere she rejoined her husband in Jamaica, they had an interview on 6th December, which the gallant and romantic little song, 'O May, Thy Morn Was Ne'er sae Sweet,' is held to commemorate. On the 27th he sent her 'Ae Fond Kiss and Then We Sever,' with the finest lines he ever wrote:—

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted':—

'Behold the Hour, the Boat Arrive,' and part of 'Gloomy December,' with the remark:—'The remainder of this song is on the wheels—Adieu! Adieu!' Mrs. Macle hose, still unreconciled to her husband, returned to Scotland in August, 1792. Burns and she corresponded occasionally, but never met again. She died 22nd October, 1841. His letters to her were pirated in Stewart's Edition (1802). The greater part of the *Correspondence* appeared in 1843."—*Centenary Edition.*

GLOSSARY.

A', all.

A-back, (1) behind; (2) away.

Abiegh, aloof, off: 'stand abiegh.'

Ablins, v. *Aidlins*.

Aboon, (1) above [the usual sense]; also (2) up: 'a lift aboon,' 'temper-pins aboon,' 'heart aboon,' 'his heart will never get aboon' = his heart will never again rejoice.

Abread, abroad: 'beauties a' abread.'

Abreed, in breadth (R. B.): 'spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket.'

Ado, to-do: 'mickle ado.'

Adle, cow-lant, putrid water: 'deal brimstone like adle.'

Ae, one.

Aff, off.

Aff-hand, at once: 'a carpet weaver aff-hand,' 'marriage aff-hand.'

Aff-loof, off-handl, extempore: 'just clean aff-loof.'

A-fiel, a-field.

Afore, before.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often.

Agley, askew: 'gang aft agley.'

Ahin, behind: 'lan'-ahin,' 'fur-ahin.'

Aiblins, may be, perhaps.

Aik, oak.

Aiken, oaken.

Ain, own.

Air, early.

Airle, hansel, earnest money: 'airle-pennies three,' 'an airle-penny.'

Airles, hansel: 'the airles an the fee.'

Airn, iron.

Airt, direction.

Airt, to direct: 'airt me to my treasure,' 'airted till her a guid chiel.'

Aith, oath.

Aits, oats.

Aiver, an old horse (R. B.): 'a noble aiver.'

Aizle, a cinder: 'an aizle brunt.'

A-je, (1) ajar: 'the back-yett be a-je'; (2) to one side: 'his bonnet he a thought a-je.'

Alake, alas.

Alane, alone.

Alang, along.

Amast, almost.

Amang, among.

An, if.

An, and.

Ance, once.

Ane, one.

Aneath, beneath.

Anes, ones.

Anither, another.

Aqua-fontis, spring-water: 'aqua-fontis, what you please.'

Aqua-vitae, whisky.

Arie, v. *Airle*.

Ase, ashes.

Asklent, (1) askew [not according to Hoyle]: 'cam to the warl' asklent'; (2) askance: 'look'd asklent.'

Aspar, aspread: 'the lasses lie aspar.'

Asteer, astir.

A' thegither, altogether.

Athort, athwart.

Atweel, in truth: 'ch! atweel na.'

Atween, between.

Aught, eight.

Aught, possession: 'whase aught,' = who owns.

Aughten, eighteen.

Aughtlins, at all, in any way: 'Aughtlins fawsont'; v. *Oughtlins*.

Auld, old.

Auldfarran, auldfarrant, (1) shrewd: 'a chap that's damn'd auldfarran'; (2) old-fashioned in the sense of sagacious: 'your auldi-farrant frien'ly letter.'

Auld Reekie, Edinburgh.

Auld-world, old-world.

Aumous, alms: 'just like an aumous dish.'

Ava, at all.

Awa, away.

Awald, backwards and bent together: 'fell awald beside it.'

Awak, awake.

Awaken, awaken.

Awe, owe: 'devil a shilling I awe, man.'

Awkard, awkward.

Awnie, bearded: 'aits set up their awnie horn.'

Ayont, beyond.

Ba, a ball.

Baby-clouts, babie-clouts, baby clothes: 'like baby-clouts a-dryin,' 'O wha my babie-clouts will buy.'

Backet, bucket or box: 'auld saut-backets.'

Backit, backed: 'howe-backit now, an' knaggie.'

Backlins-comin, coming back, returning (R. B.).

Back-yett, gate at the back: 'the back-yett be a-jce.'

Bade, endured: 'bade an unco bang.'

Bade, asked: 'and bade nae better.'

Baggie, the belly, the stomach: 'a ripp to thy auld baggie.'

Baig'nets, bayonets.

Bailie, magistrate of a Scots burgh.

Bainie, bony, big-boned: 'the brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel.'

Bairn, child.

Bairntime, brood, issue: 'thac bonie bairntime,' 'my pleugh is now thy bairntime a.'

Baith, both.

Bakes, biscuits: 'bakes and gills.'

Ballots, ballads.

Balou, lullaby: 'The Highland Balou.'

Bamboozle, to trick by mystifying: 'wicked men bamboozle him.'

Ban, swear [special Scottish meaning in addition to curse]: 'the devil-haet that I sud ban.'

Ban', band [*i.e.* of the Presbyterian clergyman]: 'gown an' ban' = the clergyman.

Bane, bone.

Bang, an effort (R. B.), a blow, a large number. *Unco bang*, great or prolonged effort: 'he bade an unco bang.'

Bang, to thump: 'bang your hide,' 'she bang'd me,' 'bang'd the despot.'

Bannic, v. *Bainie*.

Bannet, bonnet.

Bannock, bonnock, a soft cake: 'twu mash-lum bonnocks,' 'Saxpence an' a bannock,' 'Bannocks o' Bear Meal, Bannocks o' Barley,' 'hauvernael bannock.'

Bardie, dim. of *bard*.

Bar eft, barefooted.

Barked, barked.

Barl-y-brie or *-bree*, barley-brew = ale or whisky: 'barley-brie cement the quarrel,' 'taste the barley-bree.'

Barm, yeast: 'that clarty barm should stain my laurels.'

Barmie, yeasty.

Barn-yard, stackyard.

Bartie, the Devil: 'as fou as Bartie.'

Bashing, alashing: 'bashing and dashing.'

Batch, a number, a company: 'hatch o' wabster lads.'

Batts, the botts [applied to horses], the colic: 'a country laird had taen the batts.'

Baukie-bird, the bat: 'wavering like the baukie-bird.'

Baudrons, Baudrans, the cat: 'a winkin baudrons,' 'like baudrons by a rattan,' 'auld baudrans by the ingle sits.'

Bauk, cross-beam: 'grapit for the bauks.'

Bauk, v. *Bauk*.

Bauk-en', beam-end: 'or whether 't was a bauk-en.'

Bauld, bold.

Bauldest, boldest.

Bauldly, boldly.

Baummy, balmy.

Bawbee, a halfpenny [probably a *babie* penny].

Bawdrons, v. *Baudrons*.

Bawk, a field-path: 'a corn-inclosed bawk.'

Baws'nt, white-streaked: 'sonsie, baws'nt face.'

Bawtie, pet name for a dog: 'my auld teethless Bawtie.'

Be, alone [*i.e.* as one is already]: 'an' let poor damnd bodies be,' 'let a body be.'

Bear, barley.

Beas, beasts, vermin [*i.e.* lice]: 'grey wi' beas'.

Beastie, dim. of *beast*.

Beck, a curtsy: 'she 'll gie ye a beck.'

Beet, feed, kindle, fan, add fuel to: 'beet his hymeneal flame,' 'it heats me, it beats me,' 'or noble Elgin beats,' 'it 's plenty beats the lover's fire.' Cf. Chaucer, 'Two fires on the altar [altar] gan she beete,' *Knight's Tale, Canterbury Tales*, 2292.

Befu, befall. *

Behin, behind, behind.

Beid, v. *Biel*.

Belang, belong.

Beld, bald.

Bellum, assault: 'brawlie ward their bellum.'

Bellys, bellows.

Belyve, by and by: 'belyve the elder bairns,' 'weel-swail'd kytes belyve are bent.'

Ben, a parlour.

Ben, into the spence or parlour (R. B.).

Benmost, inmost: 'benmost boie,' 'benmost neuk.'

Be-north, to the northward of.

Be-south, to the southward of.

Bethankit, the grace after meat (R. B.).

Beuk, a book: 'devil's pictur'd beuks' = playing-cards.

Beyont, beyond.

Bicker, a wooden cup: 'in cog or bicker.'

Bicker, a cupful, a glass: 'a hearty bicker.'

Bicker, a short run: 'I took a bicker.'

Bicker, to flow swiftly and with a slight noise: 'bicker'd to the seas,' 'bickerin dancin dazzle.' Cf. also 'smoke and bickering flame,' Milton's *Paradise Lost*, vi. 766.

Bickerin, noisy and keen contention: 'there will be bickerin there.'

Bickering, hurrying: 'bickering brattle.'

Bid, to ask, to wish, to offer: 'bid nae better,' 'ne'er bid better.' See also *Bade*.

Bide, abide. See also *Bade*.

Biel, *bield*, a shelter: 'hap him in a cozie biel,' 'the random bield o' clod or stane,' 'but buss and bield,' 'thy bield should be my bosom.'

Biel, *bield*, a sheltered spot: 'the sun blinks kindly in the biel,' 'roses blaw in ilka bield.'

Bien, prosperous, comfortable: 'bien and snug,' 'her house sac bien.'

Bien, *bienly*, comfortably: 'that cleeds me bien,' 'bienly clad.'

Big, to build.

Biggin, building.

Biggin, a structure, a dwelling: 'the auld clay biggin,' 'houlet-haunted biggin.'

Bike, v. *Iyke*.

Bill, the bull: 'as yell's the bill.'

Billie, fellow, comrade, brother [several examples of each of these meanings].

Billy, William.

Bings, heaps: 'potatoc-bings.'

Birdie, dim. of *bird*, also maidens: 'bonie birdies.' See also *Burdie*.

Birk, the birch.

Birken, birchen.

Birkie, a fellow [usually implies conceit].

Birr, force, vigour: 'wi' a' my burr.'

Birring, whirring: 'birring patricks.'

Birses, bristles: 'tirl the hullions to the birses.'

Birth, berth: 'a birth afore the mast.'

Bit, small [*e.g.* a bit beauty, bit brugh, bit lassie, etc.].

Bit, nick of time: 'just at the bit.'

Bitch-fou, completely drunk.

Bizz, a flurry: 'that day when in a bizz.'

Bizz, to buzz.

Bizzard, the buzzard.

Bizzie, busy.

Black-bonnet, the elder: 'a greedy glowr black-bonnet throws,' 'an' douse black-bonnet.'

Black-nebbit, black-beaked: 'black-nebbit Johnie.'

Blae, blue, livid.

Blastet, *blastit*, blasted [used in contempt = damn'd]: 'wee, blastit wonner,' 'creepin, blastit wonner,' 'onie blastit, moorland toop.'

Blastie, a blasted [*i.e.* damn'd] creature: 'the blastie's makin,' 'red-wud Kilbirnie blastie.'

Blate, (1) modest: 'owre blate to seek'; (2) bashful, shy: 'nor blate nor scaur,' 'some unco blate,' 'but blate an' laithfu,' 'young and blate,' 'steer her up, an' be na blate.'

Blather, bladder.

Blaud, a large quantity, a screed: 'a hearty blaud,' 'a blaud o' Johnie's morals.'

Blaud, to slap: 'he's the boy will blaud her.'
Blaudin, driving, pelting: 'the bitter, blaudin show'r.'

Blaw, to blow.

Blaw, to brag, to boast: 'blaw about mysel,' 'he brags and he blaws o' his siller.'

Blawing, blowing.

Blawn, blown.

Bleer, to blear.

Bleer't, bleared.

Blees'd, blazed.

Bleeze, a blaze.

Bleezin, blazing.

Blellum, (1) a babbler: 'drunken blellum';

(2) a railer: 'sour-mou'd, girnin blellum';

(3) a blusterer: 'to cove tne blellums.'

Blether, *blethers*, nonsense.

Blether, to talk nonsense.

Bletherin', talking nonsense.

Blin', blind.

Blin', to blind.

Blink, a glance, a moment, a short period [several examples of each of these meanings].

Blink, to glance, to shine.

Blinkers, (1) spies: 'seize the blinkers';

(2) ogles: 'delicious blinkers.'

Blinkin, blinking, shining.

Blinkin, (1) smirking: 'Blinkin Bess of Annandale'; (2) leering: 'are blinkin at the entry.'

Blin't, blinded: 'blin't his e'e.'

Blitter, the snipe: 'blitter frae the hoggie.'

Blue-gown, the livery of the licensed beggar: 'the Blue-gown badge.'

Bluid, blood.

Bludy, bloody.

Blume, to bloom.

Bluntie, a stupid [*i.e.* one who is n't sharp]: 'gar me look like bluntie.'

Blypes, shreds: 'till skin in blypes cam haulin.'

Bobbed, curtsied: 'When She Cam Ben She Bobbed.'

Bocked, vomited: 'or thro' the mining out-let bocked.'

Boddle, a farthing [properly two pennies Scots, or one-third of an English penny]: 'he car'd na deils a boddle,' 'I'll wad a boddle.'

Bodkin, tailor's needle: 'your bodkin's bauld.'

Body, *bodie*, a person, a creature.

Boggie, dim. of *bag*: 'the blitter frae the boggie.'

Bogle, a bogle, a hobgoblin: 'lest bogles catch him unawares,' 'nae nightly bogle make it eerie,' 'Ghaist nor bogle,' 'the silly bogles, Wealth and State.'

Bole, a hole, or small recess in the wall: 'there sat a bottle in a hole.'

Bonie, *bonnie*, pretty, beautiful.

Bonilie, prettily.

Bannock, *v. Bannock*.

Boon, above.

Boord, board, surface: 'the jingling icy boord.'

Boord-en', board end: 'sitting at yon boord-en.'

Boortrees, 'the shrub-elder, planted much of old in hedges of barnyards,' *etc.* (R. B.): 'thro' the boortrees comin.'

Boost, behave, must needs: 'I shortly boost to pasture,' 'like a blockhead, boost to ride.'

Boot, payment to the bargain: 'the boot and better horse,' 'the saul of boot,' 'O' boot that night.'

Bore, a chink, a small hole, an opening: 'thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,' 'the benmost bore,' 'to guard, or draw, or wick a bore.'

Botch, an angry tumor (R. B.): 'scabs and botches.'

Bouk, a human trunk [Eng. bulk: cf. 'to shatter all his bulk,' Shak. *Hamlet*, ii. i. 95]: 'and monie a bouk did fa'.'

Bout, about.

Bow-hough'd, bandy-thighed: 'she's bough-hough'd, she's hem-shin'd.'

Bow-kail, cabbage: 'wandered thro' the bow-kail,' 'his bow-kail runt.'

Bow't, bent: 'like a sow-tail sae bow't.'

Brachens, ferns: 'amang the brachens.'

See also *Breckan*.

Brae, a small hill, the slope of a hill.

Braid, broad.

Braid-claith, broadcloth.

Braik, a harrow: 'in plough or braik.'

Braing't, pulled rashly: 'thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit.'

Brak, broke.

Brake, broke.

Brak's, broke his.

Branks, a wooden curb, a bridle: 'As cheeks o' branks,' 'goavin's he'd been led wi' branks,' 'wi' braw new branks,' 'if the beast and branks be spar'd.'

Branky, spruce: 'whaur hae ye been sae brankie, O.'

Bran'y, brandy.

Brash, short illness: 'monie a pain an' brash.'

Brats, small pieces, rags: 'brats o' claes,' 'brats o' duddies.'

Brats, small children: 'our ragged brats and callets,' 'wives and dirty brats.'

Brattle, a spurt, a scamper: 'waur't thee for a brattle,' 'wi' bickering brattle.'

Brattle, noisy onset: 'brattle o' winter war.'

Braw, handsome, fine, gaily dressed [many examples of each of these meanings].

Brawlie, finely, perfectly, heartily.

Braxies, sheep that have died of braxie [a disease]: 'guid fat braxies.'

Breastie, dim. of *breast*.

Breastit, sprang forward: 'thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit.'

Brechan, a horse collar: 'a braw new brechan.'

Breckan, ferns: 'yon lone glen o' green brechan.' See also *Brachens*.

Breedin, breeding, *i.e.* manners: 'has nae sic breedin.'

Brecks, breeches.

Breer, briar.

Brent, brand: 'brent new frae France.'

Brent, straight, steep [*i.e.* not sloping from baldness]: 'your bonie brow was brent.'

Brief, writ: 'King David o' poetic brief.'

Brier, briar.

Briery, briary.

Brig, bridge.

Brisket, breast: 'thy weel-fill'd brisket.'

Brither, brother.

Brock, a badger: 'a stinking brock,' 'wilcat, brock, an' tod.'

Brogue, a trick: 'an' play'd on man a curs'd brogué.'

Broo, soup, broth: 'the flesh to him, the broo to me,' 'suppin' hen-broo,' 'dogslike broo.'

Broo, brew, liquid, water: 'the snaw-broo rowes,' 'I've borne aboon the broo.'

Brooses, wedding races from the church to the home of the bride: 'at brooses thou had ne'er a fellow.'

Brose, a thick mixture of meal and warm water, also a synonym for porridge: 'they maun hae brose,' 'then cogs o' brose,' 'ye butter'd my brose.'

Broust, malt liquor [and properly the whole liquor brewed at one time]: 'the broust she brew'd.'

Browster wives, ale wives: 'browster wives an' whisky-stills.'

Brough, a burgh, a borough.

Brulzie, *brulyie*, (1) a brawl: 'than mind sic brulzie'; (2) brangle: 'Hell mixed in the brulyie,' 'wha in a brulyie.'

Brunstane, brimstone.

Brunt, burned.

Brust, burst.

Buckie, dim. of *buck*, a smart younker: 'that daft buckie, Georgie Wales,' 'envious buckies.'

Buckle, a curl: 'his hair has a natural buckle.'

Buckskin, Virginian: 'the buckskins claw,' 'the buckskin kye.'

Budget, unker's bag of tools: 'the budget and the apron,' 'here's to budgets.'

Buff, to bang, to thump: 'buff our beef.'

Bughtin, folding [*i.e.* gathering sheep into the fold]: 'tells bughtin time is near, my jo.'

Buirdly, (1) stout, stalwart: 'buirdly chieks'; (2) stately: 'a filly buirdly.'

Bum, the buttocks: 'many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum.'

Bum, to hum: 'ayont the dyke she's heard you bummin,' 'bum owre their treasure.'

Bum-clock, the beetle: 'the bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone.'

Bummle, a drone, a useless fellow: 'some drowzy bummle.'

Bunker, a seat: 'a wunnock-bunker in the east.'

Bunters, harlots: 'and kissing barefit bunters.'

Burdies, dim. of *bird* or *bird* [a lady], maidens: 'ae blink o' the bonie burdies.' See also *Birdie*. Cf. *Burd Ellen*.

Bure, bore.

Burn, a rivulet.

Burnewin, the blacksmith [*i.e.* burn the wind]: 'then Burnewin comes on like death.'

Burnie, dim. of *burn* [a rivulet].

Burr-thistle, spear-thistle: 'the rough burr-thistle spreading wide.'

Busk, (1) to dress, to garb: 'New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,' 'they'll busk her like a fright,' 'busking bowers'; (2) to dress up: 'busks his skinkin patches'; (3) to trim, to adorn: 'her bonie buskit nest,' 'weel buskit up sae gaudy.'

Busking, v. *Busk*.

Buskit, v. *Busk*.

Buss, a bush: 'like a rash-buss stood in sight,' 'hut buss or bield.'

Bussle, bustle.

But, without.

But, butt, in the kitchen [*i.e.* the outer apartment], 'butt the house' = in the kitchen. See also *Hen*.

By, past, aside.

By, beside.

By himsel, beside himself, off his wits: 'monie a day was by himsel.'

Bye attour [*i.e.* 'by and attour' = beside and at a distance], moreover: 'bye attour my gutcher has.'

Byke, (1) a bees' nest, a hive: 'assail their byke'; (2) a swarm, a crowd: 'the glow-rin byke,' 'the hungry bike.'

Byre, a cowhouse.

Ca', a call.

Ca', to call.

Ca', a knock.

Ca', to knock [*e.g.* a nail], to drive [*e.g.* cattle].

Ca'd, ca't, called.

Ca'd, ca't, knocked, driven.

Cadger, a hawker: 'a cadger pownie's death,' 'like onie cadger's whup.'

Cadie, *caddie*, a varlet: 'e'en cove the cadie,' 'Auld-Light caddies.'

Caff, chaff.

Caird, a tinker.

Calf-ward, grazing plot for calves [*i.e.* churchyard].

Callan, *callant*, a stripling.

Caller, cool, refreshing: 'the caller air,' 'liddle fishes' caller rest.'

Callet, a trull: 'my bottle and my callet,' 'our ragged brats and callets.'

Cam, came.

Canie, *cannie*, (1) gentle: 'bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,' 'cannie young

man'; (2) tractable: 'tawie, quiet, an cannie', (3) quiet: 'a cannie errand,' 'a cannie hour at e'en,' 'then cannie,' 'kind and cannie'; (4) prudent: 'wi' cannie care'; (5) careful: 'cannie for hoarding o' money.'

Cankrie, crabbed: 'O' cankrie Care.'

Canna, cannot.

Cannie, (1) gently: 'straik her cannie'; (2) quietly: 'slade cannie to her bed'; (3) sensibly: 'and cannie wale'; (4) carefully: 'I maun guide it cannie'; (5) expertly: 'nickin down fu' cannie.'

Canniest, quietest: 'the canniest gate, the strite is sair.'

Cannily, *cannily*, quietly, prudently, cautiously: 'cannilie he hums them,' 'cannily keekit ben,' 'cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.'

Cantie, cheerful, lively, jolly, merry [very many examples].

Cantraip, (1) magic: 'by cantraip wit,' 'cantraip sleight'; (2) witching: 'some cantraip hour.'

Cants, (1) merry stories: 'monie cracks and cants'; (2) canters or sprees or merry doings: 'a' my cants.'

Cape-stane, cope-stone.

Capon, castrate: 'their capon cries.'

Car'd na by, cared not a jot.

Care na by, (1) do not care, (2) care nothing, (3) care not although you do.

Carl, *carle* [from churl], a man, an old man.

Carl-hemp, male-hemp: 'thou stalk o' carl-hemp.'

Carlie, a mannikin: 'a fusionless carlie.'

Carlin, *carline*, a middle-aged, or old woman, a beldam, a witch.

Carmagnole, a violent Jacobin: 'that curst carmagnole Auld Satan.'

Cartes, playing cards.

Cartie, dim. of *cart*: 'or hurl in a cartie.'

Ca't, v. *Ca'd*.

Catch-the-plack, the hunt for coin.

Caudron, a caldron: 'fry them in his caudrons.' V. *Cauldron*.

Cauf, a calf.

Cauf-leather, calf-leather.

Cauk, chalk: 'o' cauk and keel' = in chalk and ruddle.

Cauld, cold.

Cauld, the cold.

Cauldness, coldness.

Cauldron, caldron: 'clout the cauldron.'
V. *Caudron*.

Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel [*i.e.* cup]:
'the lugget caup,' 'yill-caup commenta-
tors,' 'in cogs an' caups,' 'that kiss'd his
caup.'

Causey-cleaners, causeway-cleaners.

Cavie, a hen-coop: 'behint the chicken-
cavie.'

Chamer, *chaumer*, chamber.

Change-house, tavern.

Chanter, (1) bagpipes, the pipe of the bag-
pipes which produces the melody: 'your
chanters tune,' 'chanters winna hain';
(2) syn. for *song*: 'quat my chanter.'

Chap, a fellow, a young fellow.

Chap, to strike: 'ny chap the thicker.'

Chapman, a pedler.

Chaumer, v. *Chamer*.

Chaup (or *chap*), a stroke, a blow: 'at ev'ry
chaup.'

Chear, cheer, to cheer.

Chearfu, cheerful.

Chearless, cheerless.

Cheary, cheery.

Cheek-for-chow, cheek by jowl [*i.e.* close
beside]: 'cheek-for-chow a chuffie vint-
ner,' 'cheek-for-chow, shall jog thegither.'

Cheep, peep, squeak: 'wi' tuncfu' cheep,'
'cheeps like some bewildered chicken.'

Chiel, *chield* [*i.e.* child], a fellow, a young
fellow [indicates approval].

Chimla, chimney.

Chow, v. *Cheek-for-chow*.

Chows, chews.

Chuck, a hen, a dear: 'the martial chuck.'
Cf. 'pray chuck come hither,' Shak.

Othello, iv. 2. 24.

Chuckie, dim. of *chuck*, but usually signifies
mother-hen, an old dear: 'auld chuckie
Reekie,' 'a daintie[y] chuckie.'

Chuffie, fat-faced: 'a chuffie vintner.'

Chuse, to choose.

Cit, the civet: 'the cit and polecat stink.'

Cit, a citizen, a merchant.

Clachan, a small village about a church, a
hamlet (R. B.): 'the clachan yill,' 'Jock
Hornbook i' the clachan,' 'within the
clachan.'

Claeding, clothing.

Class, *claise*, clothes,

Claitth, cloth.

Claitthing, clothing.

Clavers, v. *Claviers*.

Clunkie, a severe knock: 'Clavers got a
clunkie, O.'

Clap, the clapper of a mill: 'and still the
clap plays clatter.'

Clark, clerkly, scholarly: 'learned and
clark.'

Clark, a clerk: 'like onie clark.'

Clarkit, clerked, wrote: 'in a bank and
clarkit.'

Clarty, dirty: 'clarty barm.'

Clash, an idle tale, the story of a day (R.
B.): 'the countra clash.'

Clash, to tattle.

Clatter, (1) noise: 'the clap players clatter'
[*i.e.* clapper], 'bade me mak nae clatter';
(2) tattle, gossip: 'kintra clatter'; (3)
talk: 'sangs and clatter,' 'anither gies
them clatter'; (4) disputation: 'a' this
clatter'; (5) babble: 'rhyming clatter.'

Clatter, (1) to make a noise by striking:
'the pint-stowp clatters,' 'gar him clatter',
'clatter on my stumps'; (2) to babble:
'the gossips clatter bright'; (3) to prattle:
'clatters,' 'Tam Samson's dead.'

Clauht, clutched, seized: 'clauht her by
the rump,' 'clauht th' unfading garland,'
Clauhtin, clutching, grasping: 'clauhtin
't together.'

Claut, (1) a clutch: 'our sinfu' saul to get
a claut on'; (2) a handful: 'a claut o'
gear.'

Claut, to scrape: 'ye claut my byre.'

Clautet, scraped: 'the laggen they hae
clautet.'

Claver, clover.

Clavers, (1) gossip: 'clavers and havers'
(2) nonsense: 'heaps o' clavers.'

Claw, a scratch, a blow.

Claw, to scratch, to strike.

Clay-cauld, clay-cold.

Claymore, a two-handed Highland sword:
'an' guid claymore,' 'wi' dirk, claymore.'

Cleckin, a brood: 'its minnie and the
cleckin.'

Cleed, to clothe.

Cleek, to snatch: 'cleek the sterlin' = pinch
the ready.

Cleekit, took hold: 'they cross'd, they cleekit.'

Cleg, gadfly: 'the clegs o' feeling stang.'

Clink, (1) a sharp stroke: 'her doup a clink'; (2) jingle: 'o' rhymin clink.'

Clink, (1) money, coin: 'o' needfu' clink'; (2) wealth: 'the name o' clink.'

Clink, to chink: 'he'll clink in the hand.'

Clink, to rhyme: 'mak it clink,' 'gar them clink.'

Clinkin, with a smart motion: 'clinkin' down beside him.'

Clinkum, Clinkumbell, the beadle, the bellman: 'auld Clinkum at the inner port,' 'Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow.'

Clips, shears: 'ne'er cross'd the clips.'

Clish-ma-claver, (1) gossip, tale-telling: 'for a' their clish-ma-claver'; (2) nonsense, idle talk: 'what farther clish-ma-claver might been said.'

Clockin-time, clucking- [= hatching-] time: 'the clockin-time is by.'

Cloot, the hoof in general, the half of the cloven hoof: 'upon her cloot she coost a hitch,' 'an' wear his cloots.'

Clootie, Cloots, Hoofie, Hoofs [a nickname of the Devil]: 'Auld Cloots,' 'Nick or Clootie,' 'auld Cloven-Clootie's haunts.'

Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow (R. B.): 'clours an' nicks.'

Clout, (1) a cloth, a rag: 'wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout'; (2) a patch: 'perhaps a clout may fail in 't.' See also *Babie-clout*.

Clout, to patch: 'clout the cauldron,' 'clout the bad girdin o' t,' 'reft and clouted,' 'cloutin a kettle.'

Clud, a cloud.

Clunk, to make a hollow sound: 'made the bottle clunk.'

Coatie, dim. of *coat*.

Coble, a broad and flat boat: 'wintle like a saumont-coble.'

Cock, the mark [in curling]: 'station at the cock.'

Cockie, dim. of *cock* [applied to an old man]: 'my guid auld cockie.'

Cocks, fellows, good fellows: 'my hearty cocks,' 'the wale o' cocks.'

Cod, a pillow: 'a cod she laid below my head,' 'the gradle wants a cod.'

Coff, bought: 'coft for her wee Nannie,' 'I coft a stane o' haslock woo,' 'that coft enjoyment.'

Cog, (1) a wooden drinking-vessel: 'in

cogs an' caups,' 'in cog or bicker,' 'cog an' ye were ay fou,' 'a cog o' guid swats'; (2) a porridge-dish: 'their cogs o' brose'; (3) a corn measure for horses: 'thy cog a wee bit heap.'

Coggie, dim. of *cog*, a little dish.

Coil, Coila, Kyle [one of the ancient districts of Ayrshire].

Collie, (1) a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs (R. B.); (2) a sheep-dog: 'a ploughman's collie.'

Collieshangie, a squabble: 'or how the collieshangie works.'

Cood, cud.

Coof, v. *Cuif*.

Cookin, rooking.

Cookit, hid: 'cookit underneath the braes.'

Coor, cover: 'coor their fuds.'

Cooser, a courser, a stallion: 'a perfect kintra cooser.'

Coost [i.e. cast], (1) looped: 'coost a hitch'; (2) threw off: 'coost their claes,' 'coost her duddies'; (3) tossed: 'Maggie coost her head'; (4) chucked: 'coost it in a corner.'

Cootie, a small pail: 'the brunstane cootie.'

Cootie, leg-plumed: 'cootie moorcocks.'

Corbies, ravens, crows: 'corbies and clergy.'

Core, corps.

Corn mou, corn heap: 'commend me to the corn mou.'

Corn't, fed with corn: 'thou was corn't.'

Corse, corpse: 'the pale corse on the plain.'

Corss, cross: 'Mauchline Corss.'

Cou'dna, couldna, could n't.

Countra, country.

Coup, to capsize: 'coup the cran' = upset the pot.

Couthie, couthy, (1) loving: 'couthie Fortune'; (2) affable: 'fu' couthy and sweet.'

Couthie, comfortably: 'kindle couthie, side by side.'

Cowe, to scare, to daunt: 'cowe the cadie,' 'cowe the louns,' 'cowe the blellums,' 'cowe the lairds,' 'cowe the rebel generation.'

Cowe, to crop: 'cowe her measure shorter.'

Crack, (1) tale: 'tell your crack'; (2) a chat: 'a hearty crack,' 'ca' the crack' = have a chat; (3) talk: 'hear your crack,' 'for crack that day.'

Crack, to chat, to talk: 'the father cracks

- of horses,' 'wha will crack to me my lane.'
- Crackin*, conversing: 'crackin crouse.'
- Cracks*, (1) stories: 'cracks and cants'; (2) conversation: 'gashing at their cracks,' 'an' friendly cracks.'
- Craft*, croft.
- Craft-rig*, croft-ridge.
- Craig*, the throat: 'that nicket Abel's craig.'
- Craig*, a crag.
- Craigie*, dim. of *craig*, the throat: 'weet my craigie,' 'thy bonie craigie.'
- Craigy*, craggy.
- Craik*, the corn-crake, the land-rail: 'the craik amang the clover hay,' 'mourn clam'ring craiks, at close o' day.'
- Crambo-clink*, rhyme: 'live by crambo-clink.'
- Crambo-jingle*, rhyming: 'I to the crambo-jingle fell.'
- Cran*, the support for a pot or kettle: 'coup the cran.'
- Crankous*, fretful: 'in crankous mood.'
- Cranks*, creakings: 'what tuneless cranks.'
- Cranreuch*, hoar-frost, rime: 'cranreuch cauld,' 'hoary cranreuch drest.'
- Crap*, crop.
- Crap*, to crop: 'that crap the heather bud.'
- Craps*, (1) crops: 'his craps and kye,' (2) tops: 'craps o' heather' = heather-tops.
- Craw*, crow.
- Creel*, an osier basket: 'my senses wad be in a creel' = I would be perplexed, 'in Death's fish-creel,' 'nieves, like midden-creels.'
- Creepie-chair*, stool of repentance: 'mount the creepie-chair.' See also *Cutty-stools*.
- Creeshie*, greasy.
- Crocks*, old ewes: 'tent the waifs an' crocks.'
- Cronie*, intimate friend.
- Crooded*, cooed: 'a cushat crooded o'er me.'
- Croods*, coos: 'the cushat croods.'
- Croon*, (1) moan: 'wi' eldritch croon'; (2) a low: 'an outler quey gat up an' gae a croon,' (3) note: 'the melancholious croon,' 'melancholious, sairie croon.'
- Croon*, to toll: 'jow an' croon.'
- Croon'd*, hummed: 'croon'd his gamut.'
- Crooning*, humming: 'crooning to a body's sel,' 'crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet.'
- Croose*, *crouse*, (1) cocksure: 'keen an' croose'; (2) set: 'when I grow crouse'; (3) proud: 'crouse and canty.'
- Crouchie*, hunchbacked: 'crouchie Merran Humphie.'
- Crouse*, cheerfully: 'crackin crouse.' V *Croose*.
- Crouselv*, confidently: 'crouselv crawl.'
- Crowdie*, meal and cold water, meal and milk, porridge: 'wi' crowdie unto me,' 'ance crowdie, twice crowdie,' etc.
- Crowdie-time*, porridge-time [*i.e.* breakfast-time].
- Crowlin*, crawling: 'ye crowlin ferlie.'
- Crumme*, a horned cow: 'auld Crummie's nicks.'
- Crummock*, *cummock*, a cudgel, a crooked staff [cf. the Gaelic or Welsh *cam* or *cum* = the crook of a stick, and *camon* = Irish hockey]: 'louping and flinging on a crummock,' 'on a cummock driddle.'
- Crump*, crisp: 'farls . . . fu' crump.'
- Crunt*, a blow: 'wi' hearty crunt.'
- Cuddle*, to fondle: 'bairns' bairns kindly cuddle,' 'cuddle my kimmer.'
- Cuddl'd*, fondled: 'cuddl'd me late and early.'
- Cuif*, *coof*, (1) a dolt, a ninny, a weakling: 'fumbiing cuifs,' 'blockhead, coof,' 'coofs on countless thousands rant,' 'cuifs o' later times,' 'a wealthy coof,' 'a coof . . . wi' routh o' gear,' 'he's but a cuif,' 'will be nae coof'; (2) a dastard: 'a cuif like him.'
- Cummock*, v. *Crummock*.
- Curch*, a kerchief for the head: 'her curch sae clean,' 'I tint my curch.'
- Curchie*, a curtsy: 'wi' a curchie low did stoop.'
- Curler*, one who plays at curling [a game on the ice]: 'the curlers quat their roaring play,' 'to the loughs the curlers flock.'
- Curmurring*, commotion: 'curmurring in his guts.'
- Curpin*, the crupper of a horse: 'hauris at his curpin.'
- Curple*, the crupper [*i.e.* buttocks]: 'hingin owre my curple.'
- Cushat*, the wood pigeon.

Custock, the pith of the colewort: 'gif the custock's sweet or sour.'

Cutes, feet [properly of an animal]: ankles: 'her bonie cutes sae sma.'

Cutty, short: 'cutty sark,' 'cutty sarks.'

Cutty-stools, stools of repentance: 'daft bargains, cutty-stools.'

Dad, daddie, father.

Dacs't, dazed.

Daffin, larking, fun: 'to spend an hour in daffin,' 'fits o' daffin,' 'towsing a lass i' my daffin.'

Daft, mad, foolish.

Dails, planks: some carryin dails.'

Daimen icker, an odd ear of corn: 'a daimen icker in a thrave.'

Dam, pent up water, urine: 'ye tine your dam.'

Damie, dim. of *dame*.

Dang, dung [pret. of *ding*].

Danton, v. *Daunton*.

Darena, dare not.

Darg, labor, task, a day's labor: 'nought but his han' darg,' 'monie a sair darg.'

Darklins, in the dark: 'an' darklins grapit for the bauks.'

Daud, to pelt: 'set the bairns to daud her,' 'the bitter, daudin showers.'

Daunton, to daunt.

Daur, dare.

Daurna, dare not.

Daur't, dared.

Daut, dawte, to fondle, to pet: 'I kiss and daut thee,' 'kiss and dawte.'

Dautet, dawtit, petted: 'unco muckle dautet,' 'dawtit wal-pint hawkie.'

Daw, to dawn: 'the day may daw.'

Dawds, lumps, large portions: 'an' dawds that day.'

Dawing, dawning.

Dawtingly, pettingly, caressingly: 'dawtingly did cheer me.'

Dead-sweer, extremely reluctant.

Dearie, dim. of *dear*.

Deave, to deafen.

Deevil, v. *Deil*.

Deil, devil. •

Deil-haet (1) nothing [Devil have it]: 'the deil-haet ails them'; (2) Devil have my soul: 'the devil-haet that I sud ban.'

Deil-ma-care, no matter [the Devil may care, but not I].

Deleerret, delirious, mad: 'an' liv'd an' died deleerret.'

Delvin, digging: 'dubs of your ain delvin.'

Dern'd, hid [from the Old Eng. *dearn* or *dern*: 'that dern time,' Craig's Oxford Shak. *King Lear*, iii. 1. 62]: 'dern'd in dens and hollows.'

Describe, to describe.

Deuk's, the duck has: 'The Deuk's Darg O'er My Daddie.'

Deuks, ducks: 'your deuks and geese.'

Devel, a stunning blow: 'an unco devel.'

Diddle, to move quickly [of fiddling]: 'elbuck jink an' diddle.'

Dight, to wipe.

Dight, winnowed, sifted: 'the cleanest corn that e'er was dight.'

Din, dun, muddly of complexion: 'dour and din.'

Ding, to beat, to surpass.

Ding, be beaten or upset: 'facts are chieils that winna ding.'

Dink, tism: 'my lady's dink, my lady's drest.'

Dinna, do not.

Dirl, to vibrate, to ring: 'played dirl' = went tinkle, 'roof and rafters a' dirl,' 'she dirl'd them aff fu' clearly.'

Diz'n, dizzen, dozen.

Dochter, daughter. •

Doggie, dim. of *dog*.

Doited, (1) muddled: 'doited Lear,' 'a doited monkish race,' 'my very senses doited'; (2) stupid, bewildered: 'doited stots,' 'the doited beastie stammers,' 'sae doited and blin'.

Donsie, (1) vicious, bad-tempered: 'ye ne'er was donsie'; (2) restive: 'their donsie tricks'; (3) testy: 'ye wad na been sae donsie, O.'

Dool, (1) woe: 'sing dool,' 'may dool and sorrow be his lot,' 'O, dool on the day'; (2) sorrow: 'to sit in dool,' 'bitter in dool,' 'care and dool,' 'dool and care'; (3) 'dool to tell' = sad to tell.

Doolfu, doleful, woful: 'doolfu' clamour,' 'the doolfu' tale.'

Dorty, pettish: 'tho' a minister grow dorty.'

Douce, douse, sedate, sober, serious, prudent: 'douce honest woman,' 'O ye douce

folk, 'douce or merry tale,' 'douce conveners,' 'douce folk,' 'thrifty citizens an' douce,' 'douce Wisdom's door,' 'for ye sae douce,' 'sae cursèd douce.'

Douce, doucelly, dousely, (1) sedately: 'douce hingin owre my curple'; (2) prudently: 'doucely manage our affairs,' 'doucely fill a throne.'

Doudl'd, dandled: 'doudl'd me up on his knee.'

Dought [pret. of *dow*], could: 'as lang's he dought,' 'dp what I dought,' 'dought na bear us.'

Douked, ducked: 'in monie a well been douked.'

Doup, the bottom.

Doup-skelper, bottom-smacker: 'vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph.'

Dour, doure, (1) stubborn, obstinate: 'teughly doure,' 'the tither's dour,' 'and Sackville doure,' 'dour and din'; (2) cutting: 'fell and doure.'

Douse, v. Louce.

Douser, sedater: 'oughtilins douser.'

Dow, dowe, am [is or are] able, can: 'the best they dow,' 'dow but hoyte and hobble,' 'as lang's I dow,' 'dow scarcely spread her wing,' 'hirples twa-fold as he dow,' 'dow nocht but glow'r.'

Dow, a dove, a pigeon: 'like frightened dows, man.'

Dowf, dowff, *dull: 'her dowff excuses,' 'dowff an' dowilie,' 'dowf and weary.'

Dowie, drooping, mournful: 'our Bardie, dowie,' 'dowie, stiff and crazy,' 'dowie she saunters,' 'I wander dowie up the glen,' 'some that are dowie.'

Dowie, mournfully: 'his sad complaining dowie raves.'

Dowilie, drooping: 'dowff and dowilie they creep.'

Dowma, cannot.

Dowma-do, cannot-do.

Doylt, stupid, stupefied: 'doylt, drucken hash,' 'he's doylt and he's dozin.'

Doytin, doddering: 'cam doytin by.'

Dozen'd, torpid: 'dearest member nearly dozen'd.'

Dozin, torpid: 'he's doylt and he's dozin.'

Draig't, dragged.

Drants, prosings: 'to wait on their drants.'

Drop, drop.

Drappie, dim. of *drop*.

Draunting, tedious: 'draunting drivel.'

Dree, (1) endure: 'dree the kintra clatter';

(2) suffer: 'the pangs I dree.'

Dreigh, v. Driegh.

Dribble, drizzle: 'the winter's sleety dribble.'

Driddle, to toddle: 'us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,' 'on a cummock driddle.'

Driegh, tedious, dull: 'stable-meals . . . were driegh,' 'the moor was dreigh.'

Droddum, the breech: 'dress your droddum.'

Drone, part of the bagpipe.

Droop-rumplt, short-rumped: 'droop-rumplt cattle.'

Drouk, to wet, to drench: 'to drouk the stourie tow.'

Droukit, wetted, soaked: 'my droukit sark-sleeve.'

Drouth, thirst: 'Scotland's drouth,' 'their hydra drouth,' 'holy drouth.'

Drouthy, thirsty: 'drouthy neebors,' 'drouthy cronie.'

Druken, drucken, drunken.

Drumlie, (1) muddy: 'drumlie German-water,' 'the drumlie Dutch'; (2) turbid: 'drumlie wave,' 'waters never drumlie'; (3) dull: 'drumlie winter.'

Drummock, raw meal and cold water: 'a bellyfu' o' drummock.'

Drunt, the huff: 'took the drunt.'

Dry, thirsty: 'confoundedly dry,' 'a' dry wi' drinken o't.'

Dry, dryly: 'answer him fu' dry.'

Dub, puddle, slush: 'thro' dub and mire,' 'thro' dirt and dub.'

Dub, a puddle: 'gumlie dubs,' 'the burning dub.'

Duddie, ragged: 'tho' e'er sae duddie,' 'dud-die weans,' 'duddie boy,' 'duddie, desperate beggar.'

Duddies, dim. of *duds*, rags: 'coost her duddies,' 'their orra duddies,' 'brats o' duddies.'

Duds, rags, clothes: 'wi' reekit duds,' 'pawnd' their duds,' 'flaffin wi' duds,' 'tartan duds,' 'shook his duds.'

Dung, v. Dang.

Dunted, throbbed: 'wi' lifeblood dunted.'

Dunts, blows.

Durk, dirk.

Dusht, touched: 'eerie's I'd been dusht.'

Dwalling, dwelling.

Dwalt, dwelt.

Dyke, (1) a fence [of stone or turf], a wall: 'a sheugh or dyke,' 'biggin a dyke,' 'yont the dyke,' 'your lives a dyke,' 'sun our-sels about the dyke,' 'about the dykes,' 'owre a dyke,' 'lap o'er the dyke.'

Dyke-back, the back of a fence.

Dyke-side, side of a fence: 'a lee dyke-side.'

Dyvor, a bankrupt: 'rot the dyvors,' 'dyvor, beggar loons.'

Far', early.

Eastlin, eastern.

E'e, eye.

E'ebrie, eyebrow.

Een, eyes.

E'en, even.

E'en, evening.

E'enin, evening.

E'er, ever.

Eerie, apprehensive, inspiring ghostly fear [many examples of both meanings].

Eld, old.

Eke, also.

Elbuck, elbow.

Eldritch, (1) unearthly: 'eldritch squeel,' 'eldritch croon,' 'an eldritch, stoor "quaick, quaick,"' 'eldritch laugh,' 'eldritch skriech'; (2) haunted: 'eldritch tower'; (3) fearsome: 'eldritch part.'

Elekt, elected.

Ell [Scots], thirty-seven inches.

Eller, elder: 'me the Eller's dochter.'

Ein', end.

Enough, enough.

Enfauld, infold.

Enow, enough.

Erse, Gaelic: 'a Lallan tongue or Erse.'

Ether-stane, adder-stone: 'and make his ether-stane.'

Ettle, aim: 'wi' furious ettle.'

Evermair, evermore.

Ev'n down, downright, positive: 'ev'n down want o' wark.'

Expeckit, expected.

Eydent, diligent: 'wi' an eydent hand.'

Fa', fall, to fall.

Fa', lot, portion.

Fa', (1) to have: 'best deserves to fa' that';

(2) suit: 'weel does Selkirk fa' that';

(3) claim: 'guid faith he mauna fa' that.' Cf. Alexander Scott's *When His Wife Left Him*: 'For fient a crumb of thee she fa's' [i.e. claims].

Faddom'd fathomed.

Fae, foe.

Faem, foam.

Faiket, let off, excused: 'sic han's as you sud ne'er be faiket.'

Fain, fond, glad: V. *Fidgin-fain*.

Fainness, fondness: 'wi' fainness grat.'

Fair fa', good befall! welcome! 'fair fa' your honest sonsie face,' 'fair fa' my collier laddie.' Cf. 'fair fall the bones that took the pains for me,' Shak. *King John*, i. 1. 78.

Fairin, a present from a fair: 'he gets his fairin,' 'thou 'll get thy fairin.'

Fallow, fellow.

Fa'n, fallen.

Fand, found.

Far-aff, far-off.

Farls, small, thin oat-cakes: 'farls, bak'd wi' butter.'

Fash, annoyance: 'to gie ane fash,' 'or fash o' fools.'

Fash, (1) to trouble: 'fash your thumb' = care a rap; 'I never fash' = I never trouble about; 'fash your head'; (2) worry: 'fash me for 't,' 'fash nae mair.'

Fash'd, *fash't*, (1) bothered: 'they're fash't enough,' 'they seldom fash't him'; (2) irked: 'fash'd wi' fleshly lust.'

Fashious, troublesome: 'fin' them fashious.'

Fasten-e'en, Fasten's Even [the evening before Lent].

Faught, a fight.

Fauld, the sheep-fold.

Fauld, folded: 'within his mouth was fauld.'

Faulding, folding, sheep-folding: 'a-faulding let us gang,' 'faulding slap' = fold gate: 'steeks his faulding slap.'

Faun, fallen.

Fause, false.

Fause-house, hole in a cornstack: 'kiutlin in the fause-house,' 'the fause-house in her min'.

Faut, fault.

Fautor, transgressor: 'syne, say I was a fautor,' 'tho' he be the fautor.'

Fausont, (1) seemly, well-doing: 'honest

fawsont folk'; (2) good-looking: 'aught-lins fawsont.'

Feat, spruce.

Fecht, a fight.

Fecht, to fight.

Feck, the bulk, the most part: 'the feck of a' the Ten Comman's, 'the feck o' my life.'

Feck, value, return: 'for little feck.'

Fecket, (1) sleeve-waistcoat [used by farm-servants as both vest and jacket]: 'got me by the fecket'; (2) waistcoat [without sleeves]: 'his fecket is white.'

Feckless, weak, pithless, feeble: 'as feckless as a wither'd rash,' 'an auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter.'

Feckly, partly, or mostly: 'carts . . . are feckly new.'

Feg, a fig.

Fegs, faith! 'but fegs! the Session.'

Feide, feud: 'wi' deadly feide.'

Feint, v. *Fient*.

Feirrie, lusty: 'the feirrie auld wife.'

Fell, (1) keen, cruel, dreadful, deadly [many examples of each shade of meaning]; (2) pungent: 'her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell.'

Fell, the cuticle under the skin: 'the skin an' fell.' Cf. 'flesh and fell,' Shak. *King*

Lear, v. 3. 24.

Felly, relentless: 'felly spite.'

Fen, a shift: 'might mak a fen.'

Fen, *fend*, (1) to look after, to care for: 'fend themsel'; (2) keep off: 'fend the show'rs'; (3) defend: 'fecht and ten' = shift for themselves; 'how do ye fen'? = how are you getting on?

Fenceless, defenceless.

Ferlie, *ferly*, (1) a wonder [implying also disgust]: 'ye crowlin ferlie'; (2) 'nae ferlie[y]' = no wonder, no marvel.

Ferlie, to marvel: 'an' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.'

Fetches, catches, gurgles: 'fetches at the thrapple.'

Fetch't, stopped suddenly: 'braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit.'

Fey, fated to death: 'fey men died.'

Fidge, (1) to fidget, to wriggle: 'fidge your back,' 'fidge an' claw'; (2) 'fidge fu' fain' = tingle with delight; (3) 'fidge'd fu' fain' = fidgeted with fondness.

Fidgin-fain, (1) tingling wild: 'fidgin-fain to bear t'; (2) tingling with fondness.

Fiel, well: 'haps me fiel and warm.'

Fient, fiend, a petty oath (R. B.).

Fient a, not a: 'the fient a' = nothing of a.

Fient haet, nothing [fiend have it].

Fient haet o', not one of.

Fient-ma-care, the fiend may care [I don't!].

Fier, *fier*, companion: 'my trusty fier[c].'

Fier, sound: 'hale and fier.'

Fin, to find.

Fish-creel, v. *Creel*.

Fistle, tingle, fidget with delight [it is also used of the agitation caused by frying]: 'gai me fistle.'

Fit, foot.

Fittie-lan, the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough: 'a noble fittie-lan.'

Flac, a flea.

Flaffin, flapping: 'flaffin wi' duds.'

Flainin, *flanmen*, flannel.

Flang, flung.

Flee, to fly.

Fleech'd, wheedled: 'Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd.'

Fleechin, wheedling: 'a fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication.'

Fleesh, fleece: 'a bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips.'

Fleg, (1) either a scare [as the word is used by Ramsay], or a blow: 'jirt an' fleg'; (2) action, movement: 'uncouth countra fleg.'

Fleth'rin, flattering: 'fleth'rin dedication.'

Flewit, a sharp lash: 'a hearty flewit.'

Fley, to scare: 'Want and Hunger fley me.'

Fley'd, scared: 'fley'd an' eerie,' 'but be na fley'd,' 'fley'd awa.'

Flichterin, fluttering: as young nestlings when their dam approaches (R. B.); 'flichterin noise and glee.'

Flinders, shreds, broken pieces (R. B.).

Flinging, kicking out in dancing, capering: 'louping and flinging on a crummock.'

Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail (R. B.): 'the thresher's weary flingin-tree.'

Fliskit, fretted, capered: 'fetch't an' fliskit.'

Flut, to shift.

Fluttering, fluttering.

Flyte, scold: 'e'en let her flyte her fill.'

Fock, *focks*, folk.

Fodgel, dumpy: 'a fine, fat, fodgel wight.'

Foor, fared [*i.e.* went]: 'o'er the moor they lightly foor.'

Fooraday, Thursday.

Forbears, *forebears*, forefathers.

Forby, *forbye*, besides.

Forfurn, (1) worn out: 'wi' crazy eild I 'm sair torfurn'; (2) forlorn: 'Fenwick, sair forfurn.'

Forfoughten, exhausted [*i.e.* by labour or conflict]: 'tho' forfoughten, sair eneugh.'

Forgather, to meet with, to fall in with.

Forgie, to forgive.

Forjesket, jaded with fatigue (R. B.): 'forjesket sair, with weary legs.'

Forrit, forward.

Fother, fodder.

Fou, *fow*, full [*i.e.* drunk].

Foughten, troubled [*i.e.* by conflict with difficulties]: 'sae foughten an' harass'd.' See *Forfoughten*.

Foursome, a quartette: 'foursome reels.'

Fouth, fulness, abundance: 'fouth o' auld nick-nackets.'

Fow, v. *Fou*.

Fow, a bushel.

Frae, from.

Freath, to froth.

Fremit, estranged, hostile: 'is now a fremit knight.'

Fu', full. V. also *Fou*.

Fu'-han't, full-handed [having abundance]: 'ay fu'-han't is fechtin best.'

Fud, a short tail [of a rabbit or hare]: 'cock your fud fu' braw,' 'to coor their fuds.'

Fuff't, puffed: 'she fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt.'

Fur, *furr*, a furrow.

Fur-ahin, the hindmost plough-horse in the furrow: 'my fur-ahin's a wordy beast.'

Furder, success.

Furder, to succeed.

Furm, a wooden form.

Fusionless, pithless, sapless, tasteless: 'he is but a fusionless carlie.'

Fyke, fret: 'as bees bizz out wi' angry fyke.'

Fyke, (1) to fuss: 'fyke an' fumble'; (2) to fidget [*i.e.* from annoyance or pain]: 'until ye fyke.'

Fyle, to defile, to foul: 'her face wad fyle the Logan Water.'

Fyled, soiled: 'that tyl'd his shins.'

Gab, the mouth, the jaw: 'his gab did gape,' 'steck your gab for ever,' 'she held up her greedy gab,' 'his toothless gab,' 'set a' their gabs a-steerin.'

Gab, to talk, to speak: 'gab like Boswell.'

Gabs, talk: 'some wi' gabs.'

Gae, gave.

Gae, to go.

Gaed, went.

Gaen, gone.

Gaets, ways, manners: 'learn the gaets.'

Gairs, slashes: 'my lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't.'

Gane, gone.

Gang, to go.

Gangrel, vagrant: 'o' randie, gangre. bodies.'

Gar, to cause, to make, to compel.

Gar't, made, compelled.

Garten, garter.

Garten'd, gartered.

Gash, (1) wise: 'a gash an' faithfu' tyke';

(2) self-complacent [implying prudence and prosperity]: 'here farmers gash';

(3) talkative and self-complacent: 'a gawsie, gash guidwife.'

Gashing, talking, gabbing: 'gashing at their cracks.'

Gat, got.

Gate, way, road, manner.

Gatty, enervated: 'auld an' gatty.'

Gaucie, v. *Gawsie*.

Gaud, a goad.

Gaudsman, goadsman, driver of the plough-team: 'a gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other.'

Gau'n, Gavin.

Gaun, going.

Gaunted, gaped, yawned: 'I've grain'd and gaunted.'

Gawky, a foolish woman or lad [the female of *gowk*, *g.v.*]: 'gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools.'

Gawky, cuckooing, foolish: 'the senseless, gawky million.' Cf. *A Dream*, stanza ii, lines 3-4: —

'God save the King's a cuckoo song,
That's unco easy said ay.'

Gawsie, (1) buxom: 'her strappin limb an' gawsie middle'; (2) buxom and 'jolly': 'a gawsie, gash guidwife'; (3) big and joyous: 'his gawsie tail.'

Gaylies, gaily: 'but they do gaylies.'

Gear, (1) money, wealth; (2) goods; (3) stuff: 'taste sic gear as Johnie brews.'

Geck, (1) to sport: 'may Freedom geck'; (2) to toss the head: 'ye geck at me because I'm poor.'

Ged, a pike: 'and geds for greed,' 'Johnie Ged's Hole' = the grave.

Gentles, gentry.

Genty, trim and elegant: 'genty waist,' 'her genty limbs.'

Genty, trimly: 'sae genty sma.'

Geordie, dim. of *George*, a guinea.

Get, issue, offspring, breed: 'nae get o' moorlan tips,' 'a true, guid fallow's get.'

Ghaist, ghost.

Gie, to give.

Gied, gave.

• *Gien*, given.

Gif, if.

Giftie, dim. of *gift*.

Giglets, giggling youngsters or maids: 'the giglets keckle.' Cf. 'a giglet wench' = a light woman, Shak. 1 *Henry VI.*, iv. 7. 41.

Gillie, dim. of *gill* [glass of whisky].

Gilpey, young girl: 'I was a gilpey then.'

Gimmer, a young ewe.

Gin, (1) if, should, whether; (2) by: 'their hearts o' stane, gin nicht, are gane.'

Girdle, plate of metal for firing cakes, bannocks, etc.: 'the vera girdle rang.'

Girn, (1) to grin, to twist the face [but from pain or rage, not joy]: 'it makes good fellows girn an' gape'; (2) gapes: 'that girns for the fishes and loaves'; (3) snarls: 'girns and looks back.'

Girnin, grinning, snarling [see under *Girn*]: 'wi' girnin spite,' 'thy girnin laugh,' 'every sour-mou'd girnin blellum.'

Giss, wig: 'an' reestit gizz.' See also *Jis*.

Glaikit, foolish, thoughtless, giddy: 'glaikit Folly's portals,' 'I'm red ye're glaikit,' 'ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,' 'glaikit Charlie.'

Glaissie, glossy, shiny: 'sleek an' glaizie.'

Glaum'd, grasped [Coll. a 'glaum' or 'glam' = a 'grab']: 'glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.'

Gled, a hawk, a kite [Anglo-Sax. 'Gleida' = the glider]: 'a bizzard gled,' 'or I had fed an Athole gled.'

Gleede, a glowing coal, a blaze [Anglo-Sax. 'Glēd'; cf. 'the cruel ire reed [red] as any gleede,' Chaucer, *Night's Tale*, *Canterbury Tales*, 1997]: 'cheery blinks the ingle-gleede.'

Gleg, (1) nimble: 'gleg as onie wumble'; (2) sharp, quick, keen: 'Death's gleg gullie,' 'as gleg's a whittle'; (3) keen-witted: 'he's gleg enough,' 'wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,' 'gleg as light are lover's een.'

Gleg, smartly: 'he'll shape you aff fu' gleg.'

Gleib, a portion: 'a gleib o' lan'.

Glub-gabbet, smooth-tongued.

Glinted, sparkled: 'thou glinted forth,' 'glinted by.'

Glintin: 'wi' glorious light was glintin,' V. *Glinted*.

Gloamin, (1) gloaming, twilight, dusk [gleaming of light after the sun has set]: 'an' darker gloamin brought the night,' 'when ance life's day draws near the gloamin,' 'the hour o' gloamin grey,' 'beside me gin the gloamin,' 'now it was the gloamin'; (2) 'gloamin-shot' = sunset.

Glow'r, a stare.

Glow'r, to stare.

Glowrin, staring.

Glunch, a frown, a growl: 'twists his gruntle wi' a glunch.'

Glunch, to frown, to growl.

Goavin, (1) looking dazedly: 'goavin's he'd been led wi' branks'; (2) mooning: 'idly goavin, whyles we saunter.'

Gorcock, the moorcock: 'the gorcock springs on whirring wings,' 'where gorcocks thro' the heather pass.'

Gotten, got.

Gowan, the wild or mountain daisy.

Gowany, covered with wild daisies.

Gowd, gold.

Gowdie, the head: 'heels o'er gowdie' = topsy-turvy.

Gowff'd, struck as in the game of golf: 'gowff'd Willie like a ba', man.'

Gowk, the cuckoo, a dolt: 'Conceited gowk,' 'Andro' Gowk,' 'gowks and fools.'

Gowling, lamenting [as a dog in grief]: 'Misfortunes gowling bark.'

Grass, (1) a grave: 'cauld in his grass.'

'your green graff'; (2) a vault: 'your marble graffs.'

Grain'd, groaned.

Graip, a dung-fork.

Graith, (1) implements, gear: 'ploughmen gather wi' their graith'; (2) instruments: 'her spinnin-graith'; (3) furniture of all kinds: 'a' my graith'; (4) attire, garb: 'farmers gash in ridin graith,' 'in shootin graith adorned,' 'in heav'nly graith.'

Graithing, gearing, vestments: 'Episcopal graithing.'

Grane, a groan.

Grane, to groan.

Grannie, *Graunie*, grandmother.

Grape, grope.

Graped, *grapet*, groped.

Grat, wept.

Graunie, v. *Grannie*.

Gree, (1) the prize [degree]. 'bear'st the gree' = tak'st the prize; 'carry the gree' = bear the bell; 'bear the gree' = have the first place; 'bure the gree' = bore off the prize [*i.e.* won the victory]; 'wan the gree' = gained the prize.

Gree, to agree.

Greet, agreed.

Greet, to weep.

Greetin, weeping.

Groanin maut, groaning malt.

Grozet, a gooseberry: 'plump an' grey as onie grozet.'

Grumhie, the pig: 'wha was it but grumhie.'

Grun, the ground.

Gruntle, the face, the phiz: 'twists his grundle.'

Gruntle, dim. of *grunt*: 'a grane an' grundle.'

Grunzie, the snout: 'she dights her grunzie wi' a hushion.'

Grushie, growing: 'grushie weans an' faithfu' wives.'

Grutten, wept.

Gude, God.

Guid [also *Gude*], good.

Guid-cen, [also *Gudeen*], good evening.

Guid-father, father-in-law.

Guid-man [also *Gude-man*], the husband.

Guid-wife [also *Gude-wife*], the mistress of the house, the landlady.

Guid-Willie [also *Gude-Willie*], hearty,

full of good-will: 'a right guid-willie waught.'

Gullie, *gully*, a large knife: 'see, there's a gully,' 'Death's gleg gullie,' 'iang-kail gullie.'

Gumlie, muddy: 'gunlie dubs of your ain delvin,' 'gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.'

Gumption, wisdom, skill [sometimes of the nostrum variety]: 'her cracks wi' a' their gumption.'

Gusty, tasty: 'an' gusty sucker.'

Gutcher, goodsire, grandfather: 'Bye attour my gutcher has.'

Ha', hall.

Ha' folk, the servants: 'the ha' folk fill their pech'n.'

Haddin, holding, inheritance: 'Hell for his haddin.'

Hae, have.

Haet, v. *Devil-haet*, and *Fient-haet*.

Haffet, *hauffet*, the temple, the side of the head: 'in some beggar's hauffet,' 'her haffet locks as brown's a berry.'

Haffets, side-locks: 'his lyart haffets.'

Haffins, half, partly: 'haffins is afraid to speak,' 'like haffins-wise o'ercomes him' = nearly half overcomes him.

Hag, a moss, a broken bog: 'owre monie a weary hag,' 'sendin the stuff o'er mairs an' haggis.'

Haggis, a special Scots pudding, made of sheep's entrails, onions, and oatmeal boiled in a sheep's stomach [the *pièce de résistance* at Burns Club dinners, and an esteemed antidote to whisky].

Hain, to spare, to save.

Harst, *har'st*, harvest.

Haith, faith [an oath].

Haivers, v. *Havers*.

Hal', *hald*, holding, possession: 'house an' hal'[d]' = house and possession.

Hale, *hail*, the whole.

Hale, *hail*, whole, healthy.

Halesome, wholesome.

Half, half.

Hallan, a partition wall, a porch: 'yont the hallan,' 'ne'er at your hallan ca,' 'glowrin by the hallan en,' 'jouk behint the hallan,' 'to his ain hallan door.'

Halloween, All Saints' Eve (31st October).

Hallowmas, All Saints' Day (1st November).

Haly, holy.

Hame, home.

Han', *hawn*, hand.

Han-darg [or *daurē*]. See *Darg*.

Hand-wal'd, hand-picked [*i.e.* choicest]:
'my hand-wal'd curse.'

Hangie, hangman [nickname of the Devil]:
'hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee.'

Hansel, the first gift: 'blew hansel in on Robin.'

Hap, a wrap, a covering against cold: 'mair vauntie o' my hap,' 'the stacks get on their winter hap.'

Hap, to shelter: 'hap him in a cozie biel,' 'and haps me fiel.'

Hap, to hop: 'while tears hap o'er her auld brown nose.'

Happer, hopper [of a mill].

Happing, hopping [as a bird].

Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop-step-and-jump [an important item in Scots athletic gatherings but here used, of course, metaphorically].

Harkit, hearkened: 'to gund advice but harkit.'

Harn, coarse cloth [cloth spun of 'hards,' *i.e.* coarse flax]: 'her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn.'

Harst, *v.* *Hairst*.

Hash, (1) an oaf: 'doylt, drucken hash'; (2) a dunderhead: 'conceited hashes.'

Haslock woo', the wool on the neck [*i.e.* throat] of a sheep.

Haud, to hold, to keep.

Hauf, half.

Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys (R. B.): 'let husky wheat the haughs adorn,' 'haughs an' woods,' 'holms and haughs.'

Hawn, *v.* *Han*'.

Hauri, to trail: 'and hauris at his curpin,' 'till skin in blypes cam haurlin,' 'hauri thee hame to his black smiddie.'

Hause, cuddle: 'hause in ither's arms.'

Haverel, *hav'rel*, one who talks nonsense, a half-witted person: 'poor hav'rel Will,' 'hav'rel Jean.'

Havers, nonsense.

Havins, manners, conduct: 'pit some havins in his breast,' 'havins, sense, an' grace,' 'to havins and sense.'

Hawkie, a white-faced cow, a cow.

Heal, *v.* *Hale*.

Healsome, *v.* *Halesome*.

Hecht, (1) to promise: 'they hecht him some fine braw ane,' 'hecht them courtly gifts,' 'hecht an honest heart'; (2) to menace: 'some mortal heart is hechtin.'

Heckle, a flax-comb.

Heels-o'er-gowdie. See *Gowdie*.

Heeze, to hoist: 'higher may they heeze ye,' 'heeze thee up a constellation.'

Heich, *heigh*, high.

Helicon, a mountain in Greece.

Hem-shin'd, crooked shin'd.

Here awa, here about.

Herry, to harry.

Herryment, spoliation: 'the herryment and ruin of the country.'

Hersel, herself.

Het, hot.

Heugh, (1) a hollow or pit: 'yon lowin heugh'; (2) a crag, a steep bank: 'the water rins owre the heugh.'

Heuk, a hook, a reaping hook.

Hilch, to hobble, to halt: 'hilchin Jean M'Craw,' 'hilch, an' stilt, an' jump.'

Hillock, dim. of *hill*, a mound.

Hiltie-skeltie, helter-skelter.

Himsel, himself.

Hiney, *hinny*, honey.

Ing, to hang.

Hirple, to move unevenly, to hop, to limp: 'the hares were hirplin down the furs,' 'hirplin owre the field,' 'he hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,' 'November hirples o'er the lea,' 'he hirples twa-fauld as he dow,' 'he hoasts and he hirples.'

Hissels, so many cattle as one person can attend (R. B.): 'the herds an' hissels were alarm'd.'

Histle, bare: 'histle stibble-field.'

Hizze, a hussy, a wench.

Hoast a cough: 'an' barkin hoast,' 'hoast-provoking smeeek.'

Hoast, to cough: 'hoast up some palaver,' 'he hoasts and he hirples.'

Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart horse (R. B.): 'gaed hoddin by their cotters.'

Hoddin-grey, clownish-grey, coarse grey woollen [and retaining the natural color of the wool]: 'wear hoddin grey, an' a that.'

Hoggie, dim. of *hog*, a lamb: 'My Hoggie.'

Hog-score, a term in curling: 'Death's hog-score.'

Hog-shoulder, a kind of horse-play by juggling with the shoulder, to juggle (R. B.).

Hoodie-crow, the hooded crow, the carrion-crow.

Hoodock, grasping, vulturish: 'the harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race.'

Hookèd, caught: 'monie a pursie she had hookèd.'

Hool, the oater case, the sheath: 'poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool.'

Hoolie, softly: 'something cries "Hoolie."'

Hoord, hoard.

Hoordet, hoarded.

Horn, (1) a horn spoon: 'horn for horn they stretch an' strive'; (2) a toothed comb of horn: 'whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle.'

Hornie, the Devil.

Host, v. *Hoast*.

Hot-h'd, jerked [the action of a bagpiper's arm]: 'hotch'd and blew wi' might and main.'

Houghmagandie, fornication (R. B.).

Houlet, v. *Howlet*.

Hope, hope.

Howdie, *howdy*, a midwife: 'nae howdie gets a social night,' 'alore the howdy.'

Howe, a hollow, a dell.

Howe, hollow.

Howk, (1) to dig: 'mice and moudieworts they howkit,' 'howkin in a sheugh'; (2) 'howkit dead' = disburied dead.

Howlet, the owl.

Hoysa, a hoist: 'they'll gie her on the rape a hoysa.'

Hoy't, urged (R. B.): 'they hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice.'

Hoyle, to amble crazily (R. B.): 'Now ye dow but hoyte and hobble.'

Hughoc, dim. of *Hugh*.

Hullions, slovens: 'tirl the hullions to the birsas.'

Hunder, a hundred.

Hunkers, hams: 'upon his hunkers bended.'

Hurcheon, the hedgehog: 'o'er hurcheon hides.'

Hurchin, urchin.

Hurdies, the loins, the crupper (R. B.) [*i.e.* the buttocks]: 'hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl,' 'row't bis hurdies in a hammock,'

'meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters, 'your hurdies like a distant hill,' 'I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,' 'their ample hurdies.'

Hurl, to trundle: 'or hurl in a cartie.'

Hushion, a footless stocking: 'she dights her grunzie wi' a hushion.'

Hyte, furious.

I, in.

Icker, an ear of corn: 'a daimen icker in a thrave.'

Ier-oe, a great-grandchild: 'wee curlie John's ier-oe.'

Ilk, *ilka*, each, every.

Ill o't, bad at it: 'wretched ill o't.'

Ill-taen, ill-taken.

Ill-Thief, the Devil: 'the Ill-Thief blaw the Heron south.'

Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly (R. B.): 'your native soil was right ill-willie.'

Indentin, indenturing: 'his saul indentin.'

Ingine, (1) genius, ingenuity (R. B.): 'he had ingine'; (2) wit: 'wi' right ingine.'

Ingle, the fire, the fireside [very frequent].

Ingle-check, fireside [properly the *jamb* of the fireplace]: 'lanely by the ingle-check.'

Ingle-gleede, v. *Gleede*.

Ingle-lowe, *ingle low*, the flame or light of the fire: 'by my ingle-lowe I saw,' 'beyont the ingle low' = at the back of the fireplace.

I'se, I shall, or will.

Ither, other, another.

Itsel, itself.

Jad, a jade.

Janwar, January.

Jauk, (1) to trifle, to dally: 'she made nae jaukin,' 'to jauk and play.'

Jauner, gabber: 'haud your tongue and jauner.'

Jauntie, dim. of *jaunt*: 'your wee bit jauntie.'

Jaup, to splash: 'that jaups in luggies.'

Jaups, splashes: 'gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.'

Jaw, talk, impudence: 'deil-ma-care about their jaw.'

Jaw, to throw, to dash: 'and in the sea did jaw, man.'

Jeeg, to jog: 'and jeeg the cradle wi' my tae.'

Jillet, a jilt: 'a jillet brak his heart at last.'

Jimp, small, slender: 'thy waist sae jimp.'

Jimply, neatly: 'sae jimply lac'd.'

Jimps, stays: 'but Jenny's jimps.'

Jink, the slip: 'our billie's gien us a' a jink.'

Jink, (1) to frisk: 'thro' wumplin worms thou jink'; (2) to sport: 'and jinkin hares, in amorous whids'; (3) 'jink an' diddle' = dace and shake; (4) to dodge: 'he'll turn a corner jinkin', 'Rab slips out, an' jinks about', 'jink there or here'; (5) 'the swallow jinkin' = the swallow darting; (6) move out and in: 'and drawers jink.'

Jinker, (1) 'a jinker noble' = a noble goer; (2) dodger, gamester [*i.e.* coquette].

Jirkinet, bodice: 'Jenny's jimps and jirkinet.'

Jirt, a jerk: 'monie a jirt and fleg.'

Jis, a wig.

Jo, a sweetheart: 'John Anderson, My Jo.'

Jockteleg, a clasp-knife.

Jouk, to duck, to cower, to dodge: 'jouk beneath Misfortune's blows', 'to Nobles jouk', 'jouk behint the hallan.'

Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell (R. B.): 'to jow an' croon.'

Jumpet, *jumpit*, jumped.

Jundie, to jumble (R. B.).

Jurr, a servant wench: 'Geordie's jurr.'

Kae, a jackdaw: 'thievish kaes.'

Kail, *kale*, (1) the colewort [also cabbage, but see *Bow-kail*]; (2) Scots broth.

Kail-blade, the leaf of the colewort.

Kail-gullie, a cabbage-knife. V. *Gullie*.

Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort.

Kail-whittle, a cabbage-knife.

Kail-yard, a kitchen garden.

Kain, *kane*, rents in kind: 'his kain, an' a' his stents', 'to Death she's dearly pay'd the kain.'

Kame, a comb: 'clawed her wi' the ripplin-kame.'

Kebars, rafters: 'he ended; and the kebars sheuk.'

Kebbuck, a cheese: 'syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife', 'her weel-hain'd

kebbuck, tell', 'a kebbuck-heel' = the last crust of a cheese.

Keckle, to cackle, to giggle loudly [as a girl]: 'the giglets keckle.'

Keek, (1) a look, a glance: 'he by his shouter gae a keek'; (2) a stolen glance: 'at ev'ry kindling keek.'

Keek, (1) to look, to peep, to glance: 'now the sinn keeks in the wast', 'I cannily keekit hen', 'the gossip keekit in his loof'; (2) to pry: 'but keek thro' ev'ry other man.'

Keekin-glass, the looking-glass.

Keel, v. *Cauk*.

Keepit, kept.

Kelpies, river-demons [usually shaped as horses]: 'water-kelpies haunt the toord', 'fays, spunkies, kelpies.'

Ken, to know.

Kend, *kent*, known.

Kenna, know not.

Kennin, a very little [merely as much as can be perceived]: 'a kennin wrang.'

Kent, v. *Kend*.

Kept, to catch [a thing thrown or falling]: 'shall kep a tear.'

Ket, the fleece on a sheep's body: 'tawted ket, an' hairy hips.'

Key, quay.

Key-stane, key-stone.

Kiaugh, cark: 'his weary kiaugh and care beguile.'

Kilt, to tuck up: 'her tartan petticoat she'll kilt', 'she kiltit up her kirtle weel.'

Kimmer, (1) a wench, a gossip: 'despite the kittle kimmer' [Dame Fortune]: 'ye weel ken, kimmers a'; 'loosome kimmers' = lovable girls, 'guid e'en to you, kimmer'; (2) a wife or bed-fellow: 'the kimmers o' Largo', 'I cuddle my kimmer.'

Kin, kind.

King's-hood, the second stomach in a ruminant [equivocal for the scrotum]: 'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan.'

Kintra, country.

Kirk, church.

Kirn, a churn: 'plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain.'

Kirn, harvest-home: 'the jovial, ranting kirns', 'an' ay a rantin kirn we gat', 'at kirns an' weddins we'll be there.'

Kirsan, to christen: 'and kirsan him wi' reekin water.'

Kist, (1) a chest; (2) a counter [humorous]: 'behint a kist to lie an' sklent.'

Kitchen, to relish [to add relish to]: 'thou kitchens fine.'

Kittle, (1) difficult: 'kittle to be misleard'; (2) ticklish: 'are a shot right kittle'; (3) delicate: 'to paint an angel's kittle wark'; (4) fickle: 'despite the kittle kimmer.'

Kittle, to tickle: 'to kittle up our notion,' 'kittle up your moorland harp,' 'I kittle up my rustic reed,' 'while I kittle hair on thairms.'

Kittlin, a kitten: 'as cantie as a kittlin.'

Kiutlin, cuddling: 'kiutlin in the fause-house.'

Knaggie, knobby: 'tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie.'

Knappin-hammers, hammers for breaking stones [from *knap*, to strike].

Knowe, a knoll, a hillock.

Kye, cows, kine.

Kyles, v. *Nine-pin kyles*.

Kytes, bellies: 'weel-swalled kytes.'

Kythe, to show: 'fu' sweetly kythe hearts leal.'

Laddie, dim. of *lad*.

Lade, a load.

Lag, backward: 'thou's neither lag nor lame.'

Laggen, the bottom of a wooden dish: 'the laggen they hae clautet.'

Laigh, low.

Lair, lore, learning.

Laird, landowner [the lord of houses or lands].

Lairing, sticking or sinking in moss or mud: 'deep-lairing, sprattle.'

Laith, loath.

Laithfu, loathful, sheepish: 'but blate and laithfu, scarce can weel behave.'

Lallan, Lalland, lowland: 'wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,' 'the lalland laws he held in scorn,' 'a lalland face he feared none.'

Lallans, Scots Lowland vernacular: 'in plain, braid Lallans.'

Lammie, dim. of *lamb*.

Lan, land.

Lan'-afore, the foremost horse on the unploughed land side.

Lan'-ahin, the hindmost horse on the unploughed land side.

Lane, lone.

Lang, long.

Lang' syne, long since.

Lap, leapt.

Lassie, dim. of *lass*.

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.

Laverock, *Lav'rock*, the lark.

Lawin, the reckoning, 'land'ady, count the lawin,' 'guidwife, count the lawin.'

Lea, grass, untitled land [also used in an equivocal sense].

Lear, lore, learning.

Liddy, lady.

Lee-laig, live-long.

Leesome, lawful [allowable]: 'the tender, heart o' leesome loove.'

Leeze me on [from *Leis me* = dear is to me], blessings on, commend me to: 'leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,' 'leeze me on drink,' 'leeze me on rhyme,' 'leeze me on the calling,' etc.; 'O leeze me on my spinnin-wheel,' 'leeze me on thy bonie craigie.'

Leister, a fish-spear: 'a three-tae'd leister on the ither.'

Len, to lend.

Lough, laugh'd: 'how graceless Ham lough at his dad.'

Leuk, look.

Ley-crap, lea-crop [used equivocally]: 'waly fa' the ley-crap.'

Libbet, castrate: 'how libbet Italy was singing.'

Licket, *lickit*, licked, beaten, whipt: 'ye sud be lickit,' 'how I've been licket.'

Licks, a beating, punishment: 'monie a fallow gat his licks.'

Lien, lain.

Lieve, lief.

Lift, the sky.

Lift, a load: 'gie me o' wit an' sense a lift.'

Lightly, (1) to disparage: 'whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee'; (2) to scorn: 'for lack o' gear ye lightly me.'

Lilt, to sing: 'lilt wi' holy clangor.'

Limmer, (1) a jade: 'still persecuted by the limmer,' 'ye little skelpie-limmer's face'; (2) a mistress: 'o' speakin lightly o' their limmer.'

Limpet, limpit, limped.

Lin, v. *Linn*.

Link, (1) to trip or dance with the utmost possible activity; 'and linket at it in her sark'; (2) to hurry: 'will send him linkin.'

Linn, a waterfall.

Lint, flax: 'sin' lint was i' the bell,' 'I bought my wife a stane o' lint.'

Lint-white, flax-colored [a pale yellow]: 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks.'

Lintwhite, the linnet: 'the lintwhites chant among the buds,' 'the mavis and the lintwhite sing,' 'the blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,' 'the lintwhites in the hazel braes,' 'the little lintwhite's nest.'

Lippen'd, trusted: 'I lippen'd to the chiel.'

Lippie, dim. of *lip*.

Loan, a lane, a field-path, the private road to a farm or house: 'the kye stood rowtin i' the loan,' 'and up the loan she shaw'd me.'

Loanin, the private road to a farm, a road: 'wi' double plenty o'er the loanin.'

L'o'ed, loved.

Lon'on, London.

Loof [*pl.* looves], the palm of the hand: 'an's loof upon her bosom,' 'an' heav'd on high my waukit loof,' 'hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof,' 'an' wi' her loof her face a-washin,' 'O lay thy loof in mine, lass,' 'the gossip keekit in his loof,' 'wi' well-spread looves, an' lang wry faces.'

Loon, loun, lown, a fellow, a varlet [very frequent].

Loosome, lovable: 'loosome kimmers.'

Loot, let: 'loot a winze,' 'I never loot on that I kenn'd it.'

Loove, love.

Looves, v. *Loof*.

Losh, a minced oath [a mild form of *Lord*]: 'Losh, man, hae mercy wi' your natch.'

Lough, a pond, a lake: 'ayont the lough,' 'when to the loughs the curlers flock.'

Loup, loup, to leap.

Lou, louse, a flame: 'the sacred loue o' weel-plac'd love.' See also *Ingle-loue*.

Lowin; lowing, (1) flaming: 'lowin brun-stane,' 'tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame'; (2) burning: 'to quench their lowin drouth.'

Loun, v. *Loon*.

Loup, v. *Loup*.

Louse, louse, (1) to untie: 'lowse his pack', (2) let loose: 'lows'd his ill-tongued wicked scaul,' 'lows'd his tinkler jaw,' 'louse Hell upon me.'

Lucky, (1) a grandmother, an old woman: 'honest Lucky'; (2) an ale-wife: 'Lady Onlie, Honest Lucky.'

Lug, the ear.

Lugget, having ears: 'lugget caup' = two-eared cup.

Luggie, a porringer: 'the luggies three are ranged,' 'that jaups in luggies.'

Lum, the chimney.

Lume, a loom: 'wark-lume' = a tool.

Lunardi, a balloon-bonnet [named after Lunardi, a famous balloonist]: 'Miss's fine Lunardi.'

Lunches, full portions: 'dealt about in lunches.'

Lunt, a column of smoke or steam: 'she fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,' 'butter'd sow'ns, wi' fragrant lunt.'

Luntin, smoking: 'the luntin pipe.'

Luve, love.

Lyart, (1) grey in general: 'hut ane wi' lyart lining'; (2) discolored by decay or old age: 'lyart haffets wearing thin and bare,' 'lyart pow,' 'lyart gray,' 'lyart leaves.'

Lynn, lining.

Mae, more.

Mailen, mailin, a farm: 'than stocket mailins,' 'there's Meg wi' a mailen,' 'a mailen plenish'd fairly,' 'a weel-stocket mailen.'

Mailie, Molly.

Mair, more.

Maist, most.

Maist, almost.

Maik, make.

Maik o', make o', to pet, to fondle: 'I wili mak o' my guidman,' 'makin o' s the best thing.'

Mall, Mally, Moll, Molly [Mary].

Manteele, a mantle.

Mark, or merk, an old Scots coin [13½d. sterling].

Mashlum, of mixed meal: 'mashlum bon-nocks.'

Maskin-pat, the teapot.

Maukin, a hare: 'hunger'd maukin taen

her way,' 'ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,' 'ye maukins, whiddin through the glade,' 'the coward maukin sleep securc,' 'skip't like a maukin owie a dyke,' 'are hunted like a maukin.'

Mawn, must.

Maunna, mustn't.

Maut, malt.

Mavis, the thrush.

Mawin, mowing.

Mawn, mown.

Mawn, a large basket: 'and cover him under a mawn, O.' Cf. 'A thousand favours from a maund she drew,' Shakespeare, *Lover's Complaint*, l. 36.

Mear, a mare.

Meikle, *mickle*, *muckle*, much, great.

Melder, the quantity of corn sent to be ground: 'ilka melder wi' the miller.'

Mell, to meddle: 'wi' bitter deathfu' wines to mell,' 'to moop an' mell.'

Melvie, to meal-dust: 'melvie his braw claithing.'

Men, to mend.

Mense, tact, discretion: 'could behave herself wi' mense,' 'ye but show your little mense.'

Menseless, unmannerly: 'like other menseless, graceless brutes.'

Merle, the blackbird: 'the merle, in his noontide bower.'

Merran, Marian.

Mess John, Mass John [the parish priest, the minister; in Chaucer and Shakespeare 'Sir John' is the name for the priest].

Messin, a cur, a mongrel: 'a tinkler-gipsy's messin.'

Midden, a dunghill: 'better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.'

Midden-creels, manure-baskets: 'her walie nieves like midden-creels.'

Midden dub, midden puddle.

Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill (R. B.): 'an' ran thro' midden-hole an' a.'

Milking shiel, a milking shed.

Mim, prim, affectedly meek (R. B.): 'an' meek an' mim has view'd it.'

Mim-mou'd, prim-lipped: 'some mim-mou'd, pouter'd priestie,' 'mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith.'

Mim, *mind*, remembrance.

Mind, to remember, to bear in mind.

Minnie, mother.

Mirk, dark, gloomily dark.

Misca', to miscall, to abuse: 'an' Russell sair misca'd her,' 'they sair misca' thee,' 'misca'd waur than a beast.'

Mishanter, mishap: 'mishanter fa' me,' 'till some mishanter.'

Misleur'd, mischievous, unmannerly (R. B.).

Miss't, *must*, missed.

Mistak, mistake.

Misteuk, mistook.

Mither, mother.

Monie, many.

Mools, crumbling earth, dust: 'worthy frien's laid i' the mools,' 'he wha could brush them down to mools.'

Moop, (1) to nibble: 'to moop an' mell'; (2) to keep close company, to meddle: 'gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie.'

Mottie, dusty: 'mottie, misty climc.'

Mou', the mouth.

Moudiewort [Old Engl. *mold-warp*, i.e. the warper of the mold or earth], moles: 'whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit.'

Muckle, v. *Meikle*.

Muslin-kail, heefless broth: 'water brose or muslin-kail.'

Mutchkin, an English pint; 'her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whistle,' 'come, bring the tither mutchkin in,' 'ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime.'

Mysel, myself.

Na, *nae*, no, not.

Naething, *naithing*, nothing.

Naig, a nag.

Naigie, dim. of *naig*.

Name, none.

Nappy, ale, liquor: 'twal pennie worth o' nappy,' 'the nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,' 'while we sit bousing at the nappy,' 'drown'd himsel amang the nappy,' 'there's naething like the honest nappy.'

Natch, a notching implement: 'hae mercy wi' your natch.'

Neebor, *neibor*, neighbour.

Needna, needn't.

Negleckit, neglected.

Nieve, v. Nieve.

Newk, newk, a nook, a corner.

New-ca'd, newly-driven [not newly calved]: 'while new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake' [Burns's kye did not make it a habit to calve, all, or the most of them, at a particular hour of the same evening, and that the 21st of April].

Nick [*Auld*], *Nickie-ben*, a name of the Devil.

Nick, (1) to sever: 'to nick the thread,' 'nickin' down fu' cannie, the staff o' bread'; (2) to slit: 'that nicket Abel's Craig'; (3) to nail, to seize away: 'by fell Death was nearly nicket.'

Nickie-ben, v. Nick.

Nick-nackets, curiosities.

Nicks, (1) cuts: 'clours an' nicks'; (2) the rings on a cow's horns: 'auld Crummie's nicks.'

Niest, next.

Nieve, the fist.

Nieve-fu', fistful: 'their worthless nieve-fu' of a soul.'

Niffer, exchange: 'and shudder at the niffer.'

Nit, a nut.

No, not.

Nocht, nothing.

Norland, Northern [Northland].

Nowt, nowte [Engl. *Neaf*], cattle.

O', of.

O'erword, (1) the refrain: 'the o'erword o' the spring'; (2) catchword: 'prudence is her o'erword ay.'

Onie, any.

Or, ere, before.

Orra, extra: 'their orra duddies.'

O't, of it.

Ought, aught.

Oughlins, aughtlins, aught in the least, at all: 'oughlins douser.' V. *Aughlins*.

Ourie, shivering, drooping (R. B.): 'the ourie cattle.'

Oursel, oursel, ourselves.

Outler, unhoused, in the open fields: 'an outler quey.'

Owre, over, too.

Owsen, oxen.

Oxter'd, held up under the arms: 'the priest he was oxter'd.'

Pack an' thick, confidential: 'unco pack an' thick thegither.'

Paidle, (1) to paddle, to wade: 'thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,' 'we twa hae paidl'd in the burn'; (2) to walk with a weak action: 'he was but a paidlin body, O.'

Painch, the paunch.

Pairrick, (1) a partridge; (2) used equivocally [the bird was once esteemed salacious]: 'I brocht a pairrick to the grun.'

Pang, to cram: 'it pangs us fu' o' knowledge.'

Parishen, the parish [*i.e.* the persons of the parish]: 'the pride of a' the parishen.'

Parritch, porridge.

Parritch-pats, porridge-pots.

Pat, pot.

Pat, put.

Pattle, pettle, a plough-staff: 'my new pleugh-pettle,' 'wi' murdering pattle,' 'as ever drew before a pettle.'

Paughty, haughty: 'yon paughty dog,' 'the paughty feudal throne.'

Paukie, pawky, pawkie, artful: 'the slee'st, pawkie thief,' 'her paukie een,' 'a thief sae pawkie is my Jean.'

Pechan, the stomach: 'the ha' folk fill their pechan.'

Pechin, panting, blowing: 'up Parnassus pechin.'

Penny-whoep, small beer: 'be't whisky-gill or penny-whoep.'

Pettle, v. Pattle.

Philbeg, the Highlander's kilt: 'Adam's philbeg,' 'with his philbeg an' tartan plaid,' 'the philbegas and skyrin tartan trews.'

Phraisin, flattering, wheedling: 'phraisin terms.'

Phrase, to flatter, to wheedle: 'to phrase you an' praise you.'

Pickle, (1) a few, a little: 'a pickle nits'; (2) a 'pickle siller.'

Pint [Scots], two English quarts.

Pit, put.

Plack, four pennies Scots [but only the third of an English penny].

Plackless, penniless: 'poor, plackless devils like mysel.'

Plaiden, coarse woollen cloth: 'to warp a plaiden wab,' 'a wab o' plaiden.'

Plaster, plaster.
Plensh'd, stocked: 'a mailen plenished fairly.'
Plough-pettle, v. *Pattle*.
Plough, *plew*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick: 'play'd her that pliskie.'
Pliver, a plover.
Pock, a poke, a small bag, a wallet: 'the auld guidman raught down the pock,' 'they toom'd their pocks.'
Poind, to seize [originally in war, or as prey], to distraint, to impound: 'poind their gear.'
Poind, distrainted: 'poind and herriet.'
Poortith, poverty.
Pow, to pull.
Pouch, pocket.
Pouk, to poke: 'and pouk my hips.'
Poupit, pulpit.
Pouse, a push: 'a random pouse.'
Poussie, a hare [also a cat]: 'poussie whiddin seen.' V. *Pussie*.
Powther, *powther*, powder.
Pouts, chicks: 'an' the wee pouts begin to cry.'
Pow, the poll, the head.
Pounie, a pony.
Pow't, pulled: 'an' pow't, for want o' better shift.'
Pree'd, *pried* [proved], tasted: 'for ay he pree'd the lassie's mou', 'Rob, stownlins, pried her bonie mou'.
Preen, a pin: 'my memory's no worth a preen.'
Prent, print.
Prief, proof: 'for ne'er a bosom yet was prief,' 'stuff o' prief.'
Priggin, haggling: 'priggin owre hops an' raisins.'
Primsie, dim. of *prim*, precise: 'primsie Mallie.'
Proveses, provosts [chief magistrate of a Scots burgh]: 'ye worthy proveses.'
Pu, to pull.
Puddock-stools, toad-stools, mushrooms: 'like simmer puddock-stools.'
Puir, poor.
Pun, *pund*, pound.
Pursie, dim. of *purse*.
Pussie, a hare: 'as open pussies mortal foa.' V. *Poussie*.
Pyet, a magpie: 'cast my een up like a pyet.'

Pyke, to pick: 'sae merrily the banes we'll pyke.'
Pyles, grains: 'may hae some pyles o' caif in.'
Quar, quit, quitted.
Quran, a young woman, a lass: 'now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,' 'the sonsie quean,' 'wha follows onie saucie quean.'
Quey, a young cow [that has not calved].
Quire, choir.
Quo, *quod*, quoth.
Rab, Rob [dim. of *Robert*].
Rade, rode.
Raep, a rope.
Ragweed, ragwort, benweed [*Senecio Jacobea*, Linn.]: 'on ragweed nags.'
Raibles, recites by rote: 'an' Orthodoxy raibles.'
Rair, to roar.
Rairin, roaring.
Rair't, roared.
Raise, *rasc*, rose.
Raize, to excite: 'that daur't to raize thee.'
Ramfecz'd, exhausted: 'the tapetless, ramfecz'd hizzie.'
Ramgunshoch, surly: 'our ramgunshoch, glum guidman.'
Ram-stam, headlong: 'haran-scarum, ram-stam boys.'
Randie, lawless, obstreperous: 'a merrie core o' randie, gangrel bodies.'
Randie, *randy*, (1) a scoundrel: 'bann'd the cruel randy'; (2) a rascal: 'reif randies, I disown thee.'
Rant, (1) to rollick; (2) to roister [frequent examples of both meanings].
Rants, (1) merry meetings, spree: 'our fairs and rants,' 'drucken [drunken] rants'; (2) rows: 'an' bloody rants.'
Rape, v. *Raep*.
Raploch, homespun: 'tho' rough an' raploch be her measure.'
Rash, a rush: 'as feckless as a wither'd rash,' 'green grow the rashes.'
Rash-buss, a clump of rushes: 'ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight.'
Rashy, rushy: 'aboon the plain sae rashy, O.'

- Rattan, ratton*, a rat: 'an' heard the restless rattons squeak,' 'a ratton rattl'd up the wa', 'while frighted rattons backward leuk,' 'like baudrons by a ratton. V. *Kot-tan*.
- Ratton-keg*, the Rat-Quay.
- Raucle*, (1) strong, bitter: 'a raucle tongue'; (2) sturdy: 'a raucle carlin.'
- Raught*, reached: 'the auld guidman raught down the pock.'
- Raw*, a row.
- Rax*, to stretch, to extend: 'and may ye rax Corruption's neck,' 'rax your leather' = fill your stomach; 'ye wha leather rax,' 'raxin conscience' = elastic conscience; 'how cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd.'
- Ream*, cream, foam: 'the nappie reeks wi' mantling ream.'
- Ream*, to cream, to foam: 'ream owre the brink,' 'thou reams the horn in,' 'wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely,' 'the swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,' 'but there it streams, an' richly reams.'
- Reave*, to rob: 'reave an' steal.'
- Rebute*, rebuff: 'ne'er break your heart for ae rebute.'
- Red*, advised, afraid: 'I'm red ye're glaikit.'
- Red, rede*, to advise, to counsel.
- Rede*, counsel: 'and may ye better reck the rede.' Cf. 'Recks not his own rede,' Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 3. 51.
- Red-wat-shod*, red-wet-shod: 'still pressing onward, red-wat-shod.'
- Red-wud*, stark mad: 'an' now she's like to rin red-wud.'
- Reek*, smoke.
- Reek*, to smoke.
- Reekie*, *reeky*, smoky.
- Reestit*, scorched: 'wi' reekit duds an' reestit gizz.'
- Reestit*, refused to go: 'In cart or car thou never reestit.'
- Reif*, thieving: 'reif randies.' V. *Rief*.
- Remead*, remedy.
- Rickles*, ricklets [small stacks of corn in the fields]: 'nor kick your rickles aff their legs.'
- Rief*, plunder: 'that e'er attempted stealth or rief.' V. *Rief*.
- Rie*, a ridge [of land].
- Riggin*, (1) the roof-tree: 'rattons squeak about the riggin'; (2) the roof: 'or kirk deserted by its riggin.'
- Rigwoodie*, ancient, lean: 'rig-woodie hags wad spean a foal.'
- Rin*, to run.
- Ripp*, a handful of corn from the sheaf: 'teats o' hay an' rippis o' corn,' 'there's a ripp to thy auld baggie.'
- Ripplin-kame*, the wool- or flax-comb: 'he claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame.'
- Riskit*, cracked: 'wad rair't an' riskit.'
- Rive*, (1) to split: 'he rives his father's auld entails,' 'they'll rive it wi' the plew'; (2) to tear: 'are riven out baith root an' branch,' 'rives't aff their back,' 'riven the words to gar them clink'; (3) to tug: 'till him rives Horatian fame'; (4) to burst: 'maist like to rive.'
- Rock*, a distaff.
- Kockin*, a social meeting.
- Roon*, round, shred: 'wore by degrees, till her last roon.'
- Roose*, to praise, to flatter.
- Roose*, reputation: 'ye hae made but toom roose.'
- Rousty*, rusty.
- Koltan*, a rat: 'the tail o' a rottan.' V. *Kattan*.
- Roun*, round.
- Roupet*, exhausted in voice: 'my roupet muse is haerse,' 'till ye are haerse an' roupet.'
- Routh*, v. *Routh*.
- Routhie*, well-stocked: 'a routhie butt, a routhie ben.'
- Row, rowe*, (1) to roll: 'if bowls row right'; (2) to flow, as a river [very frequent]; (3) to wrap [also very frequent].
- Route*, to low, to bellow: 'while new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,' 'rowte out-owre the dale,' 'to hear you roar and rowte,' 'the kye stood rowtin.'
- Routh*, plenty, a store: 'ay, a rowth,' 'rowth o' rhyme[s],' 'routh o' gear.'
- Roset*, rosin: 'mercurial roset.'
- Run-dels*, downright devils.
- Rung*, a cudgel: 'she's just a devil wi' a rung,' 'a meikle hazel-rung,' 'round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,' 'wi' a rung decide it.'
- Runkl'd*, wrinkled: 'yon runkl'd pair.'
- Runt*, a cabbage- or colewort-stalk:

runt, was like a sow-tail,' 'his bow-kail runt,' 'runs o' grace.'
Ryke, to reach.

Sab, to sob.

Sae, so.

Soft, soft.

Sair, sore, hard, severe, strong.

Saur, to serve: 'what sairs your grammars' = what avails your grammars; 'some less maun sair,' 'your clerkship he should sair,' 'I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,' 'your billie Satan sair us,' 'he'll sair them as he sair't his King.'

Sair, *sairly*, sorely, etc.

Sairie, (1) sorrowful: 'the melancholious, sairie croon'; (2) sorry: 'some sairie comfort at the last.'

Sall, shall.

Sandy, *Sannock*, dim. of *Alexander*.

Sark, a shirt.

Saugh, the willow: 'o' saugh or hazle,' 'saugh woodies' = willow twigs.

Saul, soul.

Saumont, *saumon*, the salmon.

Saunt, saint.

Saut, salt.

Saut-buckets, v. *Buckets*.

Saw, to sow.

Sawney, v. *Sandy*.

Sax, six.

Scar, to scare.

Scathe, *scaith*, damage; v. *Skaith*.

Scaud, to scald.

Scaul, scold: 'his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul.'

Scauld, to scold.

Scaur, afraid, apt to be scared: 'nor blate nor scaur.'

Scaur, a jutting cliff or bank of earth: 'whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,' 'beneath a scaur.'

Scho, she.

Scone, a soft cake: 'souple scones,' 'hale breeks, a scone, and whisky gill,' 'an' barley-scone shall cheer me.'

Sconner, disgust.

Sconner, sicken [with disgust]: 'until they sconner.'

Scaichin, calling hoarsely; 'and pairtricks scaichin loud at e'en.'

Screed, a rip, a rent: 'a screed some day,' 'or lasses gie my heart a screed.'

Screed, to repeat rapidly, to rattle: 'he'll screed you aff "Effectual Calling."'

Scriechin, screeching: 'and scriechin out prosaic verse,' v. *Scriech*.

Scriegh, *skriegh*: 'thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,' v. *Skriegh*.

Scrievin, careering: 'gae down-hill, scrievin,' 'owre the hill gae scrievin,' 'then hiltie-skeltie, we gae scrievin.'

Scroggie, *scroggy*, scrubby: 'amang the braes sae scroggie,' 'down yon scroggy glen.'

Sculdudd'ry, bawdry: 'sculdudd'ry an' he will be there.'

See'd, saw [pret. of *see*].

Seisins, freehold possessions: 'in bonds and seisins.'

Sel, *sell*, self.

Sell'd, *sell't*, sold.

Semple, simple: 'semple folk' = humble folk.

Sen, send.

Set, to set off, to start: 'for Hornbook sets,' 'while for the barn she sets.'

Set, sat.

Sets, becomes: 'it sets you ill,' 'nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter.'

Shachl'd, shapless: 'how her new shoon fit her auld, shachl'd feet.'

Shaird, shred, shard: 'the hindmost shaird.'

Shangan, a cleft stick: 'he'll clap a shangan on her tail.'

Shanna, shall not.

Shaul, shallow: 'an' Peebles shaul.'

Shaver, a funny fellow: 'he was an unco shaver.'

Shaw, a wood.

Shaw, to show.

Shearer, a reaper [with a hook originally, but now reapers in general].

Sheep-shank, a sheep's trotter: 'nae sheep-shank bane' = a person of no small importance.

Sheerly, wholly: 'priests wyte them sheerly.'

Sheers, scissors.

Sherra-moor, Sheriffmuir.

Sheugh, a small cutting to allow water to run away, a ditch, a furrow: 'as ever lad a sheugh or dyke,' 'a cottar howkin in a sheugh,' 'they'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh,' 'and reekin-red ran monie a sheugh.'

Shenk, shook.

Shiel, a shed, cottage: 'the swallow jinkin round my shiel.' See also *Milking-shiel*.

Shill, shrill.

Shog, a shake: 'an' gied the infant warld a shog.' Cf. 'His gang garis all your chalm-eris schog,' Dunbar, *On James Dog*.

Shool, a shovel.

Shoon, shoes.

Shore, (1) to offer: 'even as I was he shor'd me,' 'and shor'd them "Dainty Davie,"' 'I doubt na Fortune may you shore'; (2) to menace, to threaten: 'had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,' 'has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,' 'an' shore him weel wi' "Hell,"' 'if e'er Detraction shore to smit you,' 'like good mothers, shore before ye strike,' 'first shore her wi' a gentle kiss.'

Short syne, a little ago: 'as short syne broken-hearted.'

Shouldna, should not.

Shoulther, shouther, shoulder.

Shure, shore [did shear]: 'Robin shure in hairst.'

Sic, such.

Siccan, such very.

Sicker, (1) steady: 'to keep me sicker';

(2) 'sicker score' = strict conditions;

(3) certain: 'thy sicker treasure.'

Sidelins, sideways: 'sidelins sklented.'

Sille, silver, money in general, wealth.

Simmer, summer.

Sim, son: 'his sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean.'

Sin, since.

Sindry, sundry.

Singet, singed, shrivelled: 'singet Sawnie.'

Sinn, the sun: 'the sinn keeks.'

Sinny, sunny: 'in the pride o' sinny noon.'

Skaith, damage.

Skaith, to harm, to injure: 'the Deil he couldna skaith thee,' 'think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaithing.'

Skellum, a good-for-nothing, a scullion: 'thou was a skellum,' 'ilk self-conceited critic-skellum,' 'by worthless skellums.'

Skiegh, skiegh, skittish: 'when thou an' I were young and skiegh,' 'and Meg was skiegh,' 'look'd asklent and unco skiegh.'

Skelp, a slap, a smack: 'I gie them a skelp

as they're creeping along,' 'skelp — a shot' = crack — a shot.

Skelp, (1) to spank [*i.e.* to trounce, to slap]: 'to skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,' 'or else I fear, some ill ane skelp him,' 'wi' your priest-skelping turns'; (2) 'skelpin at it' = driving at it; (3) to spank [*i.e.* to hasten, to move quickly]: 'cam skelpin up the way,' 'skelpin barefit,' 'the words come skelpin rank an' file,' 'Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,' 'and barefit skelp'; (4) 'skelpin jig an' reel' = dancing jig and reel; (5) 'a skelpin kiss' = a sounding kiss.

Skelpie-limmer's-face, a technical term in female scolding [R. B.]: 'ye little skelpie-limmer's-face.'

Skelvy, shelvy: 'foaming down the skelvy rocks.'

Skeigh, v. *Skeigh*.

Skinking, watery: 'nae skinking ware.'

Skinklun, small: 'skinklun patches.'

Skirl, to cry or sound shrilly: 'skirlin weanies' = squalling babies, 'loud skirl'd a' the lasses,' 'an' skirl up the *Bangor*,' 'he screw'd his pipes, and gart them skirl,' 'he skirled out *encore*.'

Sklent, a slant, a turn: 'my notion's taen a sklent.'

Sklent, (1) to slant, to squint: 'wi' sklent in light,' 'an' sklent on the man of Uzz,' 'ironic satire, sidelins sklent,' 'an' sklent on poverty their joke'; (2) to cheat: 'to lie an' sklent.'

Skouth, play [freedom]: 'to gie them malice skouth.'

Skrieck, a scream: 'wi' monie an eldritch skrieck and holla.'

Skriegh, to scream, to whinny: 'prance an' snore an' skriegh.'

Skyrin, flaring: 'skyrin tartan trews, man.'

Skyte, squirt, lash [the primary meaning of *to skyte* is to eject forcibly = to stool]: 'when hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte.'

Slade, slid.

Slae, the sloe.

Slap, (1) a breach in a fence, an opening: 'to slink thro' slaps,' 'at slaps the billies halt a blink,' 'the mosses, waters, slaps, and styles'; (2) a gate: 'the sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap.'

Slaw, slow.

Slee, sly, ingenious.

Sleekit, (1) sleek: 'wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie'; (2) crafty: 'sleekit Chatham Will.'

Slidd'ry, slippery: 'Fortune's slidd'ry ba'.

Sloken, to slake: 'their hydra drouth did sloken.'

Slypet, slipped: 'an' slypet ow're' = fallen smoothly over.

Sma', small.

Smeddum, a powder: 'or fell, red smeddum.'

Smeeek, smoke.

Smiddy, smithy.

Smoor'd, smothered.

Smoutie, smutty.

Smytrie, a small collection, a litter: 'a smytrie o' wee duddie weans.'

Snakin, sneering: 'wi' hingin lip an' snakin.'

Snapper, to stumble: 'Blind Chance let her snapper and stoyte on her way.'

Snash, abuse: 'how they maun thole a factor's snash.'

Snow, snow.

Snow-broo, snow-brew [melted snow]: 'the snaw-broo rowes.' Cf. 'A man whose blood is very snow-broth,' Shak. *Measure for Measure*, i. 4. 58.

Sned, (1) to crop: 'an' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned'; (2) to prune: 'I'll sned besoms.'

Sneeshin mill, a snuff-box: 'the luntin pipe, the sneeshin mill.'

Snell, bitter, biting: 'snell and keen,' 'the snellest blast at mirkest hours.'

Snick, a latch: 'when click! the string the snick did draw'; snick-drawing = scheming: 'ye auld, snick-drawing dog,' 'he wheel a snick can draw' = he is good at cheating. Cf. Engl. a draw-latch.

Snirtle, to snigger: 'he feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve.'

Snoods, fillets: 'and silken snoods he gae me twa.'

Snool, (1) to cringe: 'owre proud to snool'; (2) to snub: 'they snool me sair.'

Snoove, to go slowly: (1) 'thou snoov't awa' = thou jogged along; (2) 'snoov'd awa' = toddled off.

Snowkit, pried with the nose [expressive of the sound made by the dog's nose]: 'snuff'd and snowkit.'

Sodger, *soger*, a soldier.

Sonsie, *sonsy*, pleasant, good-natured, jolly: 'his honest, sonsie, bawsn't face,' 'an unce sonsie,' 'fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,' 'sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,' 'women sonsie, saft, and sappy,' 'the sonsie quean,' 'sae sounsie and sweet.'

Soom, to swim.

Soor, sour.

Sough, v. *Sugh*.

Souk, suck: 'and ay she took the tither souk.'

Soupe, sup, liquid: 'the soupe their only hawkie does, afford' = the milk. V. *Soup*.

Souple, supple: 'souple scones,' 'souple tail,' 'souple jad.'

Souter, cobbler: 'Souter Hood,' 'Souter Johnie.'

Sowps, sups: 'wi' sowps o' kail,' 'sowps o' drink.'

Sowth, to hum or whistle in a low tone: 'we'll sit an' sowth a tune.'

Sowther, to solder: 'sowther a' in deep debauches,' 'a night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a'.'

Spae, to foretell: 'to spae your fortune.'

Spails, chips: 'a' to spails.'

Spairge, (1) to splash: 'spairges about the brunstane cootie'; (2) to spatter: 'I name not envy spairges.'

Spak, spoke.

Spates, floods: 'bombast spates.' See also *Sprat*.

Spavie, the spavin.

Spavil, spavined.

Spean, to wean: 'wad spean a foal' [by disgust].

Speat, a flood: 'the roaring speat.'

Speel, to climb: 'Moodie speels the holy door,' 'ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,' 'to speel . . . the braes o' fame,' 'if on a beastie I can speel,' 'now sma' heart hae I to speel the steep Parnassus.'

Speer, *spier*, to ask.

Speet, to spit: 'to speet him like a pliver.'

Spence, the parlor: 'keeps the spence,' 'ben i' the spence.'

Spier, v. *Speer*.

Spleuchan, (1) tobacco-pouch made of some sort of peltry: 'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan'; (2) [equivocally], 'hurt her spleuchan.'

Splore, (1) a frolic: 'a random-splore';

- (2) a carousal: 'in Poosie-Nansie's held the splore'; (3) a row: 'he bred sic a splore.'
- Sprachl'd*, clambered: 'I sprachl'd up the brae.'
- Sprattle*, scramble: 'sprawl and sprattle,' 'deep-lairing, sprattle.'
- Spreckled*, speckled.
- Spring*, a quick tune, a dance: 'I 've play'd mysel a bonie spring,' 'he play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,' 'Charlie gat the spring to pay,' 'the o'erword o' the spring.'
- Sprittie*, full of roots of sprits [a kind of rush]: 'sprittie knowes.'
- Sprush*, spruce.
- Spunk*, (1) a match: 'we 'll light a spunk'; (2) a spark: 'a spunk o' Allan's glee'; (3) fire, spirit: 'a man o' spunk,' 'life and spunk.'
- Spunkie*, sprightly, full of spirit: 'a spunkie Norland billie.'
- Spunkie*, liquor, spirits: 'and spunkie ance to mak us mellow.'
- Spunkies*, jack-o'-lanthorns: 'moss-traversing spunkies,' 'fays, spunkies, kelpies.'
- Spurtle-blade*, the pot-stick [= sword].
- Squattle*, to squat, to settle: 'in some beggar's hauffet squattle.'
- Stacher*, (1) to totter: 'th' expectant weethings, toddlin, stacher through'; (2) to stagger: 'I stacher'd whyles,' 'except when drunk he stacher't thro' it.'
- Staggie*, dim. of *stag* [a young horse].
- Staig*, a young horse.
- Stan*, stand.
- Stane*, stone.
- Stan't*, stood.
- Stang*, sting.
- Stank*, (1) a moat: 'out-owre a stank'; (2) a pond: 'the Muses' stank,' 'oor A-minian stank.'
- Stap*, to stop.
- Stapple*, a stopper: 'for every hole to get a stapple.'
- Stark*, strong: 'an' thou was stark,' 'baith wight and stark.'
- Starnies*, dim. of *starn* or *star*: 'ye twinkling starnies bright.'
- Starns*, stars: 'ye hills, near neebors o' the starns.'
- Stawle*, to course: 'or down Italian vista stawles.'
- Staumrel*, half-witted: 'staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry.'
- Staw*, a stall: 'your horns shall tie you to the staw.'
- Staw*, to surfeit, to sicken: 'ohio that would staw a sow.'
- Staw*, stole: 'auld hermit Ay'r staw 'thro' his woods,' 'the lasses staw frae 'mang them a', 'staw my rose,' 'staw the linin o' t', 'staw a branch.'
- Steekin*, cramming: 'the gentry first are steekin.'
- Steek*, a stitch: 'thro' the steeks,' 'ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.'
- Steek*, to shut, to close: 'their solemn een may steek,' 'steek their een,' 'steek your gab for ever,' 'the sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,' 'and bonie bosoms steekit' [*i.e.* closed in].
- Steer*, (1) to stir: 'steer about the toddy,' 'set a' their gabs a-steerin' [*i.e.* moving]; (2) rouse: 'O steer her up'; (3) to touch, meddle with: 'the Deil, he daurna steer,' 'nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,' 'thy servant true wad never steer her,' 'misfortunes sha'na steer thee.'
- Steeve*, compact: 'a filly, buirdly, steeve, an' swank.'
- Stell*, a still.
- Sten*, a leap, a spring: 'foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,' 'my heart to my mou gled a sten.'
- Sten't*, sprang: 'thou never lap an' sten't an' breastit.'
- Stented*, erected, set on high: 'my watchman stented.'
- Stents*, assessments, dues: 'an' a' his stents,' 'how cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd.'
- Steyest*, steepest: 'the steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it.'
- Stibble*, stubble.
- Stibble-rig*, chief harvester [with the hook].
- Stick-an-stowe*, completely: 'ruin'd stick-an-stowe.'
- Stilt*, limp [with the aid of stilts]: 'hülch an' stilt, an' jump.'
- Stimpart*, a quarter peck.
- Stirk*, a young bullock or heifer [after one year old].
- Stock*, a plant of cabbage or colewort.
- Stoited*, stumbled: 'down George's Street J stoited.'

Stoiter'd, staggered: 'stoiter'd up' = struggled up.

Stoor, (1) harsh [in sound]: 'an eldritch, stoor "quaick, quaick"'; (2) stern: 'a carlin stoor and grim.'

Stoun, stound.

Stoure, dust [literal and figurative].

Stourie, dusty.

Stowm, stoien.

Stownlins, by stealth: 'Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,' 'an' stownlins we sall meet again.'

Stoyte, to stagger: 'let her snapper and stoyte on her way.'

Strae death, death in bed [*i.e.* on straw].

Strak, to stroke.

Strak, struck.

Strang, strong.

Straught, straight.

Straught, to stretch: 'will straught on a board.'

Streekit, stretched: 'ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank,' 'streekit out to bleach.'

Striddle, to straddle: 'striddle owre a rig,' 'Stron't, lanted.

Strunt, liquor: 'a social glass o' strunt,' 'a dram o' guid strunt.'

Strunt, to swagger: 'ye strunt rarely.'

Studdie, an anvil: 'till block an' studdie ring an' reel,' 'come o'er his studdie.'

Stumpie, dim. of *stump*, a worn quill: 'doun gaed stumpie in the ink.'

Sturt, worry, trouble: 'sturt and strife.'

Sturt, to fret, to vex: 'ay the less they hae to sturt them.'

Sturtin, frightened, staggered: 'tho' he was something sturtin.'

Styme, the faintest outline: 'or see a styme.'

Sucker, sugar: 'gusty sucker.'

Sud, should.

Sugh, *sough*, (1) sigh: 'sough for sough';

(2) moan: 'wi' waving sugh'; (3) wail: 'wi' angry sugh'; (4) swish: 'the clang-ing sugh of whistling wings.'

Sumph, a churl; 'ye surly sumphs.'

Sune, soon.

Suthron, Southern [*i.e.* English].

Swair'd, the sword.

Swall'd, swelled.

Swank, limber: 'steve, an' swank.'

Swankies, strapping fellows: 'swankies young.'

Swap, exchange: 'a swap o' rhymin-ware,' 'the swap we yet will do 't.'

Swapped, swapped, exchanged: 'weswapped for the worse.'

Swarf, to swoon: 'amaist did swarf, man,' 'Swa't, sweated.

Swatich, a sample: 'a chosen swatch,' 'a swatch o' Hornbook's way,' 'a swatch o' Manson's barrels.'

Swats, new ale: 'reaming swats, that drank divinely,' 'the swats sae ream'd in Tam-mie's noddle.'

Sweer, v. *Dead-swee*.

Swirl, a curl; 'hung owre his hurdles wi' a swirl.'

Swirlie, twisted, knaggy: 'a swirlie, auld moss-oak.'

Swith, (1) haste, off and away: 'then swith! an' get a wife to hug,' 'swith! in some beggar's hauffet squattle,' 'swith to the Lough Kirk,' 'swith awa.'

Swither, doubt, hesitation: 'a hank'ring swither,' 'an eerie swither,' 'I've little swither.'

Swoom, swim.

Swoor, swore.

Sybow, a young onion: 'a sybow-tail.'

Synè, since, then.

Tack, possession, lease: 'stand as tightly by your tack,' 'or Poland, wha had now the tack o' t,' 'a tack o' seven times seven.'

Tacket, shoe nail: 'wad haud the Lothians three in tackets.'

Tae, to.

Tae, toe.

Tae'd, toed: 'a three-tae'd leister.'

Taed, toad: 'sprawlin like a taed.'

Taen, taken.

Tairge, to target [with importunities]: 'I on the *Questions* tairge them tightly.'

Tak, to take.

Tald, told.

Tane, one in contrast to other: 'the tane is game,' 'the heat o' the tane.'

Tangs, tongs.

Tap, top.

Tapetless, pitiless: 'the tapetless, ramfeez'd hizzie.'

Tapmost, topmost.

Tappet-hen, a crested hen-shaped bottle holding three quarts of claret: 'the tappet hen, gae bring her ben.'

Tap-pickle, the grain at the top of the stalk: 'her tap-pickle maist was lost.'

Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.

Tarrow, to tarry [the original sense in Henryson and the older writers, a secondary sense being to haggle], to be reluctant, to murmur: 'that yet hac tar-row't at it'; (2) to weary: 'if you on your station, tarrow.'

Tassie, a goblet: 'the silver tassie.'

Tauk, talk.

Tauld, told.

Tawie, tractable: 'hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie.'

Tawpie, a foolish woman: 'gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools.'

Tawted, matted [*i.e.* hanging with matted tawts or teats]: 'nae tawted tyke,' 'wi' tawted ket.'

Teats, small quantities: 'wi' teats o' hay.'

Teen, vexation [common in Shakespeare, *e.g.* 'of sorrow and of teen,' *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 164]: 'spite and teen.'

Tell'd, told.

Temper-pin, (1) a fiddle-peg: 'screw your temper-pins'; (2) the regulating pin of the spinning-wheel: 'and ay she shook the temper-pin.'

Tent, heed: 'tak [or took] tent' = take [or took] care.

Tent, to tend, to heed, to observe [very frequent].

Tentie, (1) watchful: 'wi' tentie e'e,' 'wi' tentie care'; (2) careful: 'wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks'; (3) heedful: 'some tentie rin.'

Tentier, more watchful: 'a tentier way.'

Tentless, careless: 'tentless heed.'

Tester [Old Fr. *Test*, a head], an old Scots silver coin about sixpence in value: 'till she has scarce a tester.' Cf. 'Hold, here's a tester for thee,' Shak., 2 *Henry IV.*, iii. 2. 296.

Tetk, tough.

Teuk, took.

Thack, thatch: 'thack and rape' = the covering of a house, and therefore used as a simile for home necessities; 'thack and rape' [ot a corn-stack].

Thae, those.

Thairm, (1) small guts: 'painch, tripe, or thairm'; (2) catgut [a fiddle-string]: 'thairm-inspiring,' 'o'er the thairms be tryin,' 'kittle hair on thairms.'

Theckit, thatched: 'an' theckit right.'

Thegither, together.

Themsel, *themsels*, themselves.

Thick, *v. Puck an' thick*.

Thievless, forbidding, spiteful: 'thievless sneer.'

Thiggin, begging: 'come thiggin at your doors an' yetts.'

Thir, these.

Thir'd, thrilled: 'it thir'd the heart-strings.'

Thole, to endure, to suffer: 'thole a factor's snash,' 'thole the winter's sleety dribble,' 'thole their blethers,' 'thole their mither's ban,' 'the scathe and banter We're forced to thole.'

Thou'se, thou shalt.

Thowe, thaw.

Thowless, lazy, useless: "'Conscience." says I, "ye thowless jad."

Thrang, (1) busy: 'that were na thrang at hame,' 'aiblins thrang a parliamentin,' 'thrang winkin on the lasses'; (2) thronging in crowds, 'the lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,' 'thick an' thrang'; (3) busily: 'complimented thrang'; (4) at work: 'are whistling thrang.'

Thrang, (1) a throng, a crowd: 'aff the godly pour in thrangs'; (2) a company: 'the jovial thrang.'

Thrapple, the windpipe: 'see now she fetches at the thrapple,' 'as murder at his thrapple shor'd.'

Thrave, twenty-four sheaves of corn: 'a damen icker in a thrave.'

Thrawn, a twist: 'she turns the key wi' cannie thraw.'

Thraw, (1) to twist, to turn: 'for thrawin' = against twisting or bending; 'great Mackinlay thrawn his heel,' 'thraw saugh woodies,' 'did our hellim thraw'; (2) to thwart: 'the German chief to thraw, man,' 'did his measures thraw,' 'a mortal sin to thraw that.'

Thraws, throes: 'ease the thraws.'

Threap, maintain [with asseverations]: 'wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk.'

Threesome, v. *Foursome*.

Threeteen, thirteen.

Thretty, thirty.

Thrissle, thistle.

Thristed, thirsted.

Through: 'mak to through' = make good.

Throu'ther [through other], pell-mell: 'cry a' throu'ther.'

Thummart, polecat.

Thy lane, alone: 'no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain.'

Tight, girt, prepared: 'he should been tight that daur't to raize thee.'

Till, to.

Till't, to it.

Timmer, (1) timber [common]; (2) material [as also timber in English], 'the timmer is scant, when ye're taen for a saunt' = the saintly material is scant when you are taken for one. [Some wisacres affirm the meaning to be *the wood* (for the gallows) *is scant*: but (1) if this were the meaning the article 'the' would be superfluous; (2) it is absurd to suppose that there was then not wood enough to erect a gallows; (3) wood was less essential than a rope, and (4) 'material' is quite a common meaning of 'timmer'.]

Time, to lose, to be lost [frequent].

Tinkler, a tinker.

Tint, lost [very frequent]: 'tint as win' = lost as soon as won.

Tippence, twopence.

Tippenny, two-penny ale: 'wi' tippenny we fear nae evil.'

Tirl, to strip: 'tirlin the kirks,' 'tirl the hullions to the burses.'

Tirl, to knock for entrance: 'tirl'd at your door,' 'tirl'd at the pin.'

Tither, the other [very frequent].

Tittlin, whispering: 'a raw o' tittlin jads.'

Tocher, dowry.

Tocher, to give a dowry.

Tod, the fox.

To-fa', the fall: 'to-fa' o' the night.'

Toom, empty.

Troop, a tup. *

Toss, the toast: 'the toss of Ecclefechan.'

Tousie, shaggy: 'his tousie back,' 'a tousie tyke.'

Tow, flax, a rope.

Towmond, *toumond*, a twelve-month.

Towsing, rumpling [equivocal]: 'towsing a lass i' my daffin.' Cf. 'Damn me if he sha't have the tousling of her,' Fielding, *Tom Jones*.

Toyle, to totter: 'toyte about wi' ane anither.'

Tozie, flushed with drink: 'the tozie drab.'

Trams, shafts [of a barrow or cart]: 'baith the trams are broken.'

Trashtrie, small trash: 'sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie.'

Trews, trousers: 'skyrin tartan trews.' V. *Trouse*.

Trig, neat, trim: 'the lads sae trig,' 'and trig an' braw,' 'he sae trig lap o'er the rig,' 'Willie's wife is nae sae trig.'

Trim'le, the wheel of a barrow.

Troggin, wares: 'buy braw troggin.'

Troke, to barter: 'wi' you nae friendship I will troke.'

Trouse, trousers: 'will be him trouse and doublet.'

Trowth, in truth.

Tryste, a fair, a cattle-market: 'to trystes an' fairs to driddie,' 'the tryste o' Dalgar-nock,' 'he gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste.'

Trysted, appointed, agreed upon: 'the trysted hour.'

Trysting, meeting: 'trystin time,' 'trysting thorn.'

Tulyie, *tulzie*, a squabble, a tussle: 'The Holy Tulyie,' 'in logic tulzie,' 'amid this mighty tulyie,' 'the tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox.'

Twa, two.

Twa-fauld, two-fold, double: 'he hirples twa-fauld.'

Twal, twelve; the twal = twelve at night.

Twalpennie worth = a penny worth [sterling].

Twang, a twinge.

Twa-three, two or three.

Tway, two: 'ne'er a ane but tway.'

Twin, also *Twine*, to rob: 'twins . . . o' half his days,' 'may twin auld Scotland o' a life,' 'has twined ye o' your statey trees.'

Twistle, a twist, a sprain: 'the Lord's cause gat na sic a twistle.'

Tyke, a dog:

Tyne, to tine.

Tysday, Tuesday.

Ulsie, oil: 'wi' pouter and wi' ulzie.'

Unchancy, dangerous: 'an' mair unchancy.'

See *Wanchancie*.

Unco, (1) remarkably, uncommonly: 'unco pack an' thick,' 'unco happy,' 'unco weel'; (2) excessively, mightily [sarcastic]: 'Address to the Unco Guid.'

Unco, (1) remarkable, uncommon: 'an unco calf'; (2) terrible [sarcastic]: 'an unco loun'; (3) strange: 'unco folk.'

Uncos, news, strange things, wonders: 'each tells the uncōs that he sees or hears.'

Unkend, unknown.

Unsicker, uncertain: 'fēble, and unsicker.'

Unskathed, unhurt.

Usquabae, *usquebae*, whisky.

Vauntie, proud: 'and she was vauntie,' 'vauntie o' my hap,' 'your letter made me vauntie.'

Vera, very.

Viris, rings: 'viris and whirly-gigums.'

Vittle [victual], (1) grain: 'a' the vittil in the yard'; (2) food: 'a' my winter vittle.'

Vogie, vain: 'and vow but I was vogie.'

Wa', *waw*, a wall.

Wab, a web.

Wabster, a weaver.

Wad, to wager: 'I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,' 'I'll wad a groat,' 'wad a boddle.'

Wad, to wed: 'and or I wad another jad.'

Wad, would, would have.

Wad'a, would have.

Wadna, would not.

Wadset, a mortgage: 'he's a little wadset.'

Wae, woful, sorrowful [also sarcastic].

Wae, woe: 'wae's me' = woe is to me. Cf. 'I am woe for it, sir,' Shakespeare,

Tempest, v. 1. 139.

Waesucks, alas! 'waesucks! for him that gets nae lass.'

Wae worth, woe befall.

Wair, v. *Ware*.

Wale, to choose.

Wale, choice.

Walie, *wawlie*, choice, ample, large: 'walie nieve,' 'walie nieves,' 'this walie boy,' 'ae winsome wench and wawlie.'

Wallop, (1) to kick, to dangle: 'may Envy wallop in a tether,' 'wallop in a tow';

(2) to gallop, to dance: 'walloped about the reel.'

Waly fa' = ill befall.

Wame, the belly.

Wamefou, bellyful.

Wan, won.

Wanchancie, dangerous: 'that vile wanchancie thing — a rape.' See *Unchancie*.

Wanrestfu', restless: 'wanrestfu' pets.'

Ware, *wair*, to spend, bestow: 'and ken na how to ware 't,' 'to ware his theologic care on,' 'tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers.'

Ware, worn: 'gratefully be ware.'

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, v. *Lume*.

Warl', *warld*, world.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warl'y, *warldly*, worldly.

Warra, warrant.

Warse, worse.

Warsle, *warstle*, wrestle.

Was na, was not.

Wast, west.

Wastrie, waste.

Wat, wet.

Wat, *wot*, know.

Water-fit, water-foot [the river's mouth].

Water-kelpies, v. *Kelpies*.

Wauble, to wobble: 'ran them a' till they did wauble.'

Waught, a draught: 'a right guid-willie waught.'

Wauk, to awake.

Wauken, to waken.

Waukin, awake.

Waukit [with toil], horny: 'my waukit loof.'

Waukrife, wakeful: 'till waukrife morn,' 'waukrife winkers.'

Waur, worse.

Waur, to worst: 'and faith, he'll waur me,' 'waur them a'.'

Waur't, worsted, beat [in running]: 'might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle.'

Wean [wee one], a child.

Weanies, babies: 'when skirlin weanies see the light.'

Weason, weasand.

Wecht, a measure for corn: 'three wechts o' naething.'

Wee, a little; *a wee*, a short space, or time.

Wee things, children.

Weel, well.

Well-faured, well-favoured.

Weel-gaun, well-going.

Weel-hain'd, well-saved: 'her weel-hain'd kebbuck,' 'weel-hain'd gear.'

Weepers, mournings [on the sleeve, or hat]: 'auld cantie Kyle may weepers wear.'

Werena, were not.

We'se, we shall.

West'n, western.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, wheeze: 'and gar't them whaizle.'

Whalpet, whelped.

Wham, whom.

Whan, when.

Whang, a shove, a large slice: 'in monie a whang.'

Whang, flog: 'and gloriously she'll whang her.'

Whar, where, where.

Wha's, whose.

Wha's, who is.

Whase, whose.

What for, whatfore, wherefore: 'What for no?' = Why not?

Whatna, what [partly in contempt]: 'whatna day o' whatna style.'

What reck, what matter, nevertheless: 'but yet, what reck, he at Quebec,' 'when I, whatreck, did least expect.'

Whatt, whittled.

Whaup, the curlew.

Whaur, where.

Wheep, v. *Penny-wheep*.

Wheep, jerk: 'to see our elbucks wheep.'

Whid, a fib: 'a rousing whid at times to vend.'

Whiddin, scudding: 'an' morning poussie whiddin seen,' 'ye maukins whiddin through the glade.'

Whids, gambols: 'jinkin hares, in amorous whids.'

Whigmeleeries, crotchets: 'whigmeleeries in your noddle.'

Whingin, whining: 'if onie whiggish whingin sot.'

Whins, furze: 'thro' the whins an' [and] by the cairn.'

Whirlygigums, flourishes.

Whisht, silence: 'held my whisht' = kept

Whistle, whistle.

Whitter, a draught: 'tak our whitter.'

Whittle, a knife.

Wi', with.

Wick, 'wick a bore.'

Wi's, with his.

Wi't, with it.

Widdifu', gallows-worthy: 'a widdifu', bleerit knurl.'

Widdle, wriggle: 'the weary widdle.'

Wiel, eddy: 'whyles in a wiel it dimpl't.'

Wight, strong, stout: 'wight an' wilfu', 'wight and stark.'

Wighter, more influential.

Willcat, wild cat.

Wilyart, disordered: 'wilyart glow'r.'

Wimble, to meander.

Win, won: 'like fortune's favours, tint ar win' = lost as soon as won.

Winn, to winnow: 'to winn three wechts o' naething.'

Winna, will not.

Winnin, winding: 'the warpin o't, the winnin o't.'

Winnock, window.

Winnock-bunker, v. *Bunker*.

Win't, did wind: 'an' ay she win't.'

Wintle, a somersault: 'tumbled wi' o' wintle.'

Wintle, (1) to stagger: 'wintle like a saumont-cobble'; (2) to swing, to wriggle: 'wintle in a woodie,' 'that wintles in a halter.'

Winze, a curse: 'loot a winze.'

Wiss, wish.

Won, to dwell: 'there was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,' 'there wons auld Colin's bonie lass,' 'Auld Roh Morris that wons in yon glen.' Cf. 'The wild beast, where he wons,' Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 457.

Wonner, a wonder, a marvel: 'blastit wonner.'

Woo', wool.

Woodie, *woody*, a rope [originally of withes]: (1) 'the meikle Devil wi' a woodie'; (2) a gallows rope: 'wintle in a woodie'; (3) the gallows: 'the wae fu' woodie,' 'learning in a woody dance.'

Woodies, twigs, withes: 'saugh woodies.'

Wooser-babs, love-knots.

Wordy, worthy: 'wordy of a grace,' 'a wordy beast.'

Worset, worsted: 'her braw, new worset apron.'

Worth, v. *Was worth*.

Wrang, wrong.

Wud, wild, mad: 'as wud as wud can be,' 'like onie wud bear.' See also *Red-wud*.

Wumble, wimble: 'gleg as onie wumble.'

Wyliecoat, undervest.

Wyle [weight], blame: 'Hād I the wyte?'

Wyte, to blame, to reproach.

Yard, a garden, a stackyard.

Yaud, an old mare: 'the auld grey yaud.'

Yealings, coevals.

Yell, dry [milkless]: 'as yell's the bill.'

Yerd, earth: 'their green beds in the yerd.'

See *Yird*.

Yerkit, jerked: 'yerkit up sublime.'

Yerl, Earl.

Ye'se, ye shall.

Yestreen, last night.

Yett, a gate.

Yeuk, to itch: 'If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin,' 'yeuks wi' joy.'

Yill, ale.

Yill-caup, ale-stoup. See *Caup*.

Yird, *yearth*, earth; v. *Yerd*.

Yokin, yoking; (1) a spell, a day's work: 'a yokin at the pleugh'; (2) a set to: 'a hearty yokin at "sang about."'

Yon, yonder.

Yont, beyond.

Yower, ewe.

Yowie, dim. of *ewe*; a pet ewe.

Yule, Christmas.

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